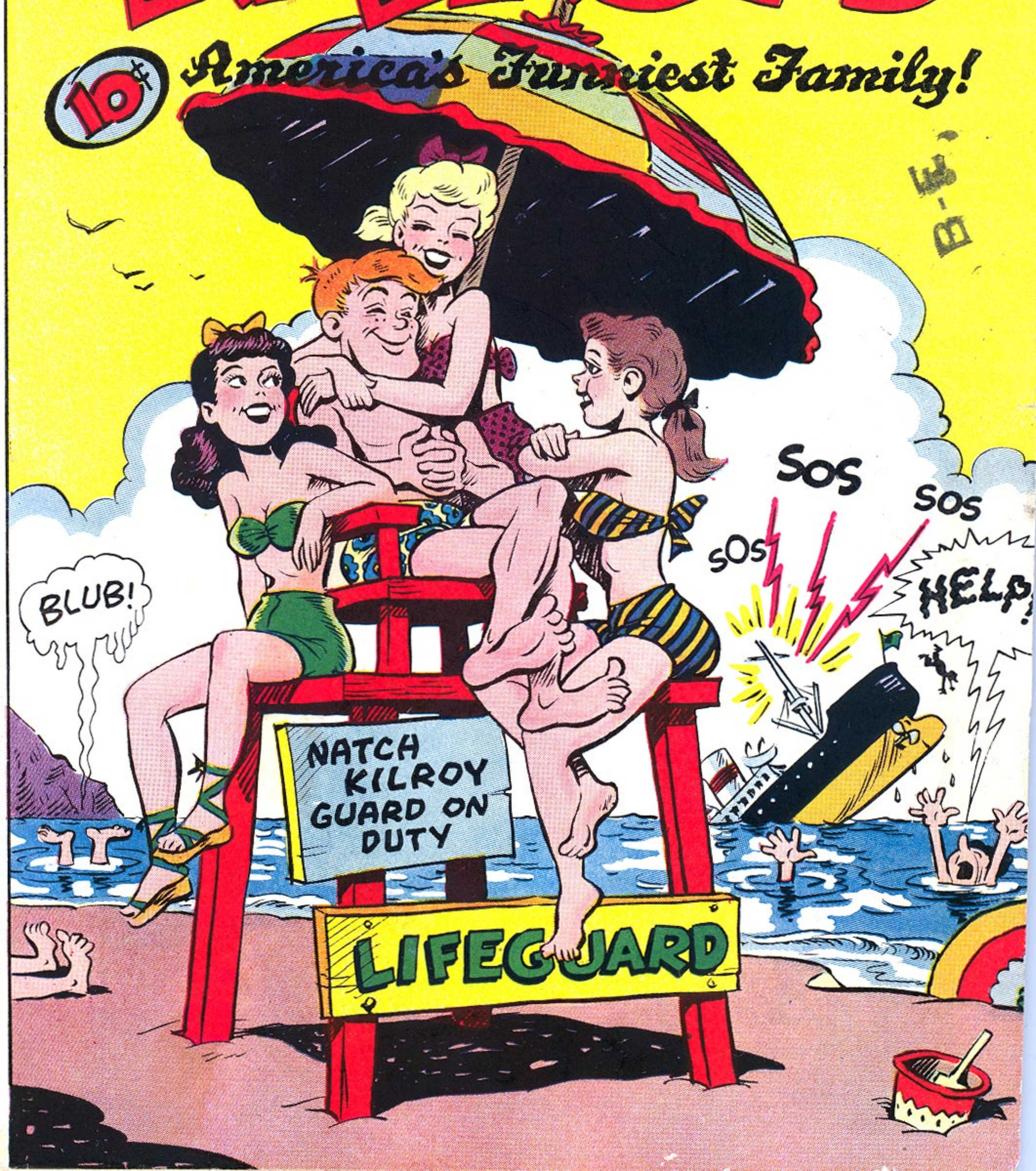


# The KILROY'S

10¢

*America's Funniest Family!*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a  
**BRAND NEW**  
**COMICS MAGAZINE!**

## BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



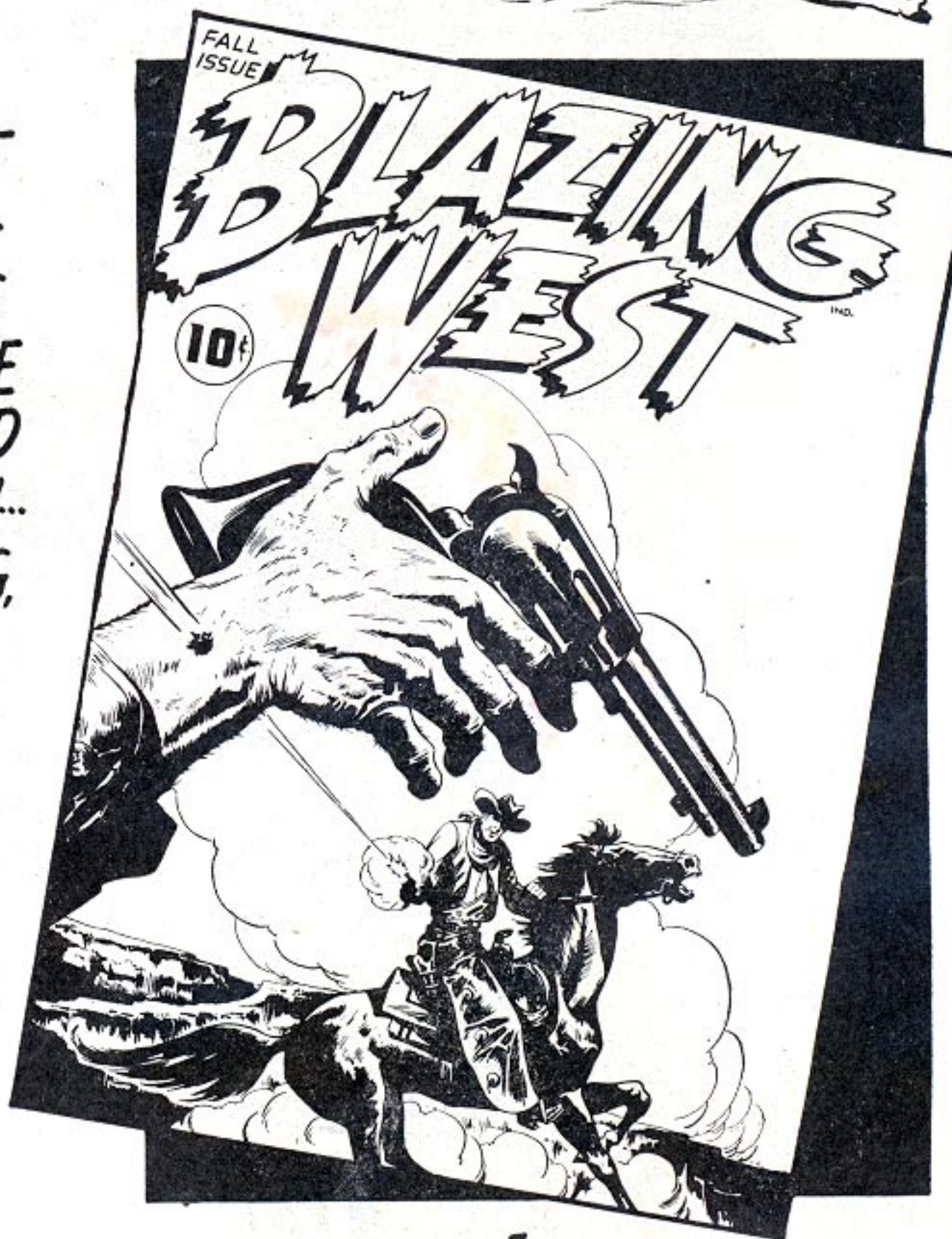
You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!



You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## BLAZING WEST!

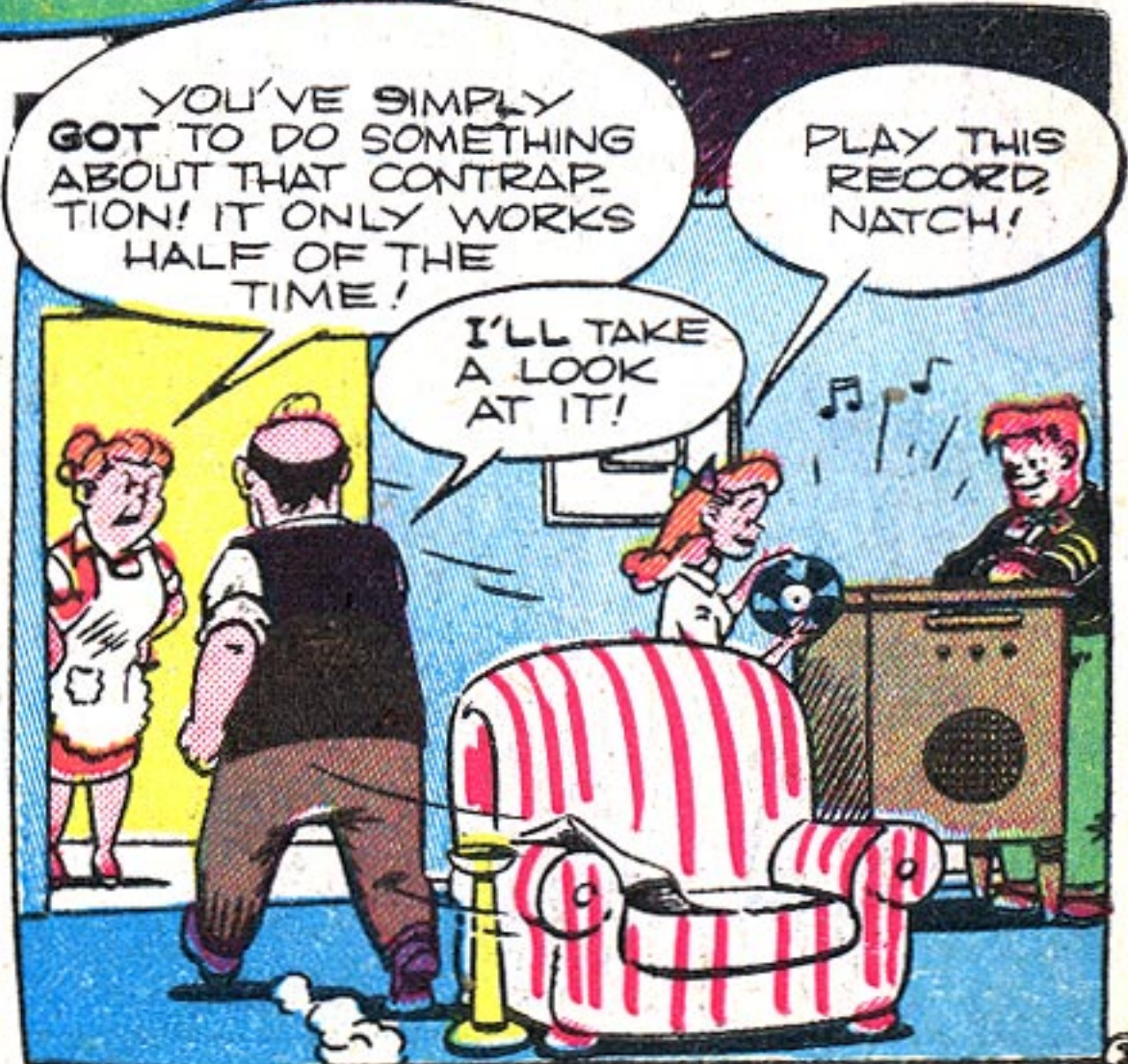
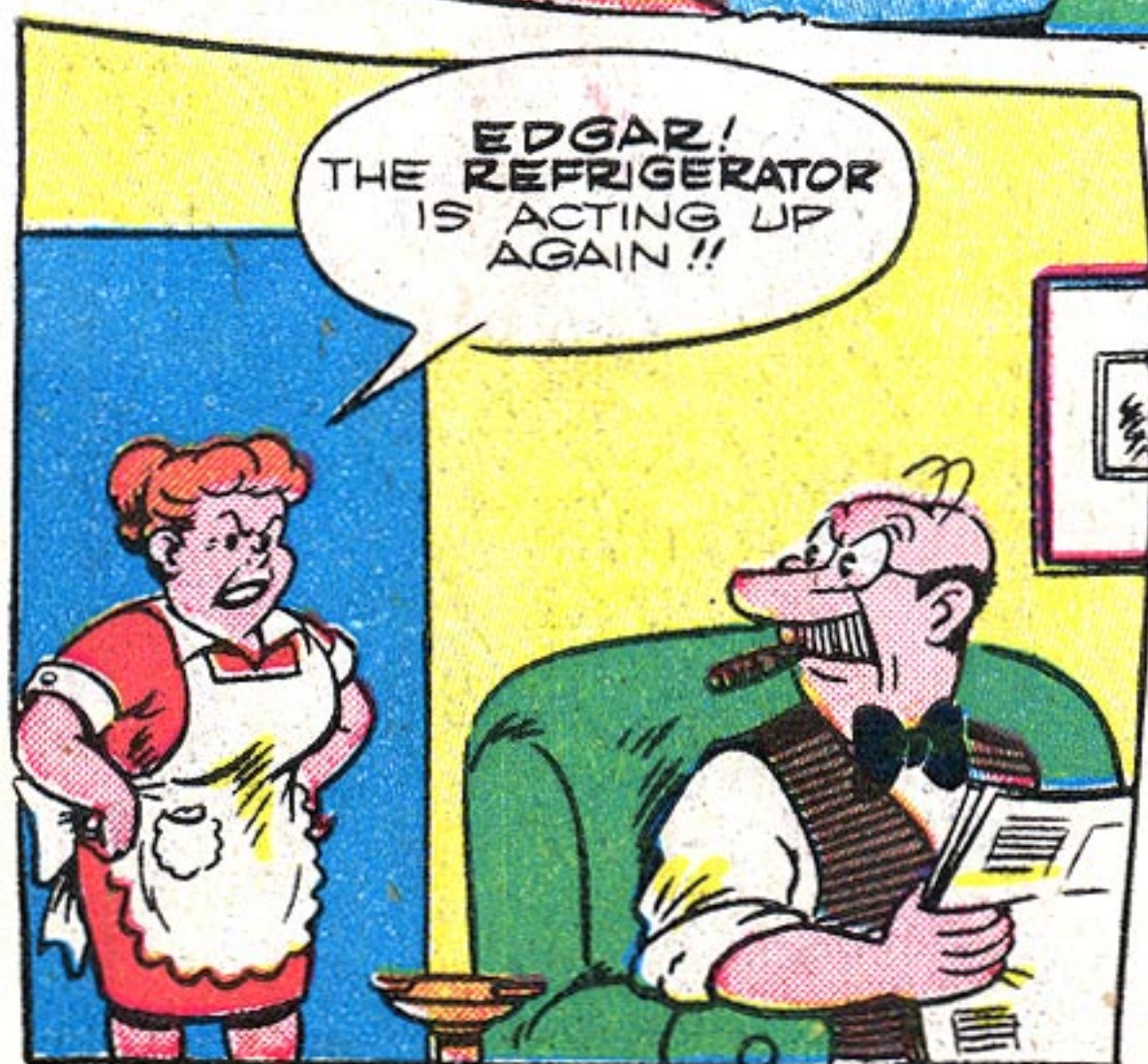
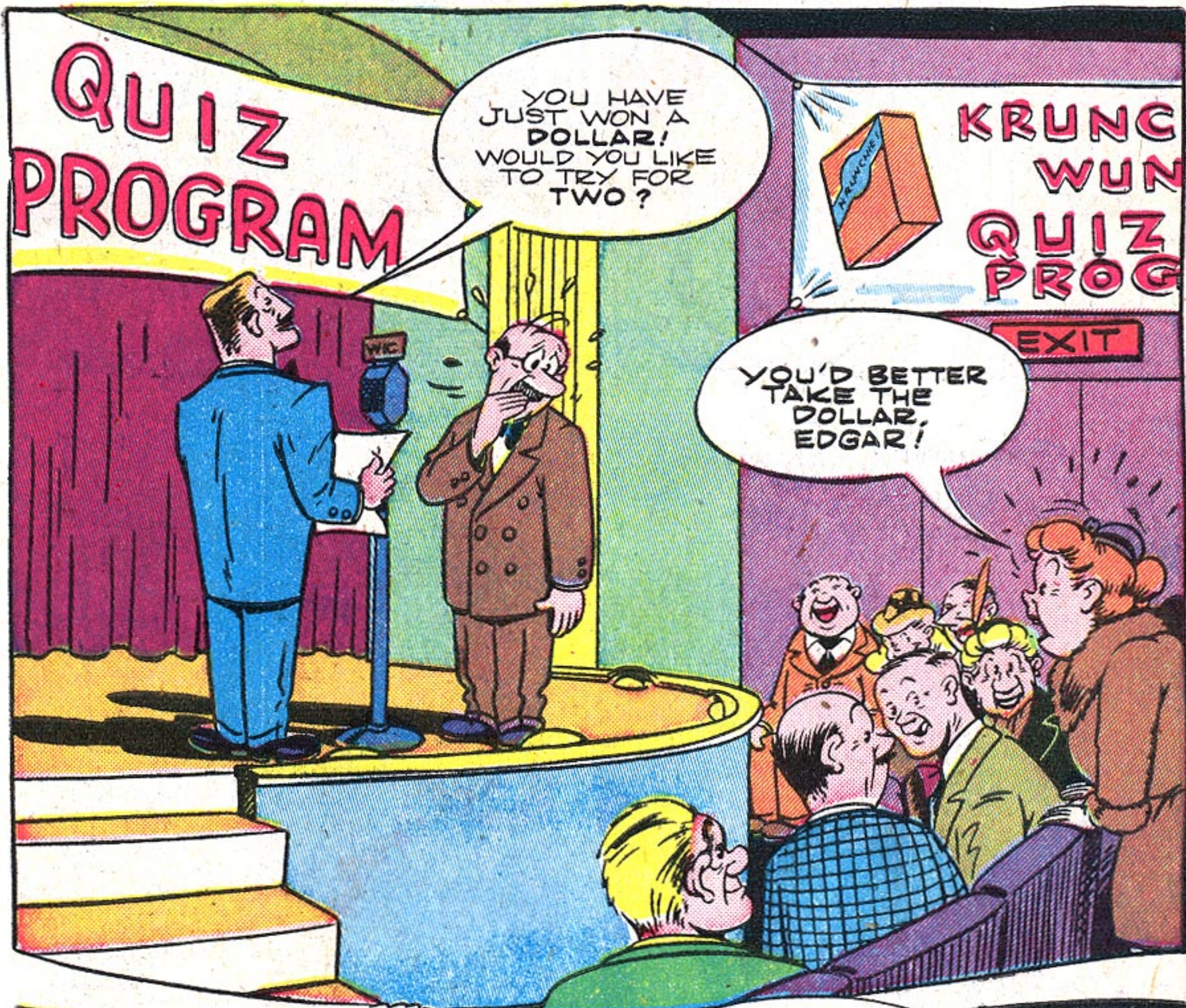


**10¢** ON ALL STANDS



# The KILROYs

in  
"POP WINS OUT!"







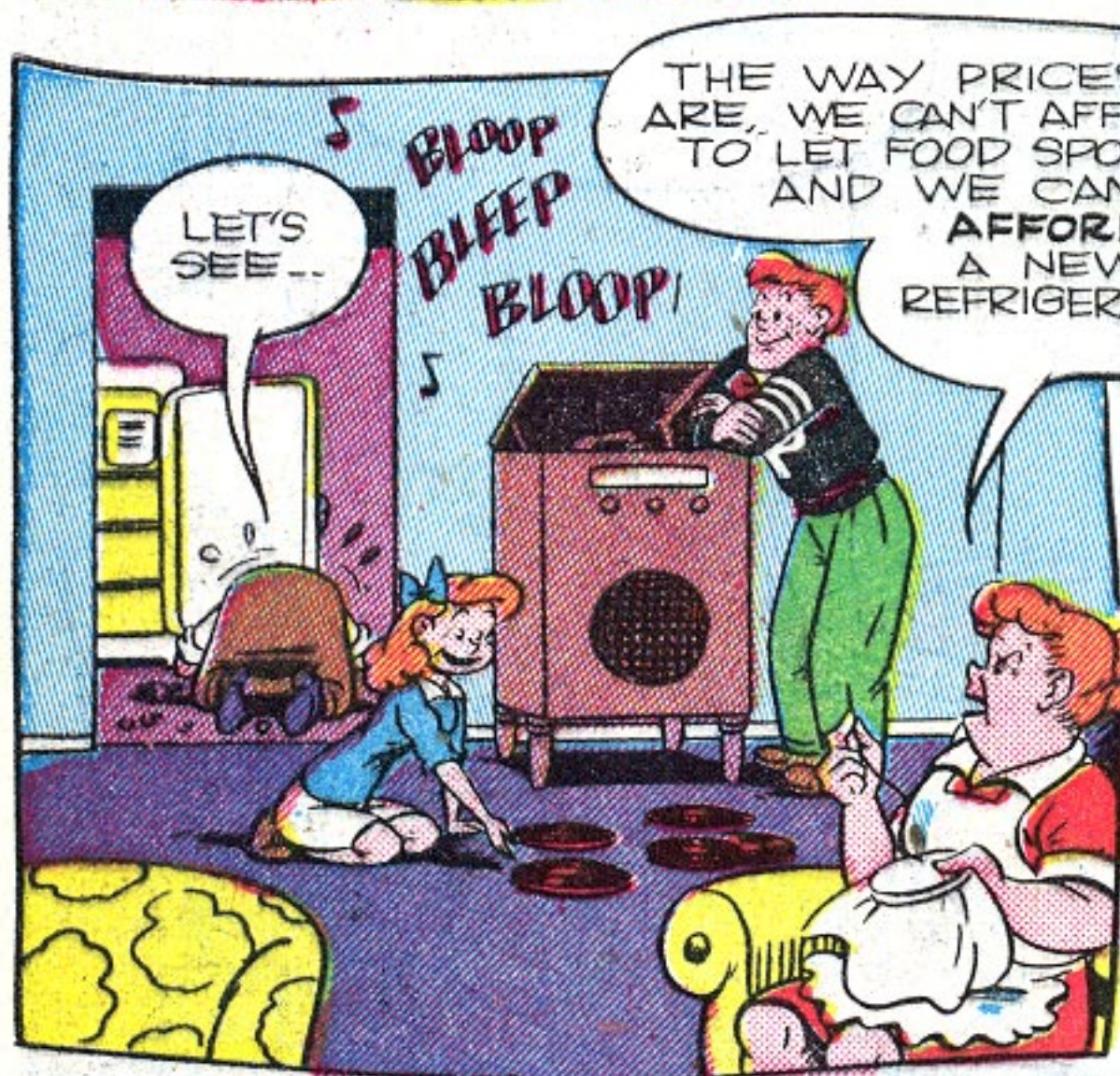
LET'S SEE, NOW!

WITH THE PRICE OF FOOD THE WAY IT IS, I CAN'T HAVE AN ICE BOX THAT WILL LET THINGS SPOIL!



ALREADY THIS WEEK, THE THING HAS ALLOWED FIVE BOTTLES OF MILK AND SIX LAMB CHOPS TO SPOIL!

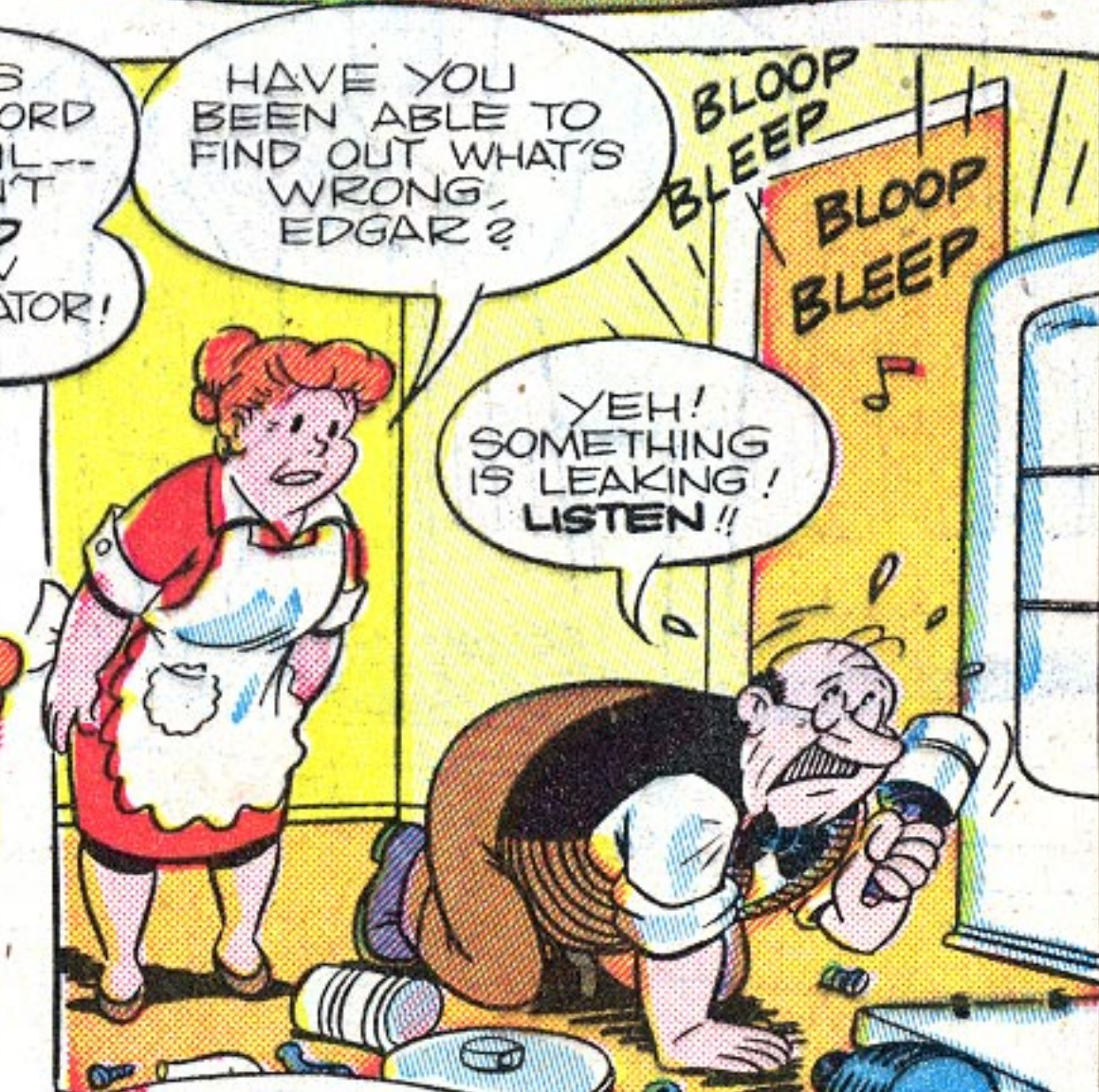
HMM!



LET'S SEE--

BLOOP BLEEP BLOOP!

THE WAY PRICES ARE, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET FOOD SPOIL-- AND WE CAN'T AFFORD A NEW REFRIGERATOR!



HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG, EDGAR?

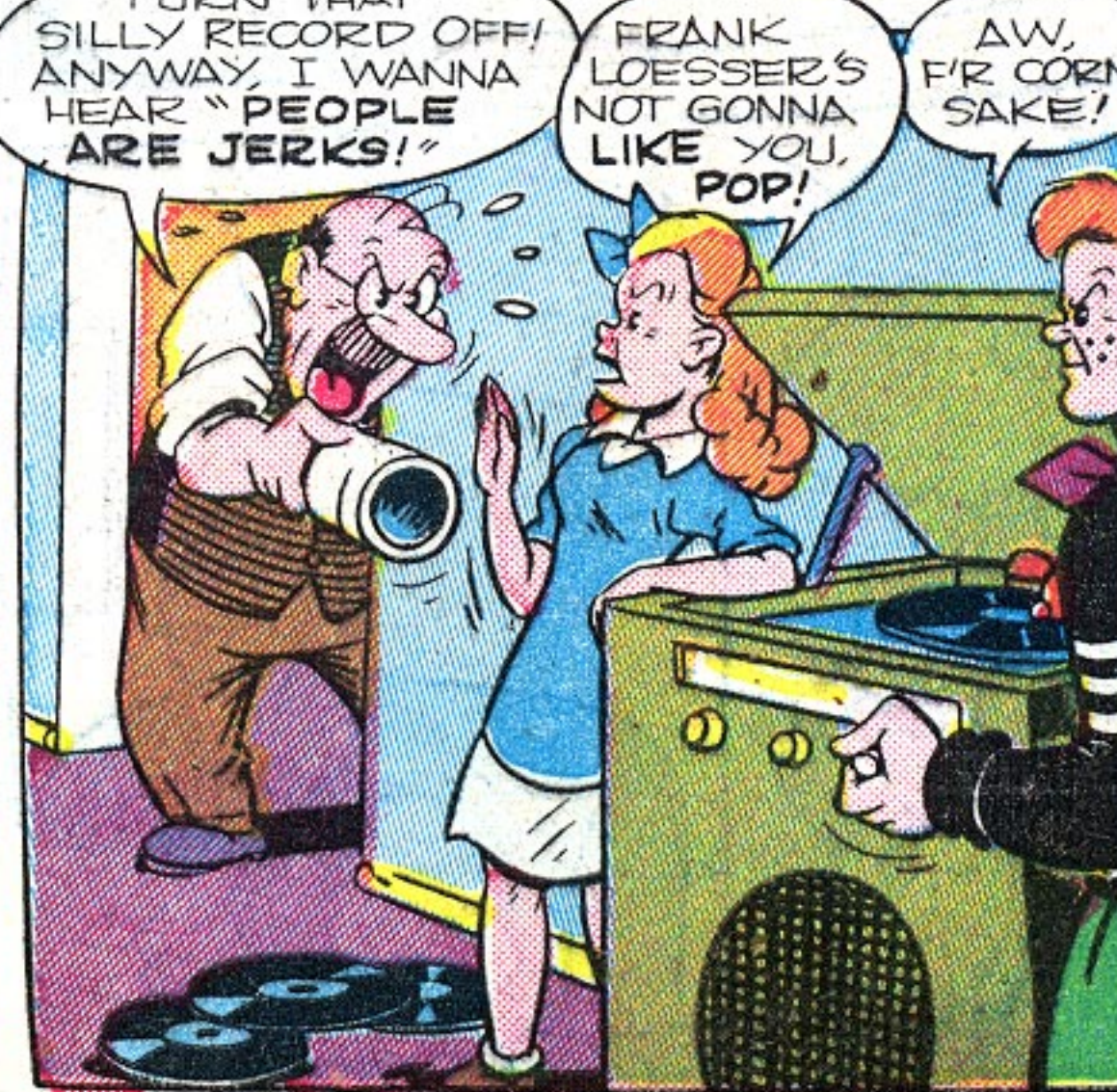
BLOOP BLEEP BLOOP BLEEP

YEH! SOMETHING IS LEAKING! LISTEN!!



THERE'S NOTHING LEAKING, SILLY! THAT'S THE CHILDREN'S RECORD!

WELL, STOP IT!!

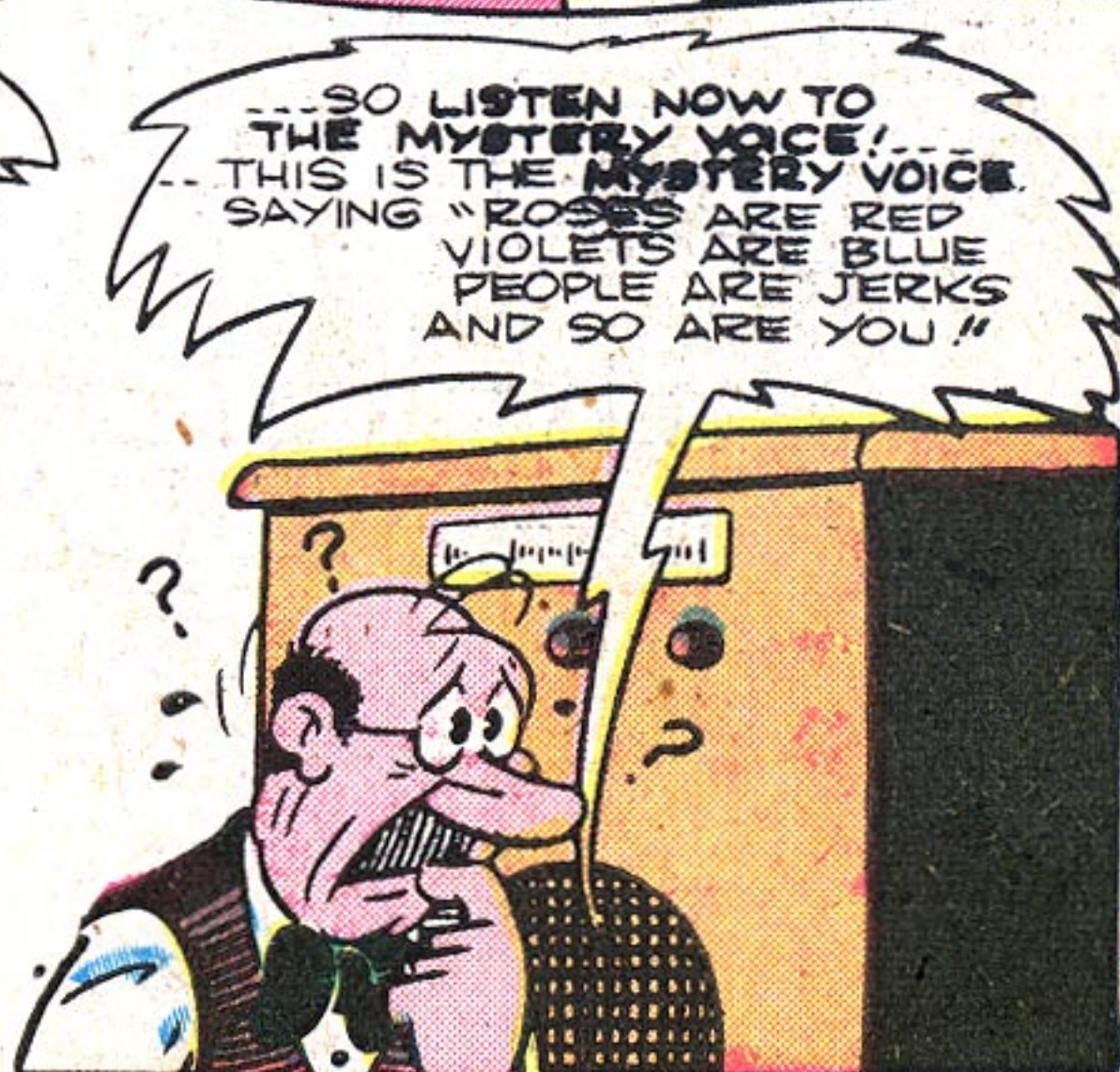
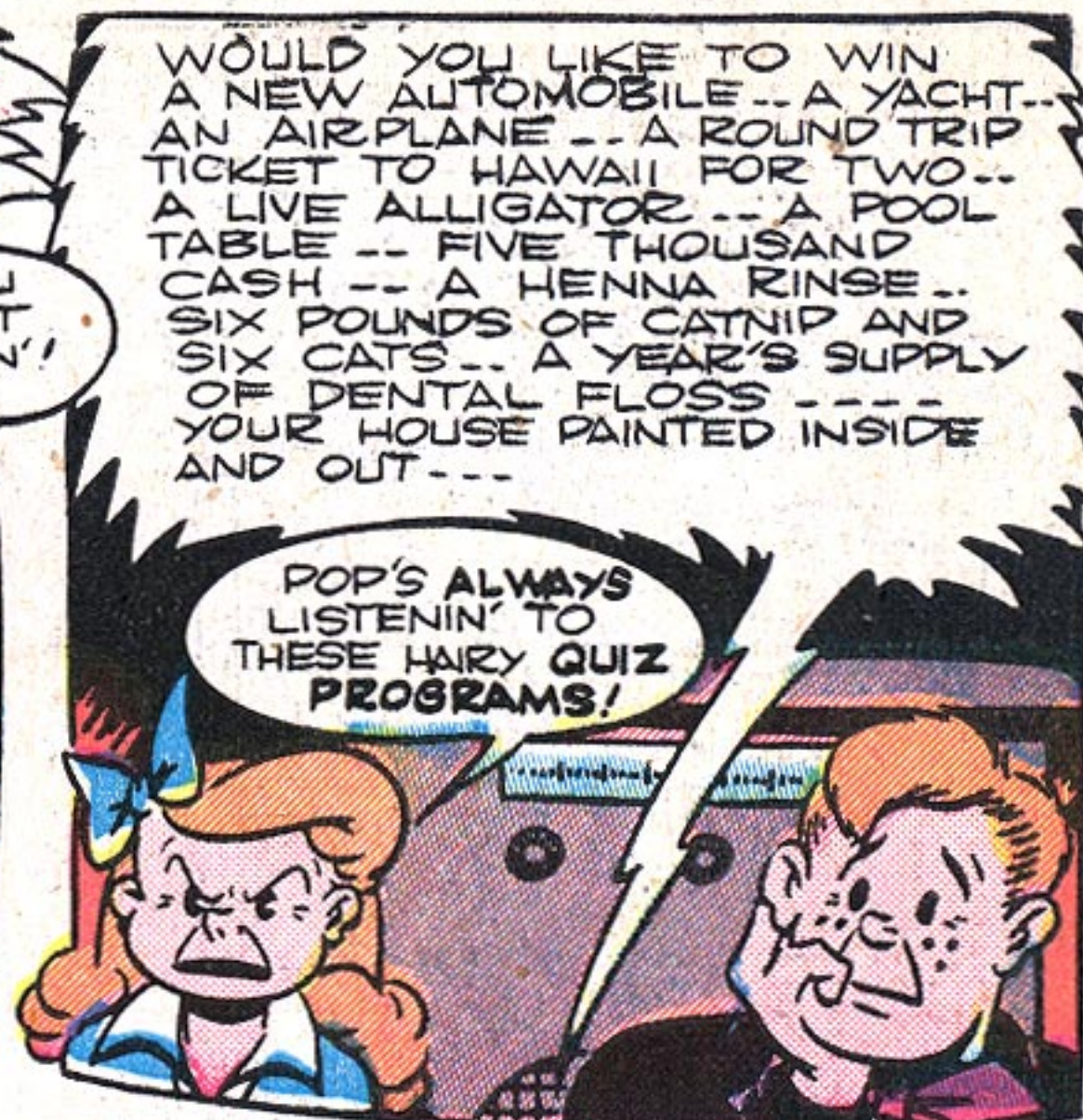
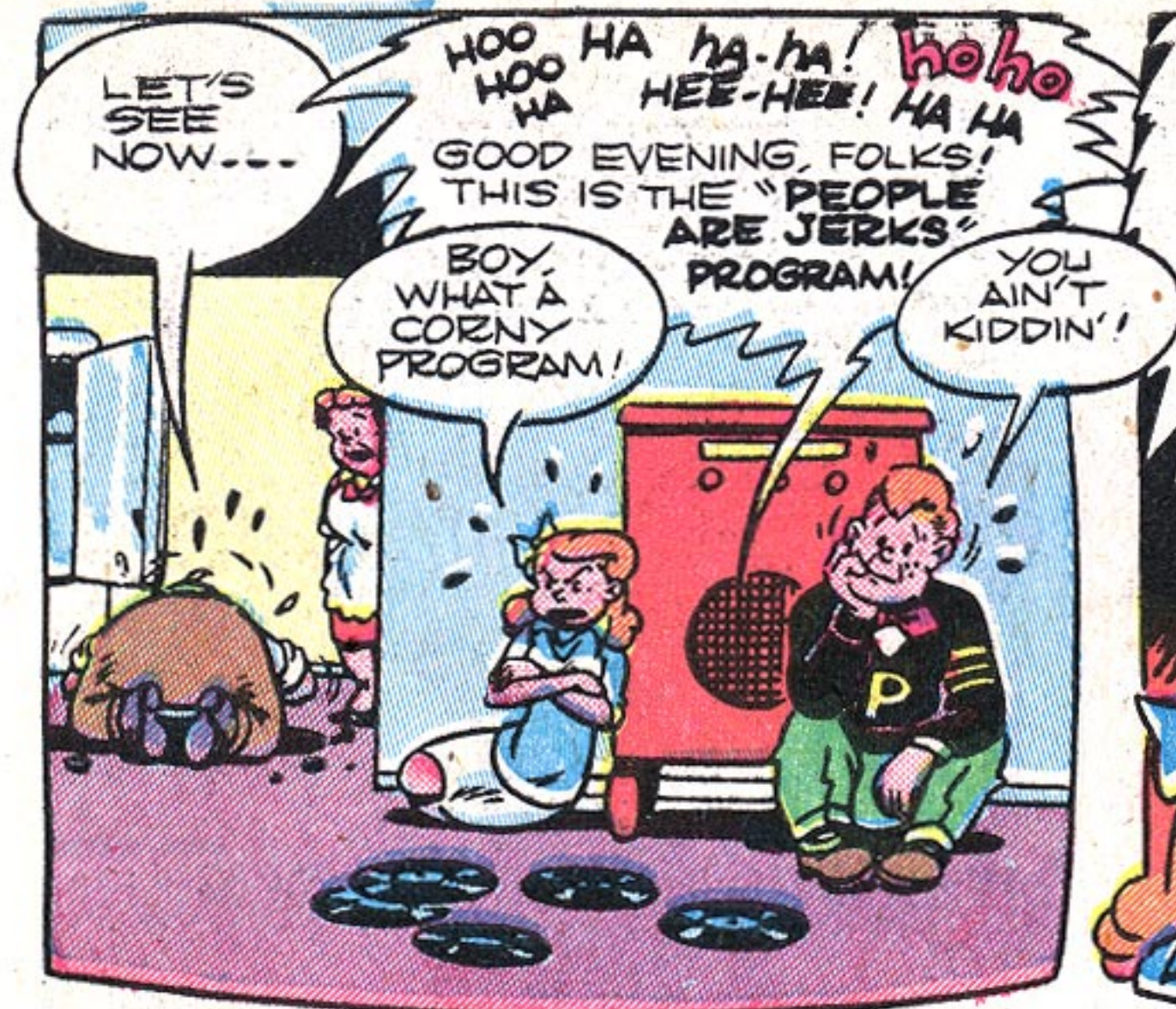


TURN THAT SILLY RECORD OFF! ANYWAY, I WANNA HEAR "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!"

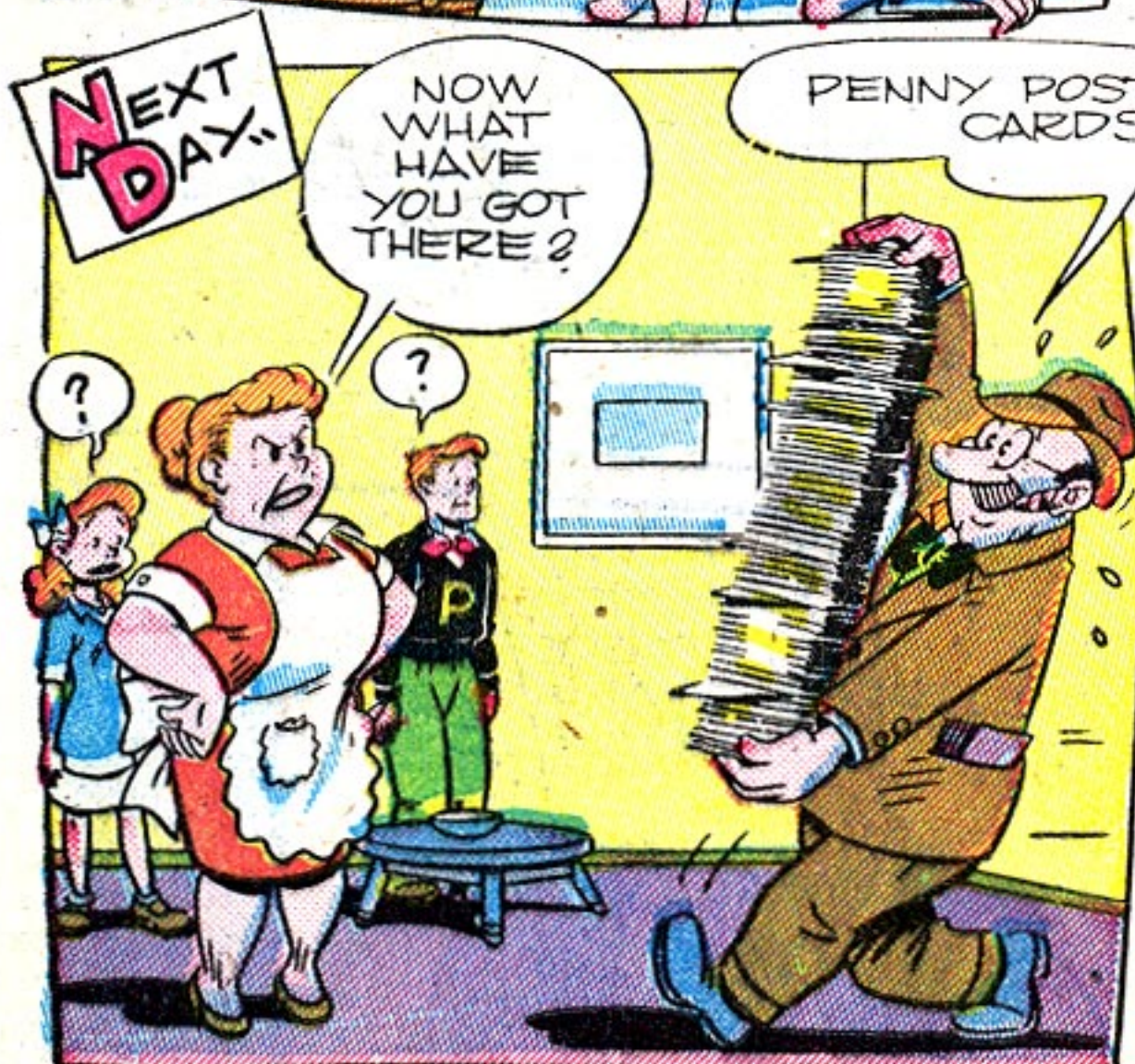
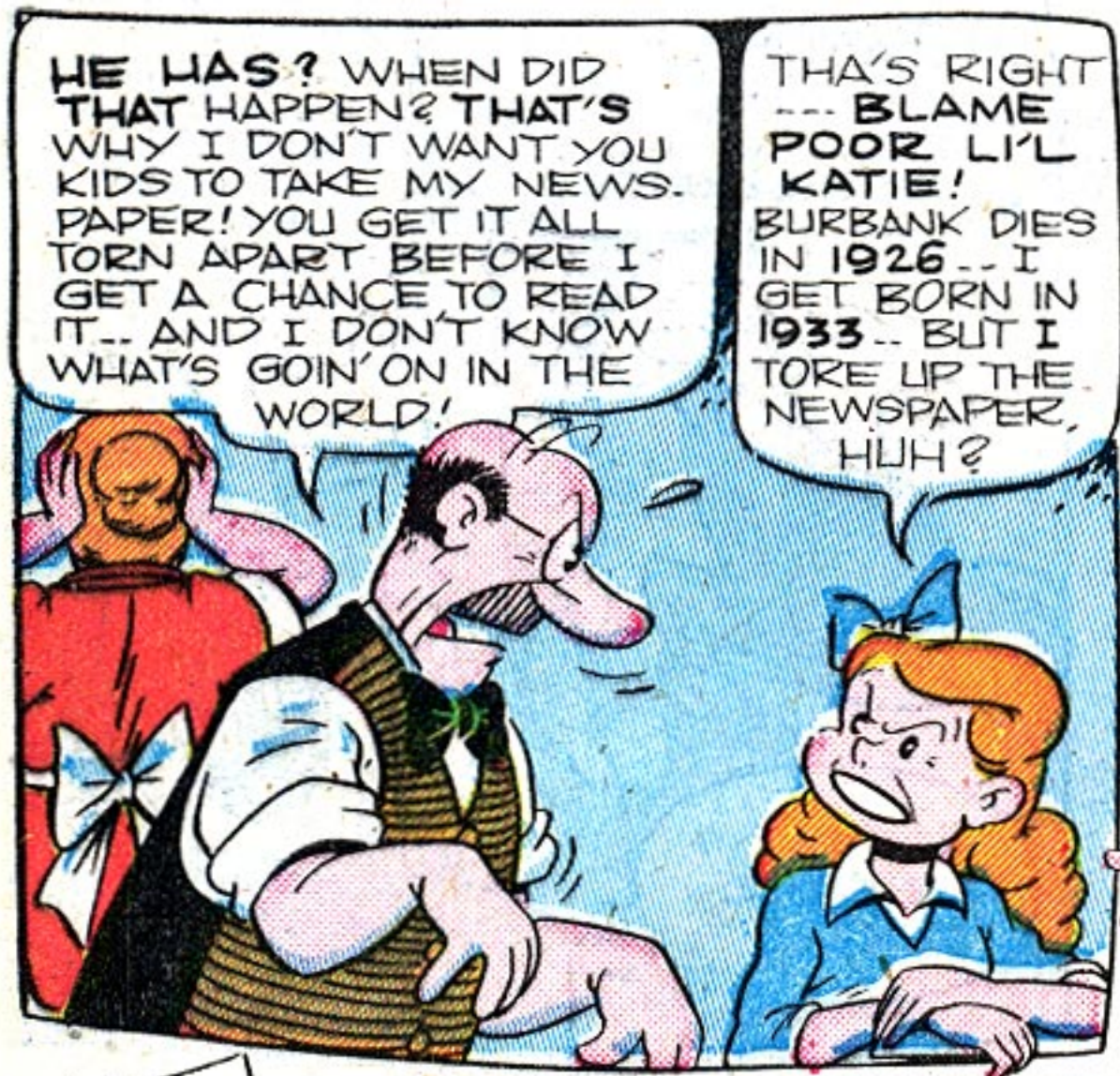
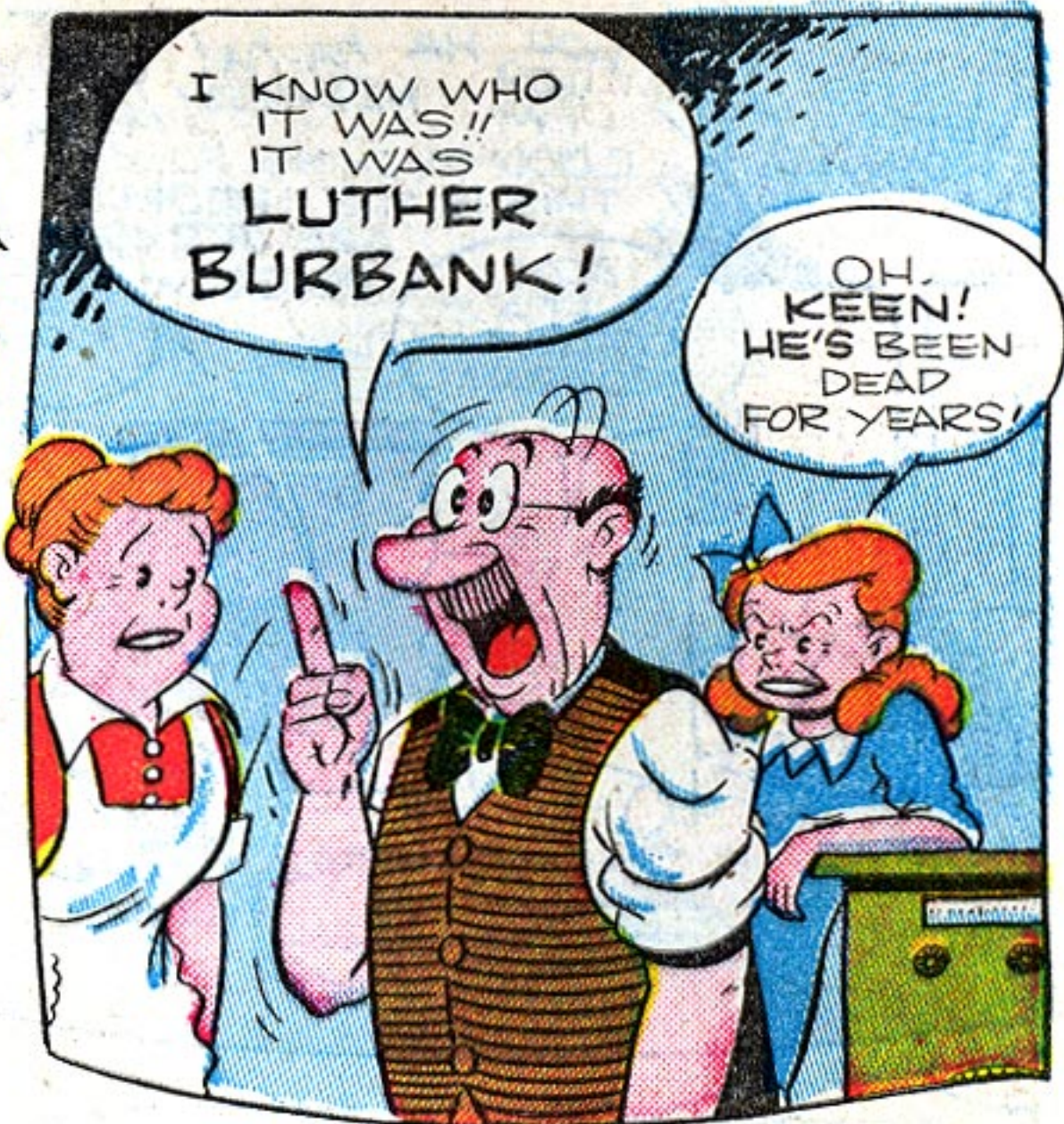
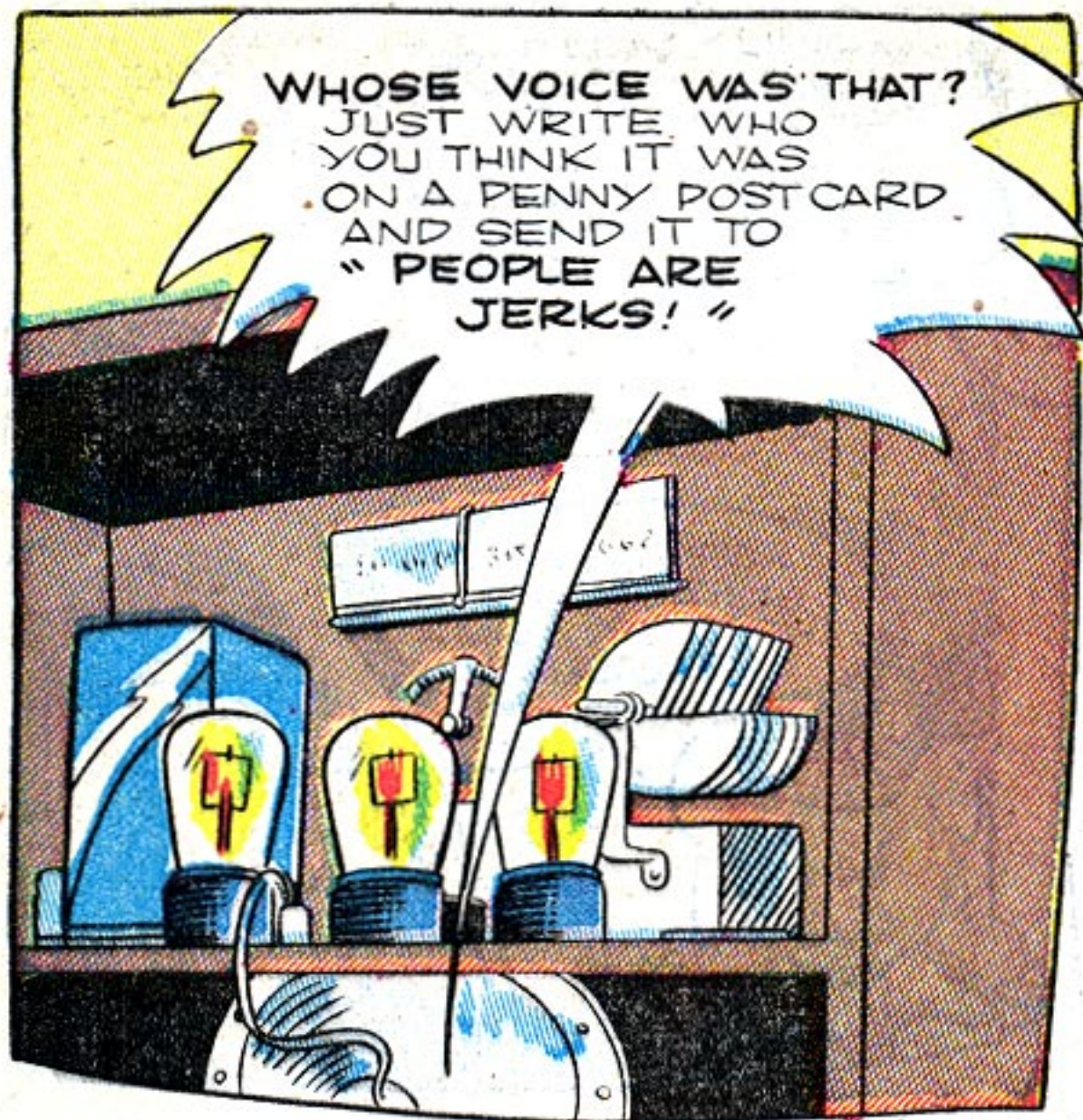
FRANK LOESSER'S NOT GONNA LIKE YOU, POP!

AW, F'R CORN SAKE!

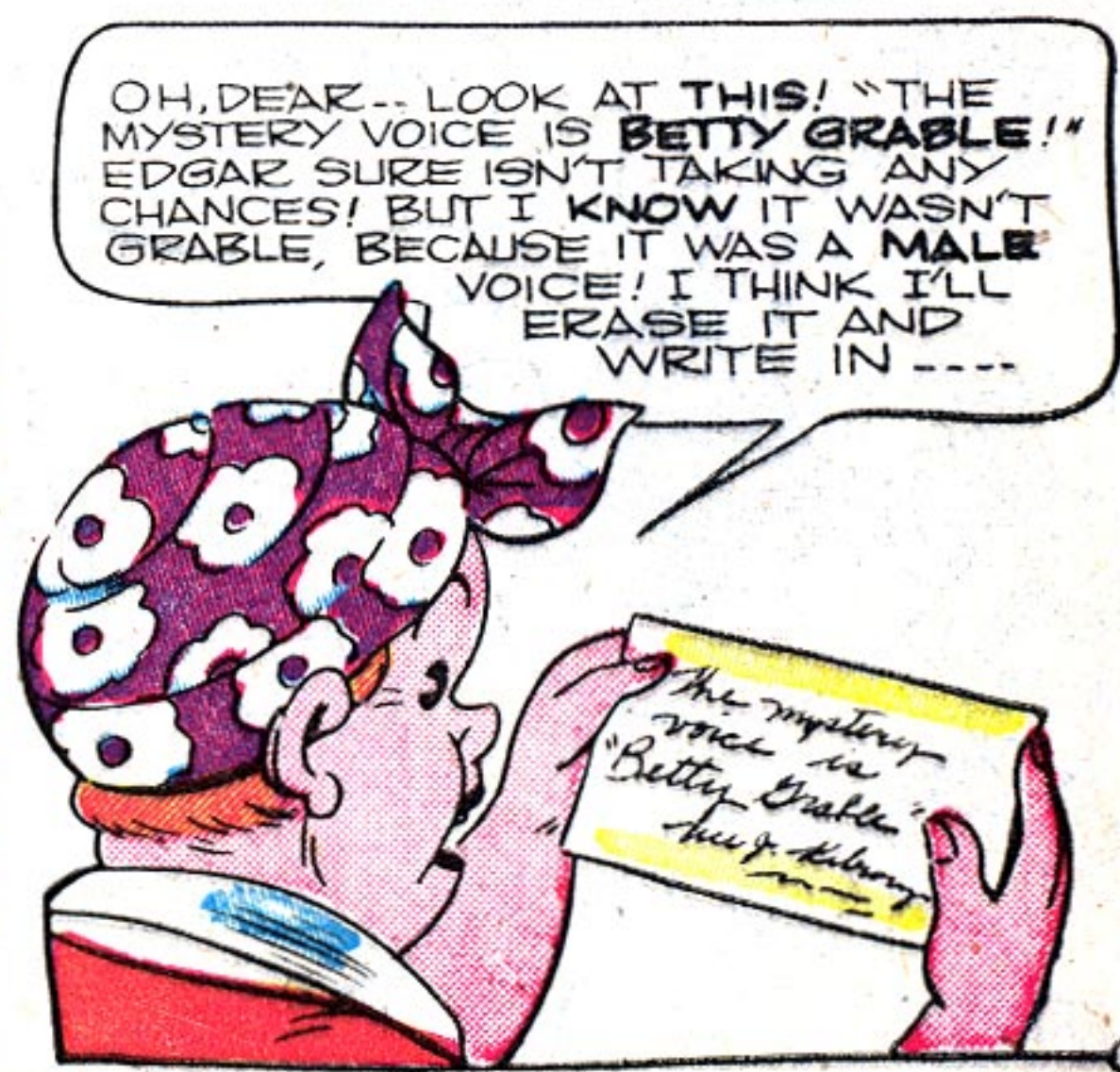
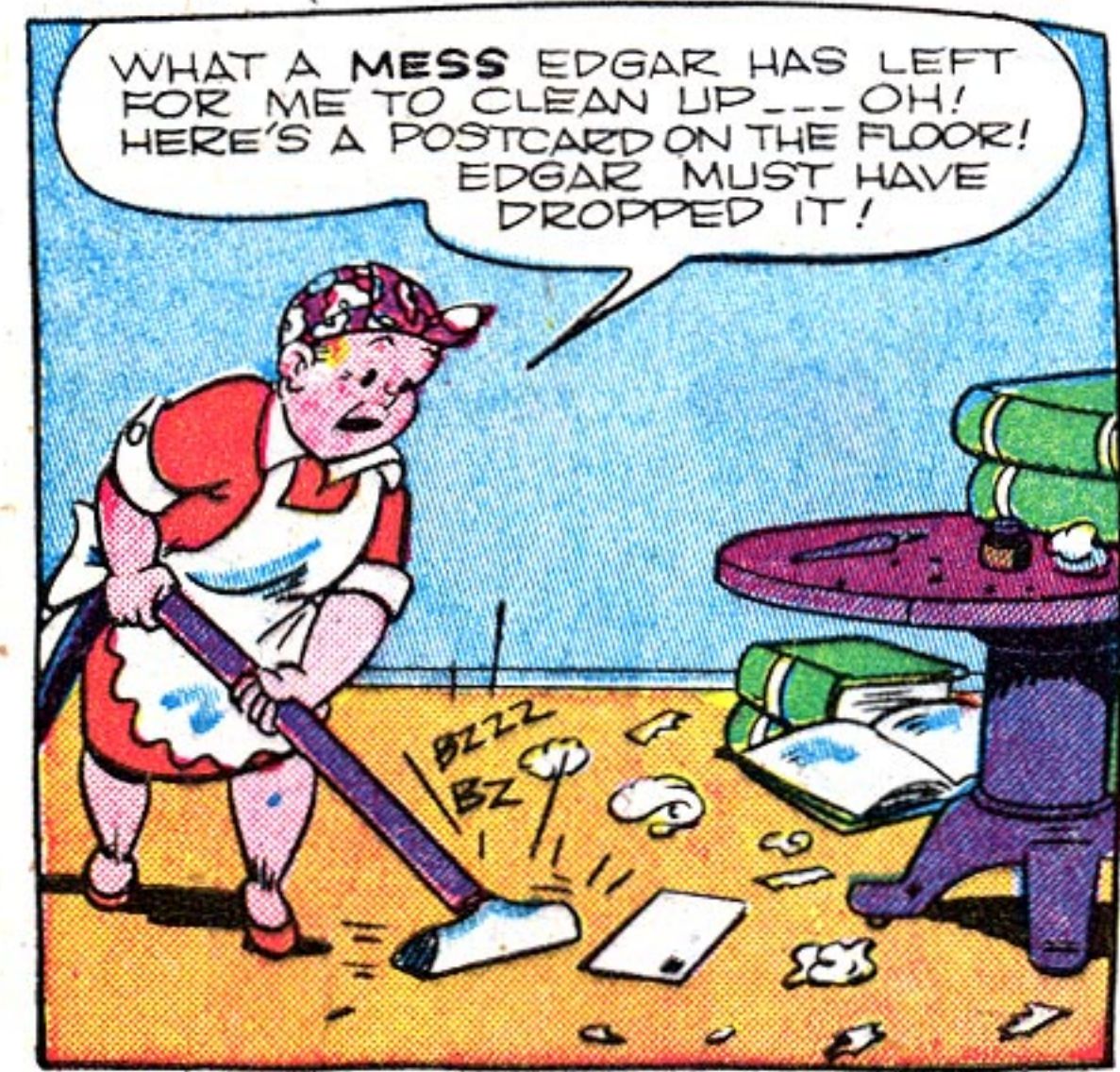
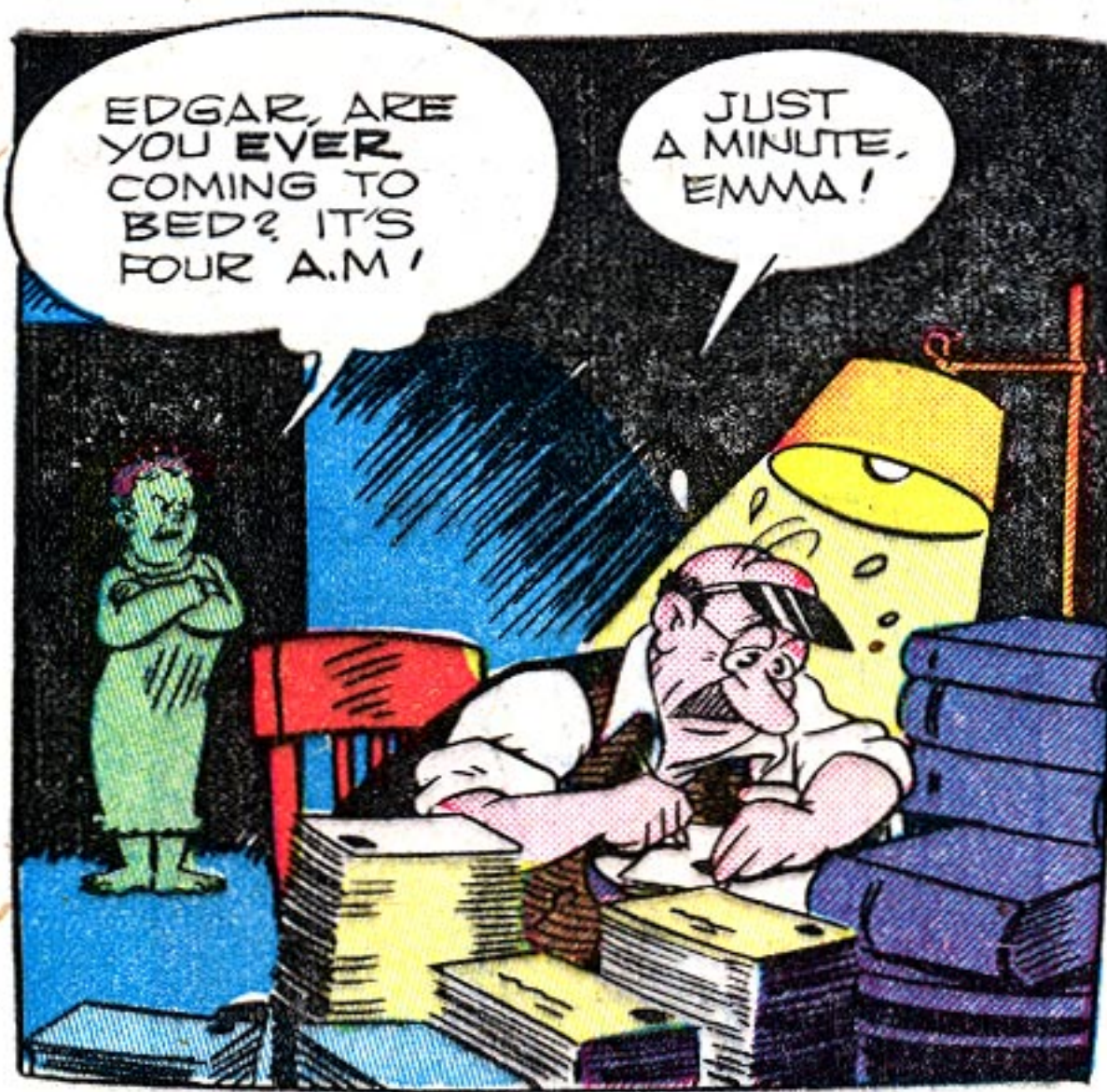
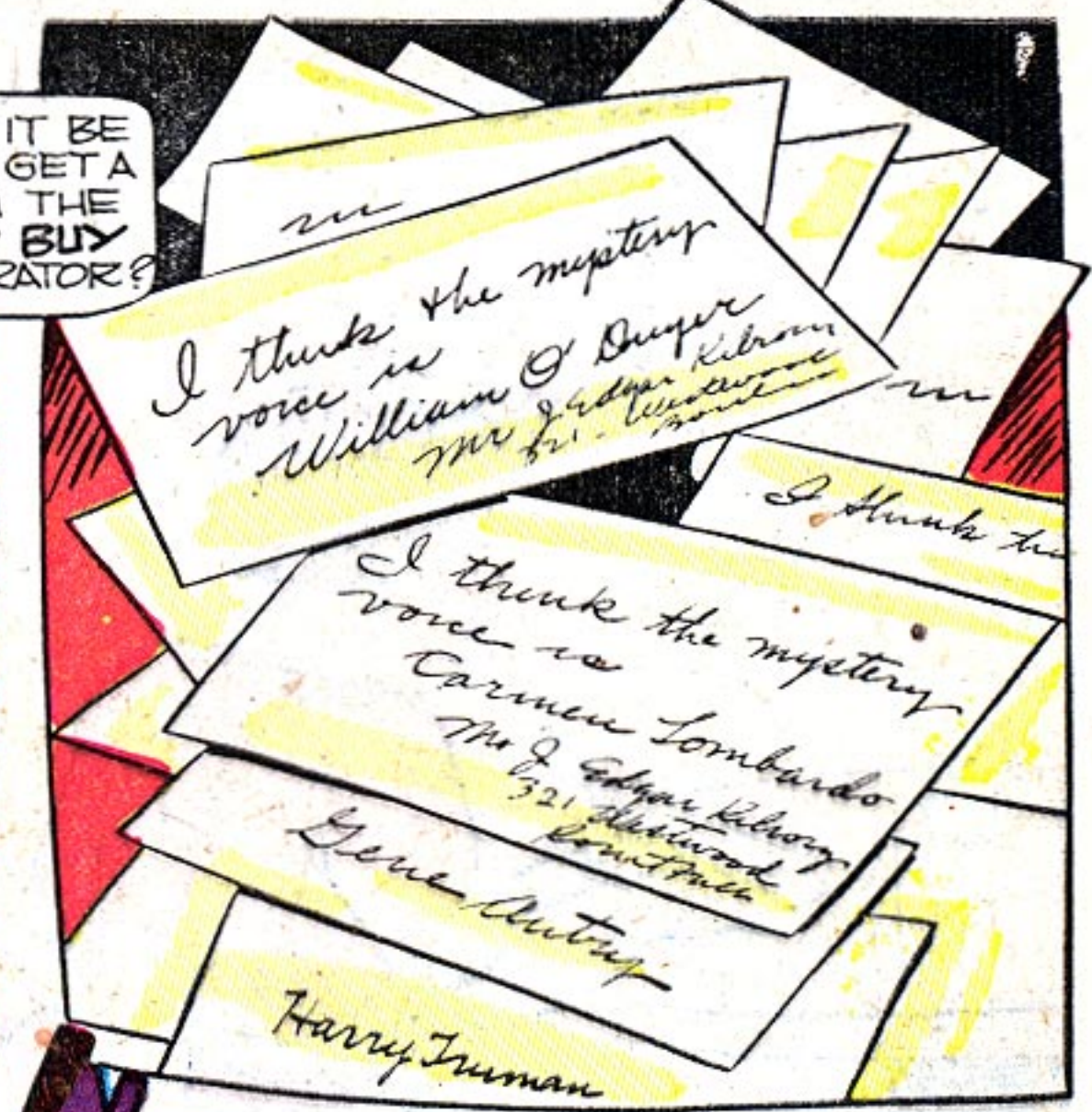
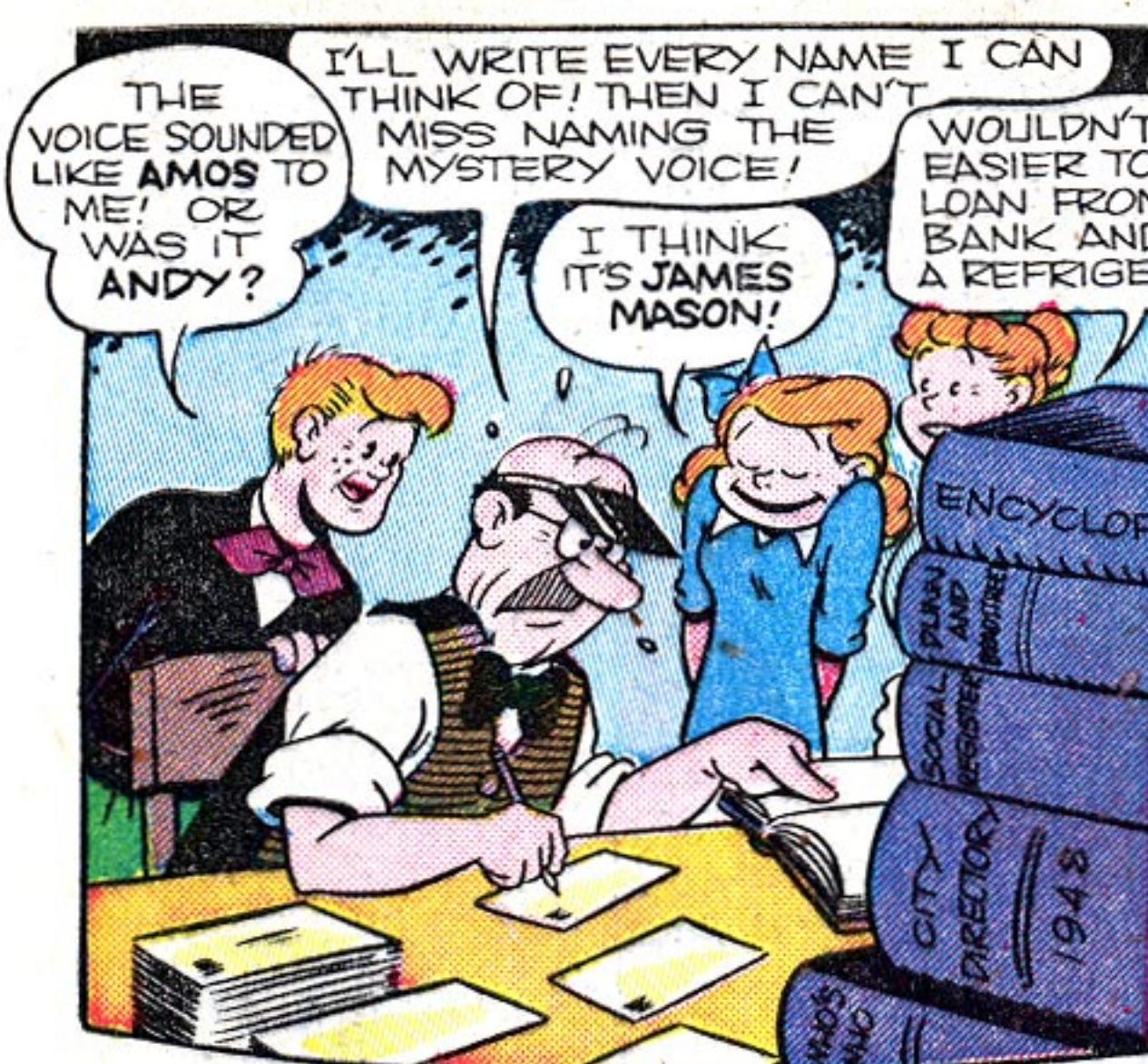






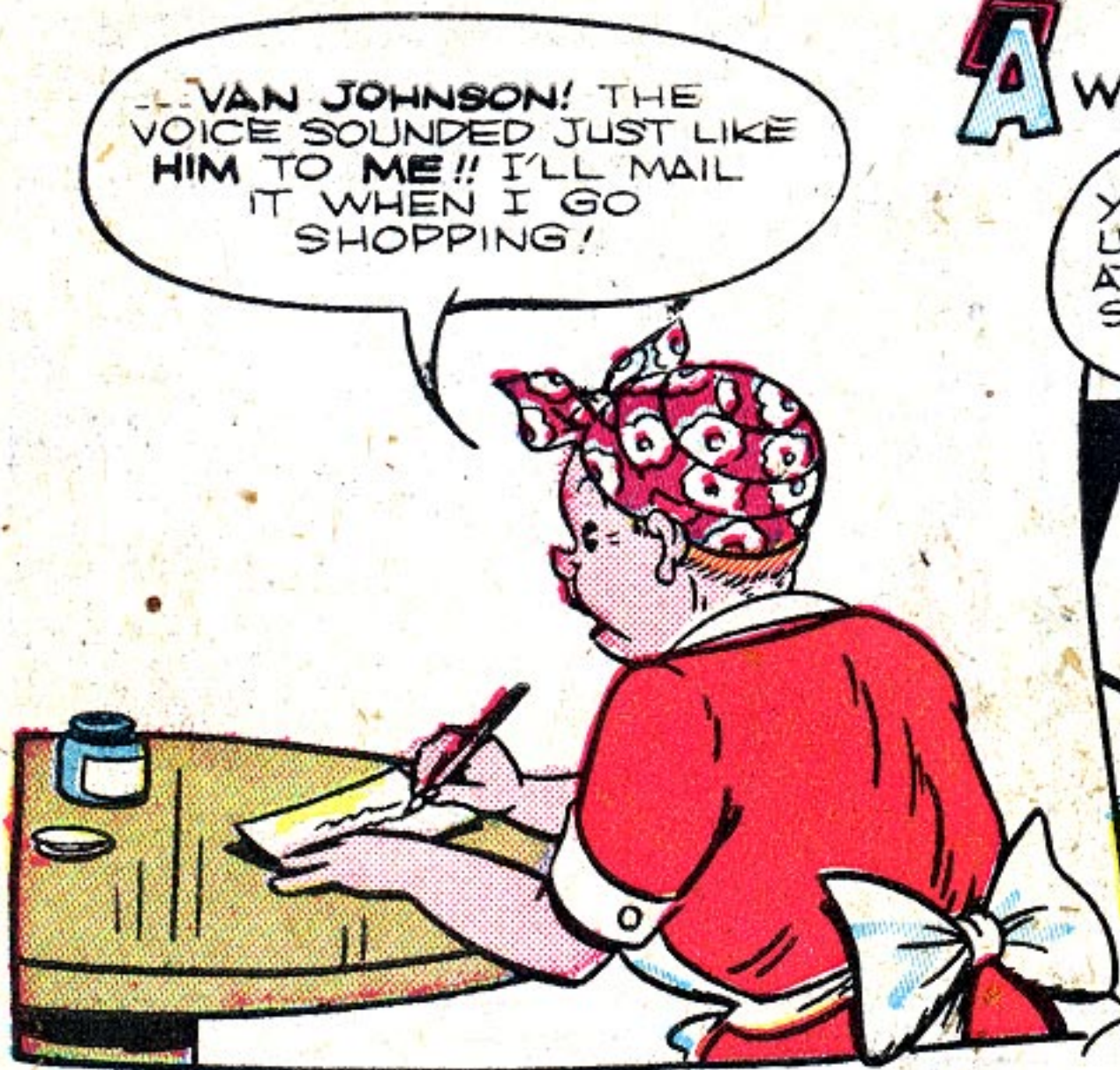






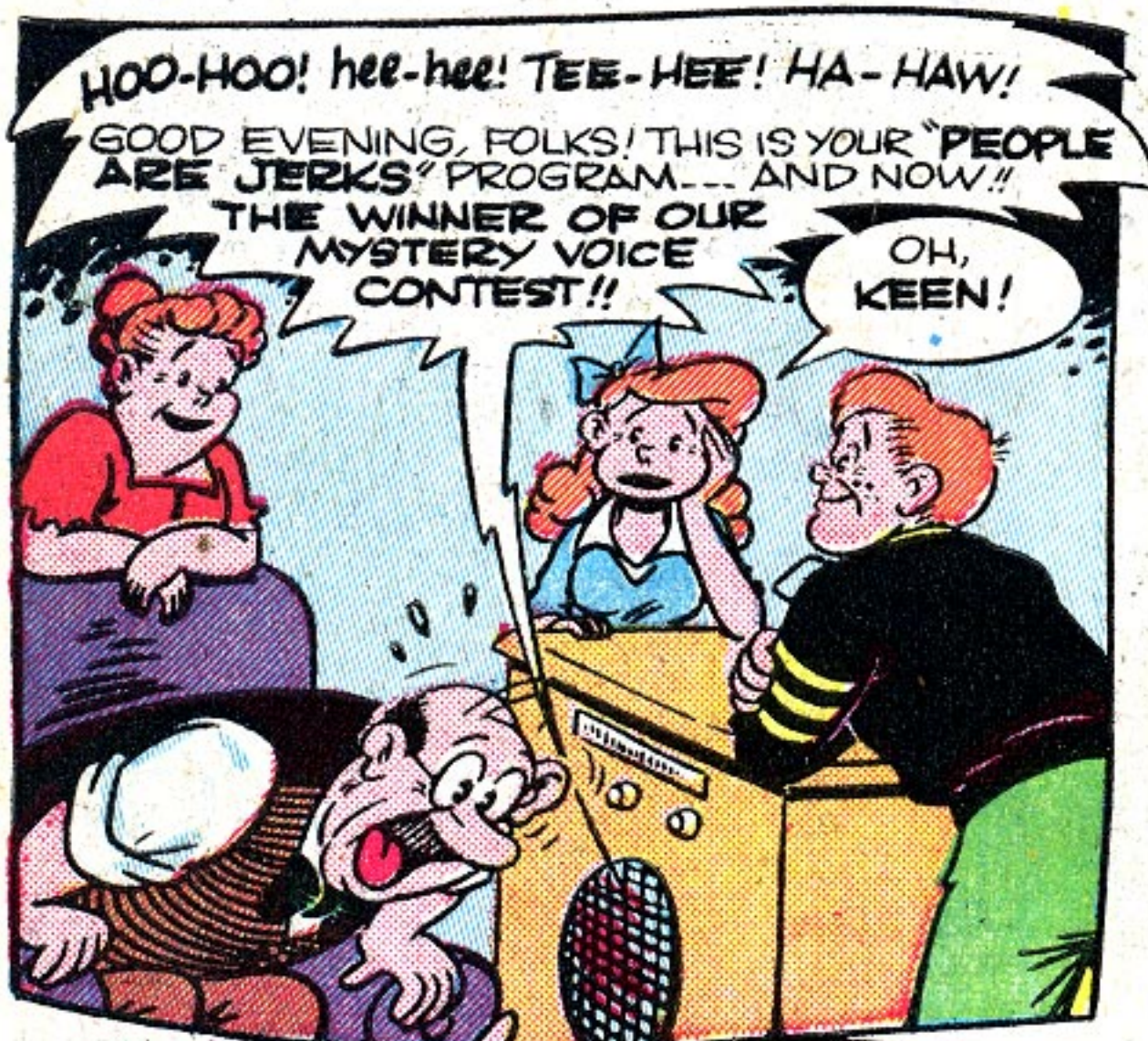
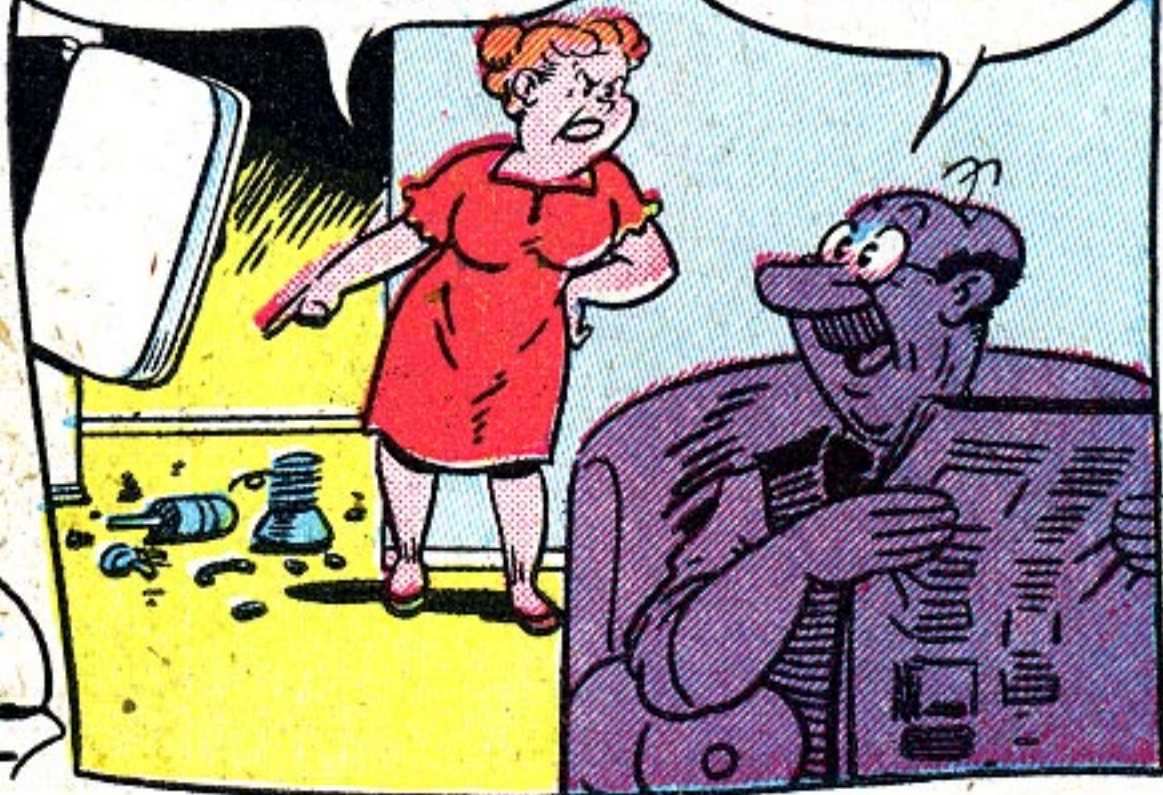


**A WEEK LATER...**

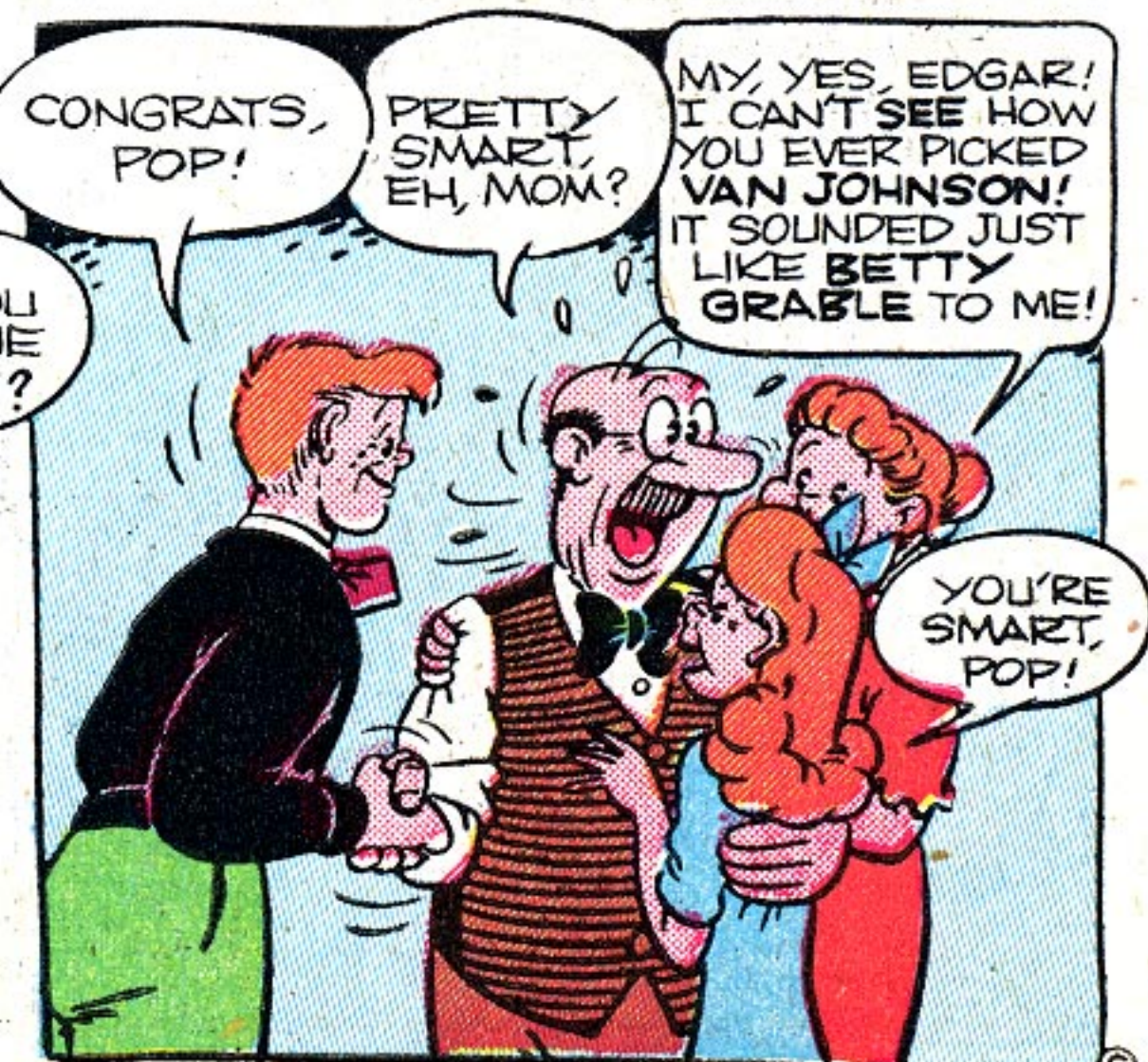
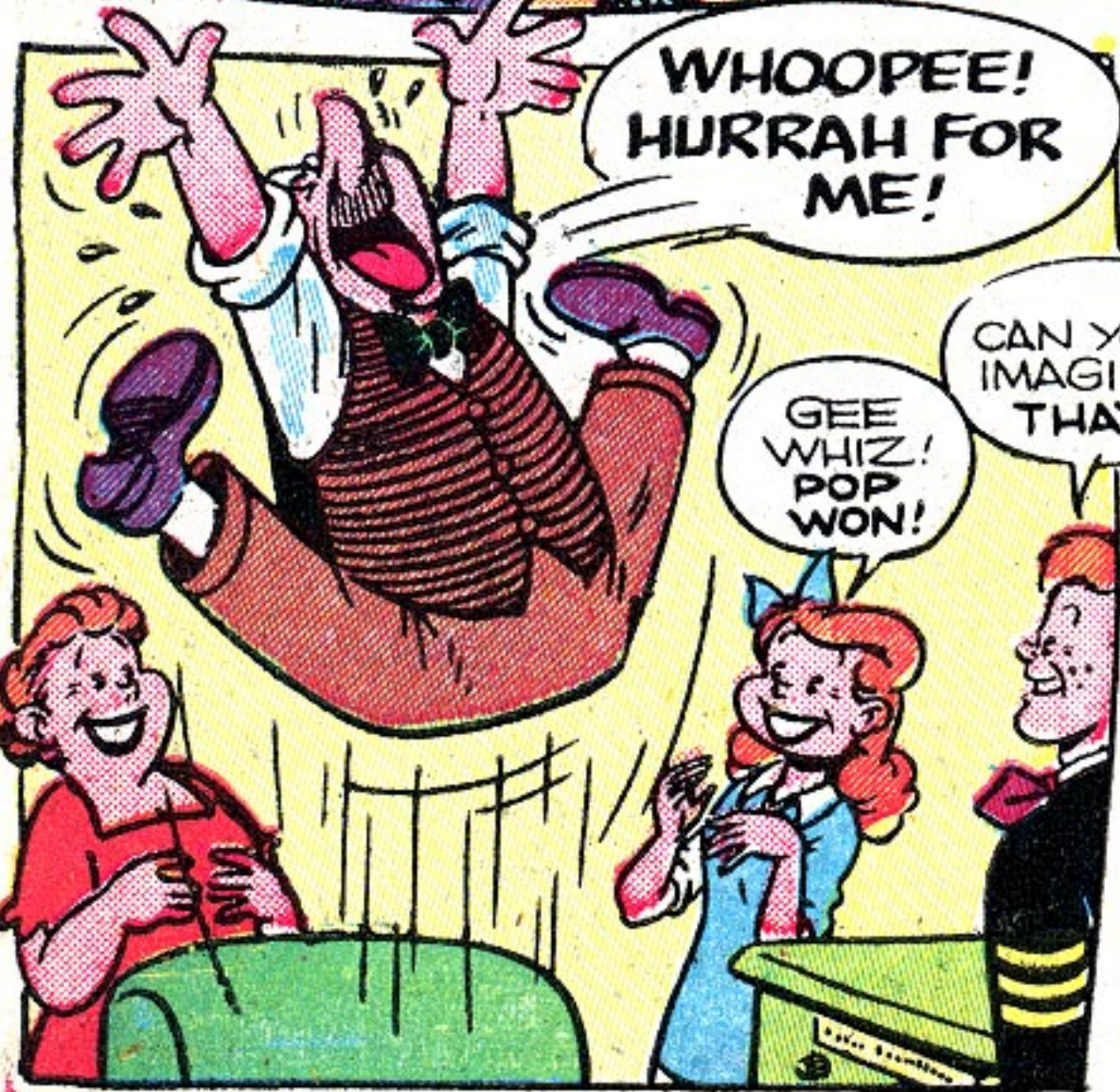
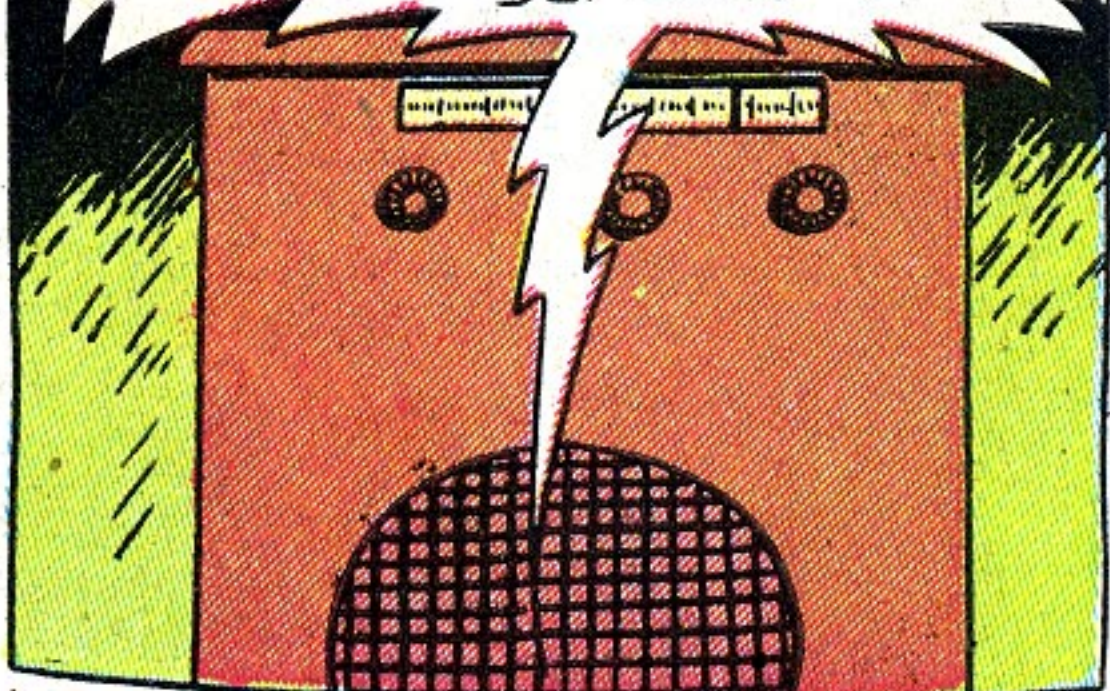


EDGAR, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PICK UP THOSE REFRIGERATOR PARTS? I'VE BEEN STEPPING OVER THEM FOR A WEEK!

SWEEP 'EM OUT! TONIGHT IS THE "PEOPLE ARE JERKS" PROGRAM... AND I'LL PROBABLY WIN A NEW REFRIGERATOR!



BUT FIRST, A FEW THOUSAND WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR --- (DELETED)--- AND NOW FOR THE WINNER OF OUR MYSTERY VOICE CONTEST! THE VOICE WAS THAT OF VAN JOHNSON -- AND THE ONLY ONE TO GUESS IT CORRECTLY OUT OF FIVE MILLION CONTESTANTS WAS MR. J. EDGAR KILROY OF 321 ---





**NEXT MORNING-**

THE DOOR BELL!! WHO COULD THAT BE?

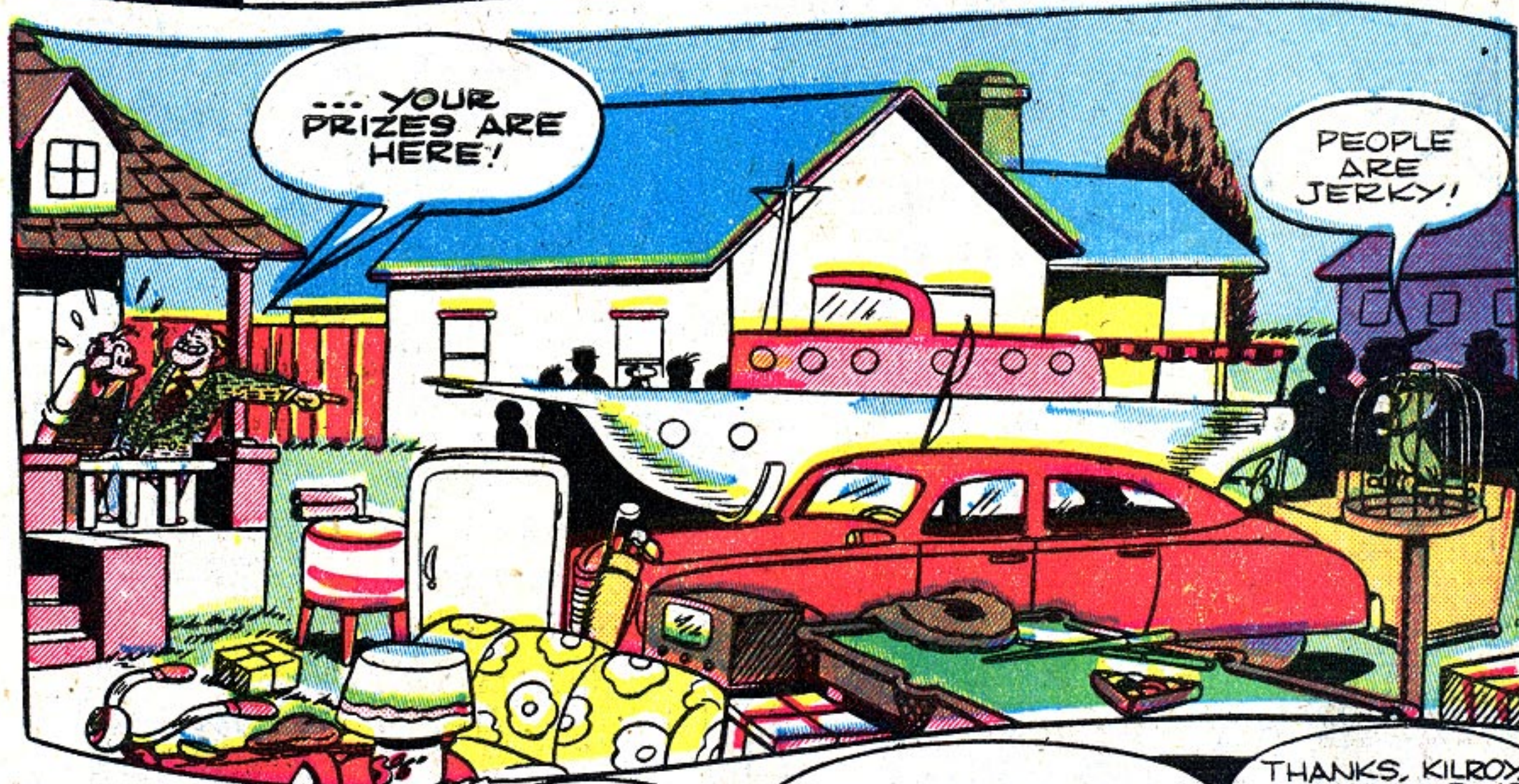
MAYBE THEY'RE DELIVERING THE REFRIGERATOR!

**BONG BING BONG**

GEE, POP'S POPULAR SINCE HE WON THE CONTEST!

OH, HA-A-HAA-HO-HE. *hee-ho-ho!*

I'M BIG REDHEADED TOMMY HUCKSTER FROM "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!" CONGRATULATIONS, MR. KILROY...



HEH-HEH! SO YOU'RE MR. KILROY? HO-HO! CONGRATULATIONS! HAW-HAW! HOO-HOO!

THAT'S ME! "LUCKY" KILROY! SMART, TOO! HEE-HEE!

WELL-HA-HA!--I'M A COLLECTOR FROM THE OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE! THERE'S EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TAX DUE ON YOUR FREE GIFTS! HO-HO!

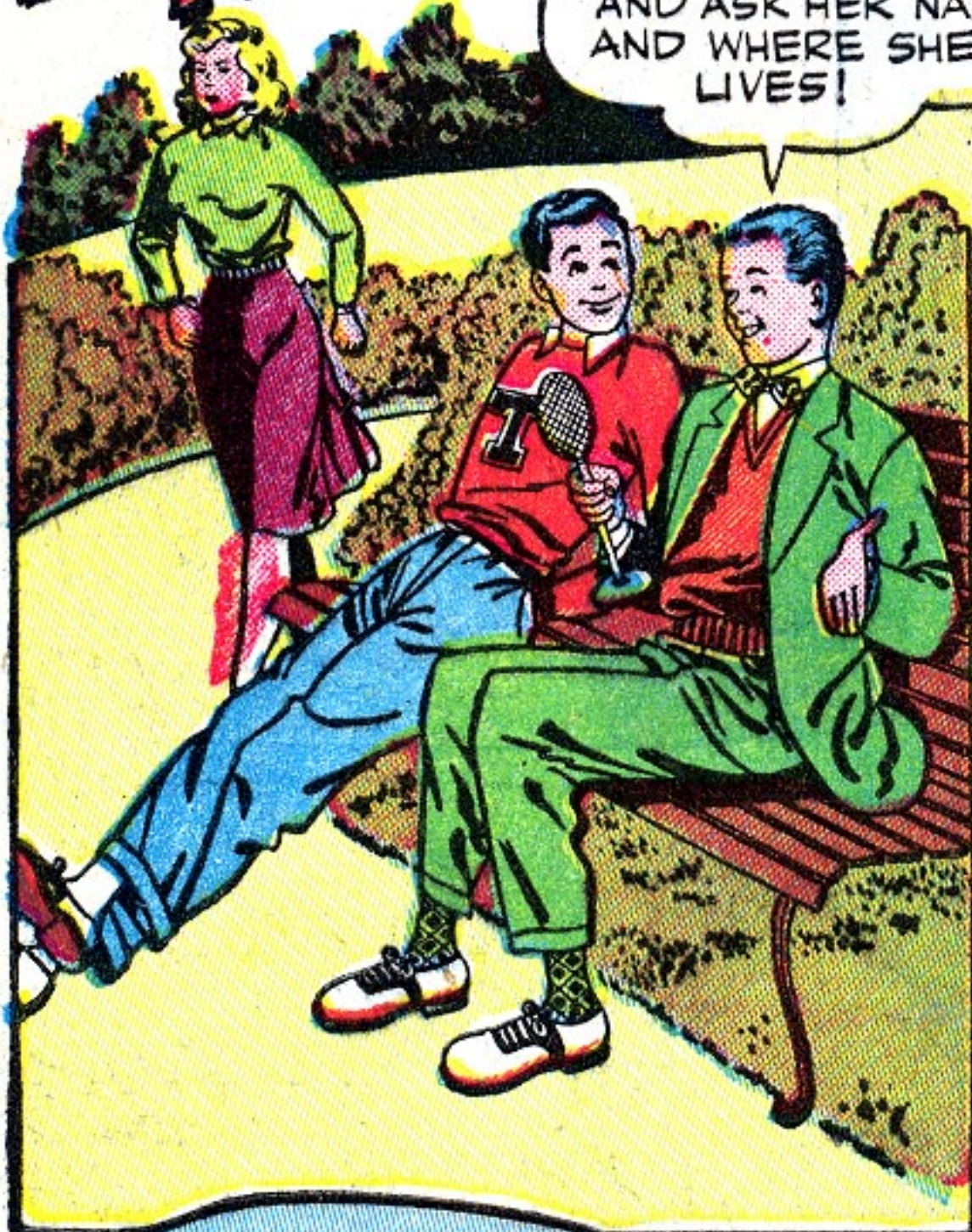
THANKS, KILROY, FOR HELPING US PROVE "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!"





# KOLLEGE KAPERS

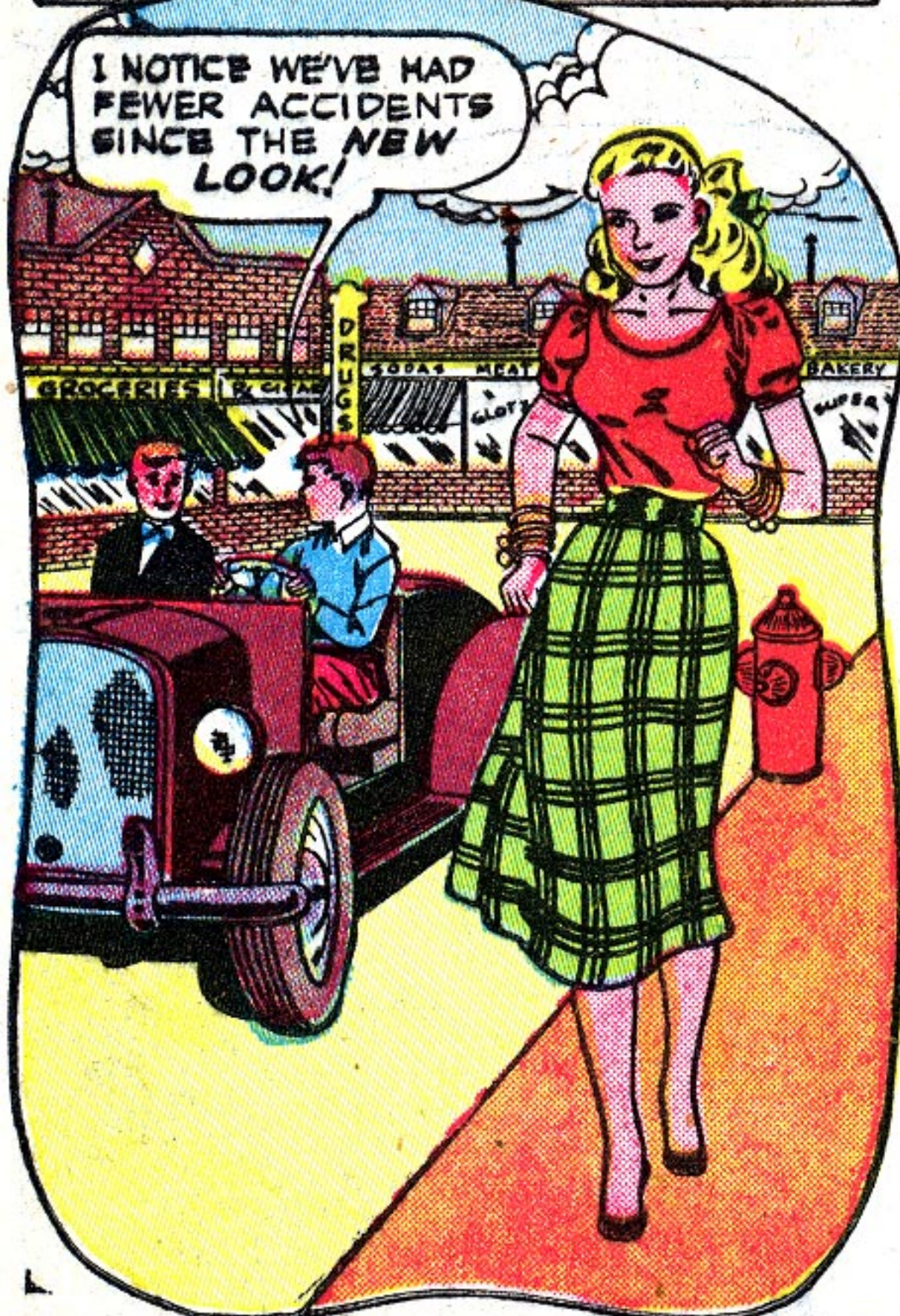
IT'S A CINCH!  
I JUST WALK UP  
TO HER WITH THIS  
DUMMY MICROPHONE  
AND ASK HER NAME  
AND WHERE SHE  
LIVES!



INSTEAD OF ME  
SEEING IT **TWICE**,  
CAN'T WE **BOTH** SEE  
IT **ONCE** ON THE  
SAME TICKET?



I NOTICE WE'VE HAD  
FEWER ACCIDENTS  
SINCE THE **NEW**  
**LOOK!**



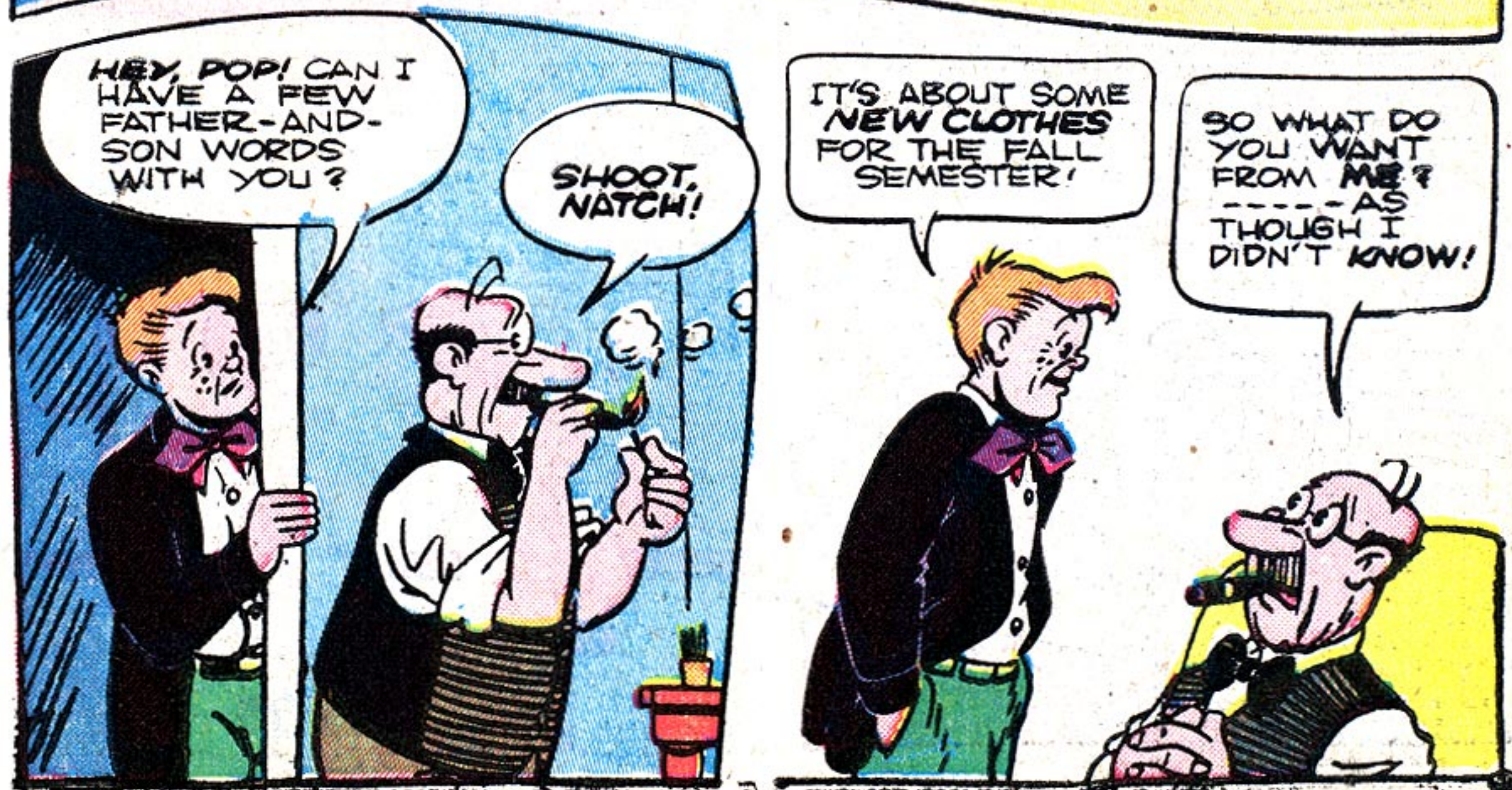
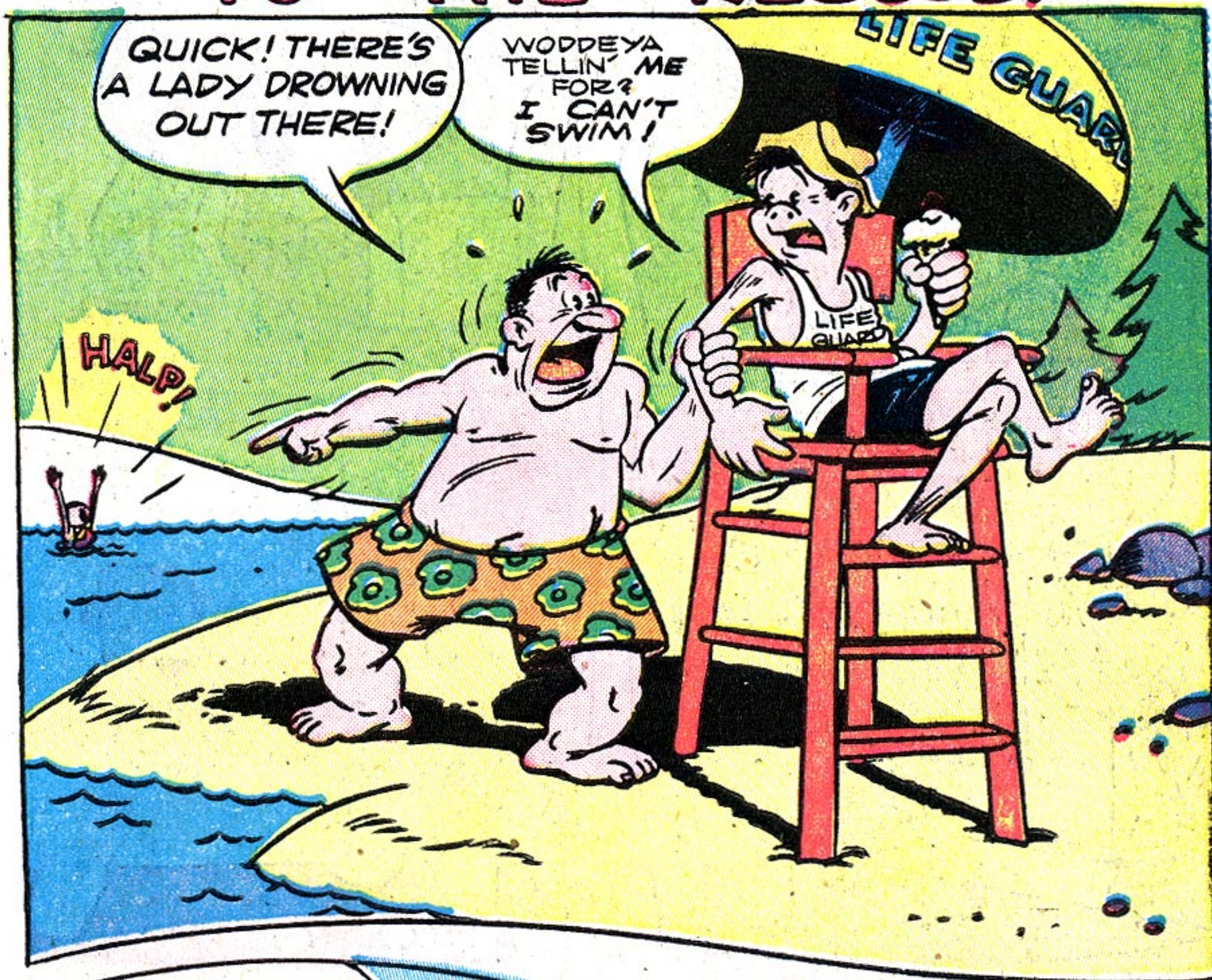
CLUMSY? HE DANCED  
THE POLISH OFF SIX  
TOE-NAILS!



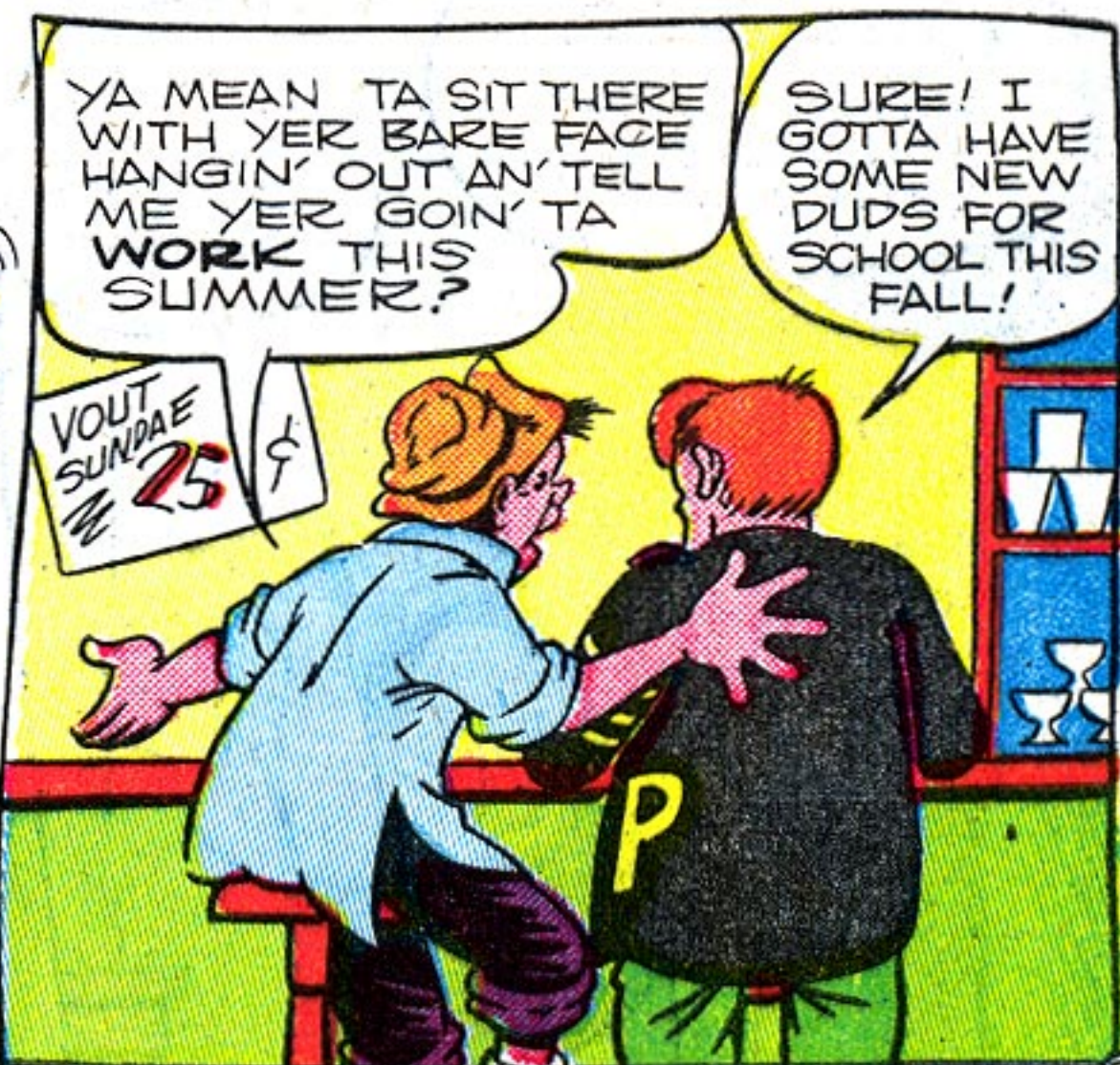
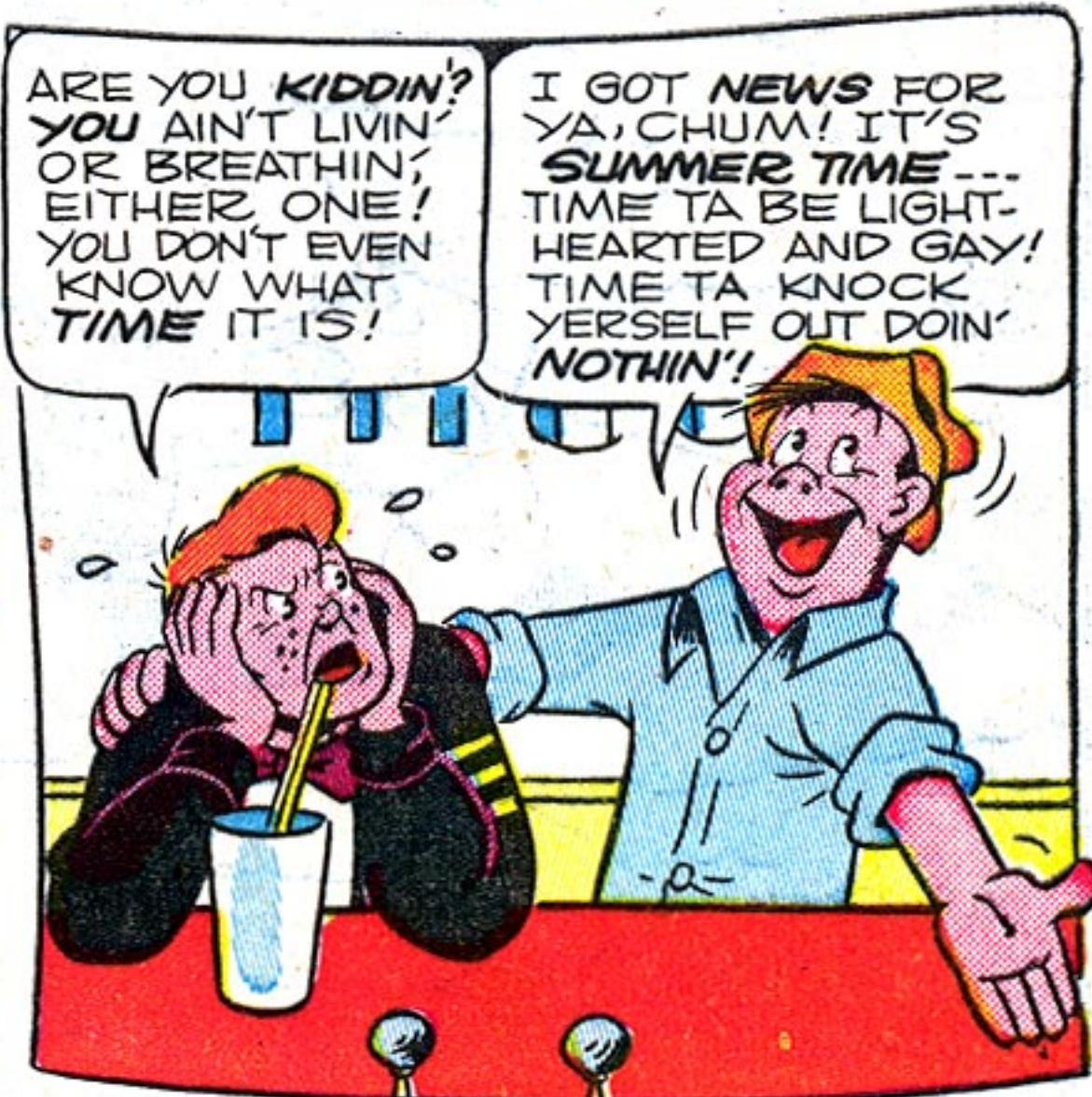
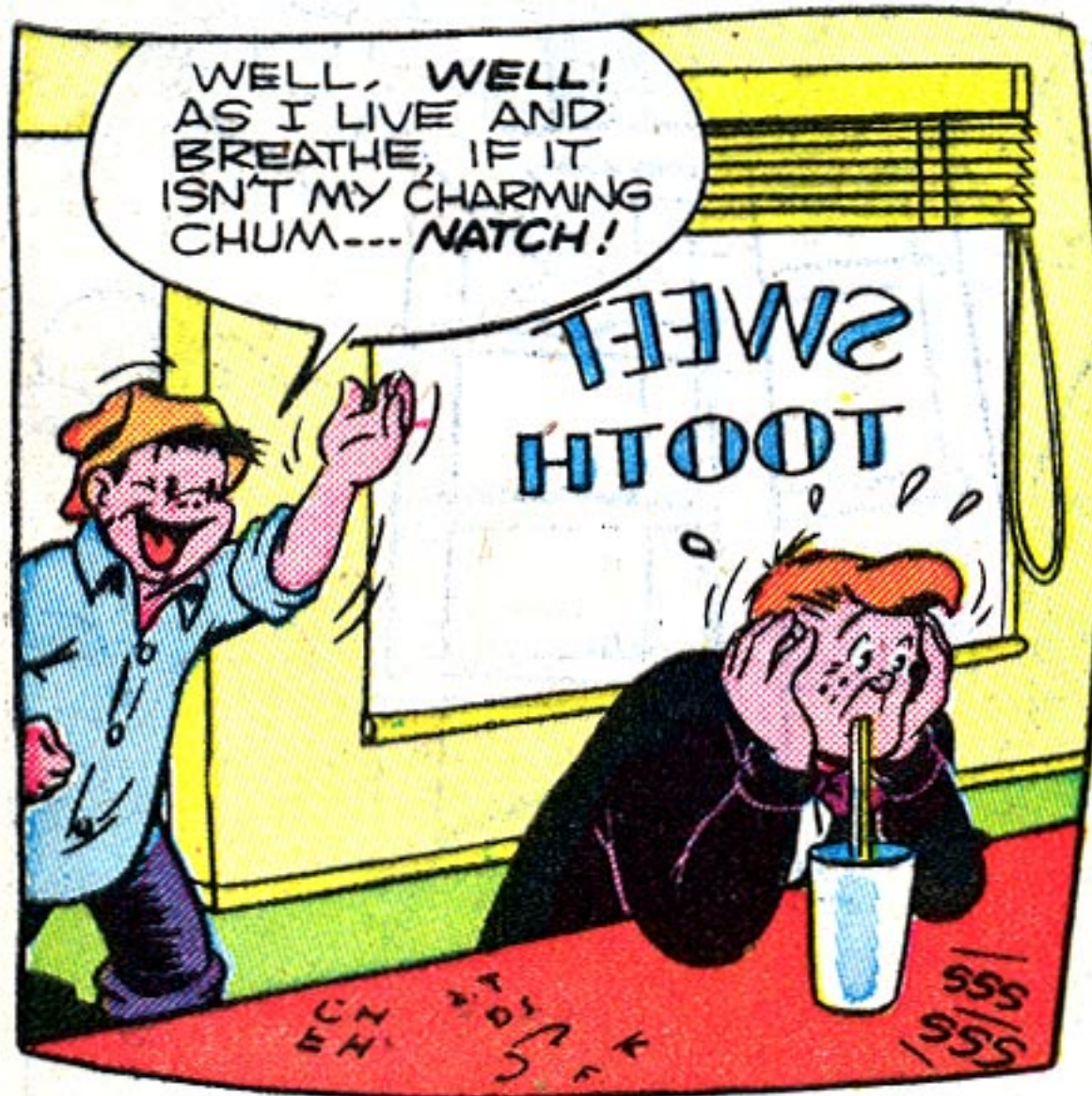
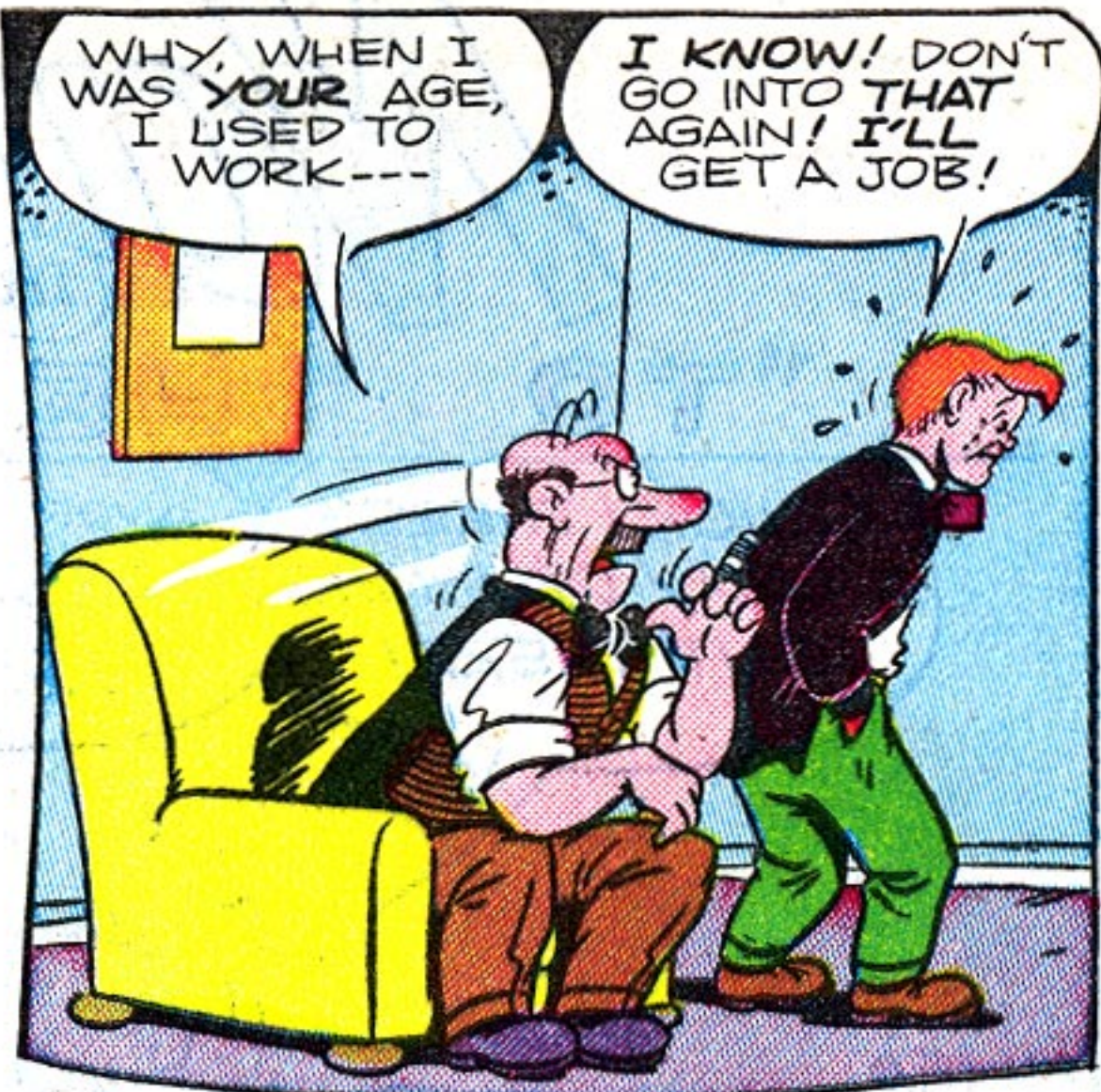
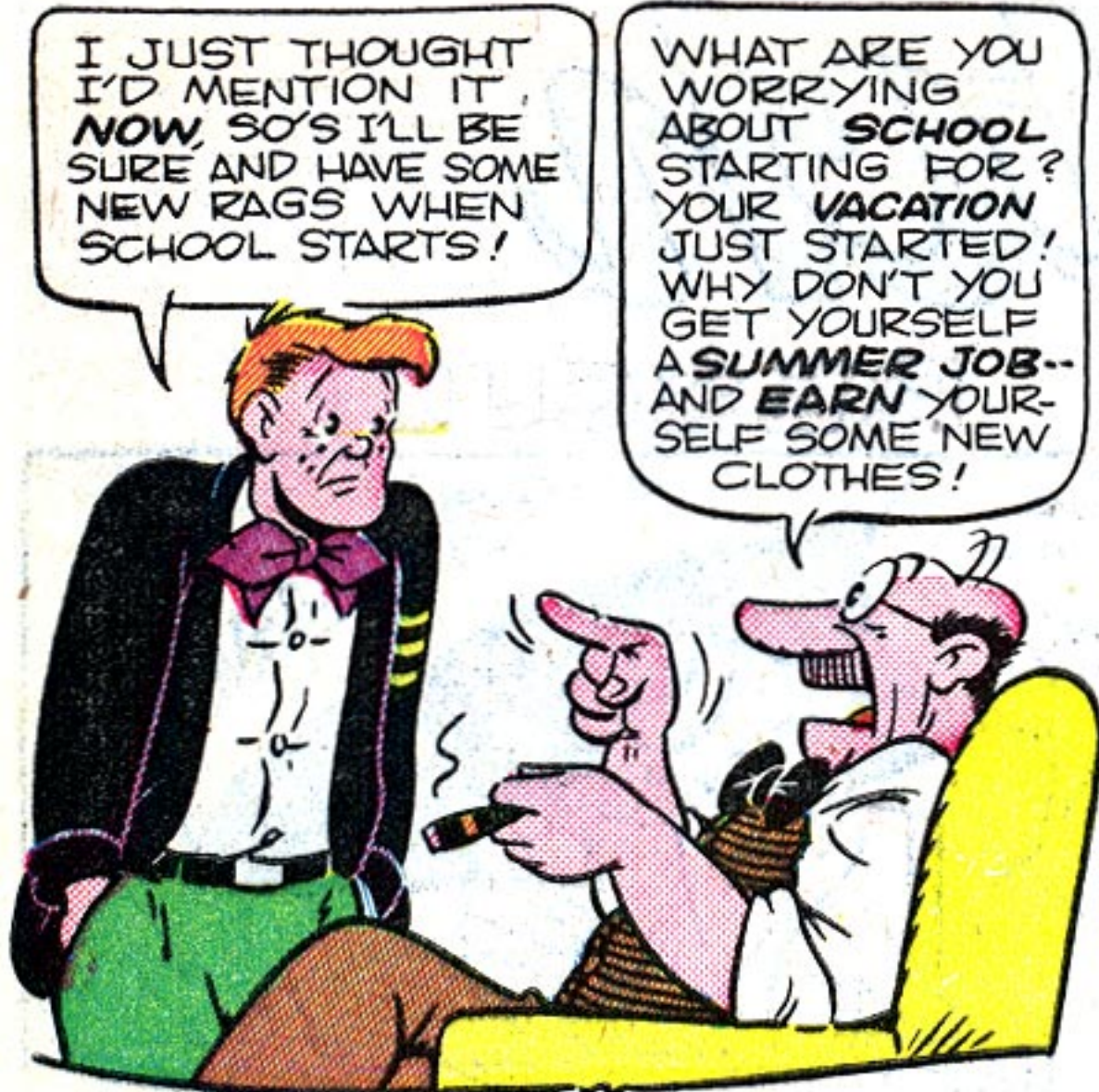


# Natch

"TO THE RESCUE!"



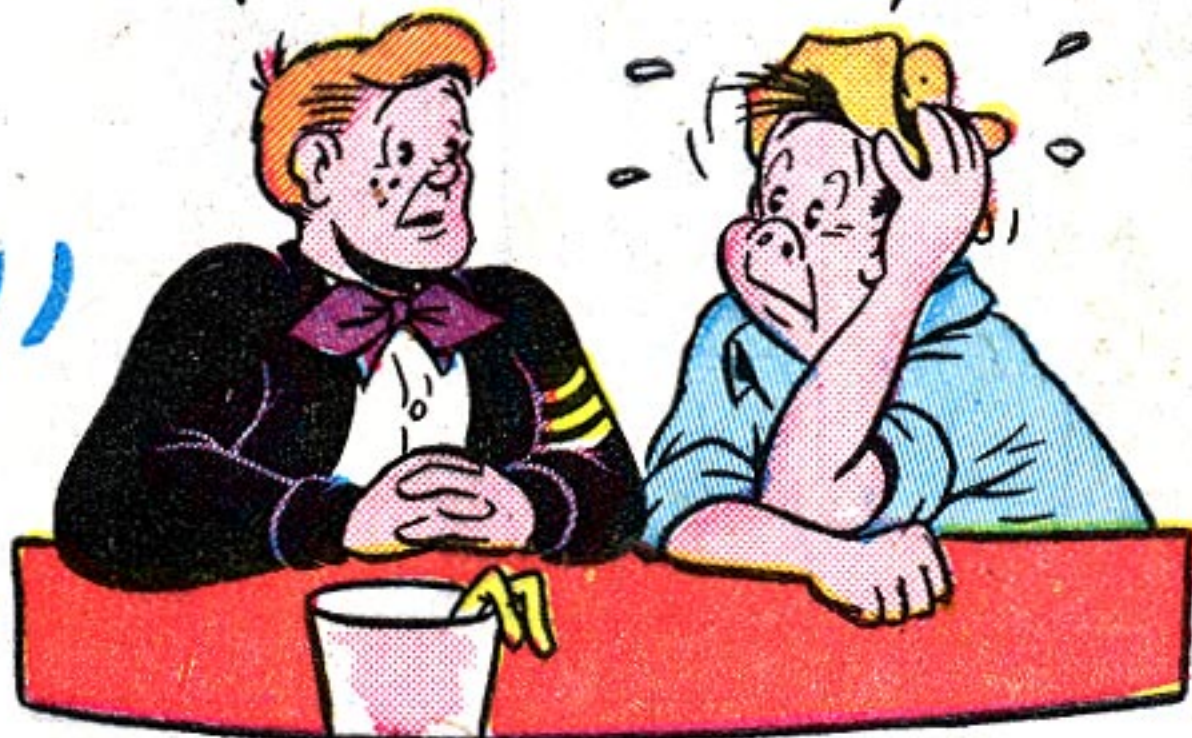






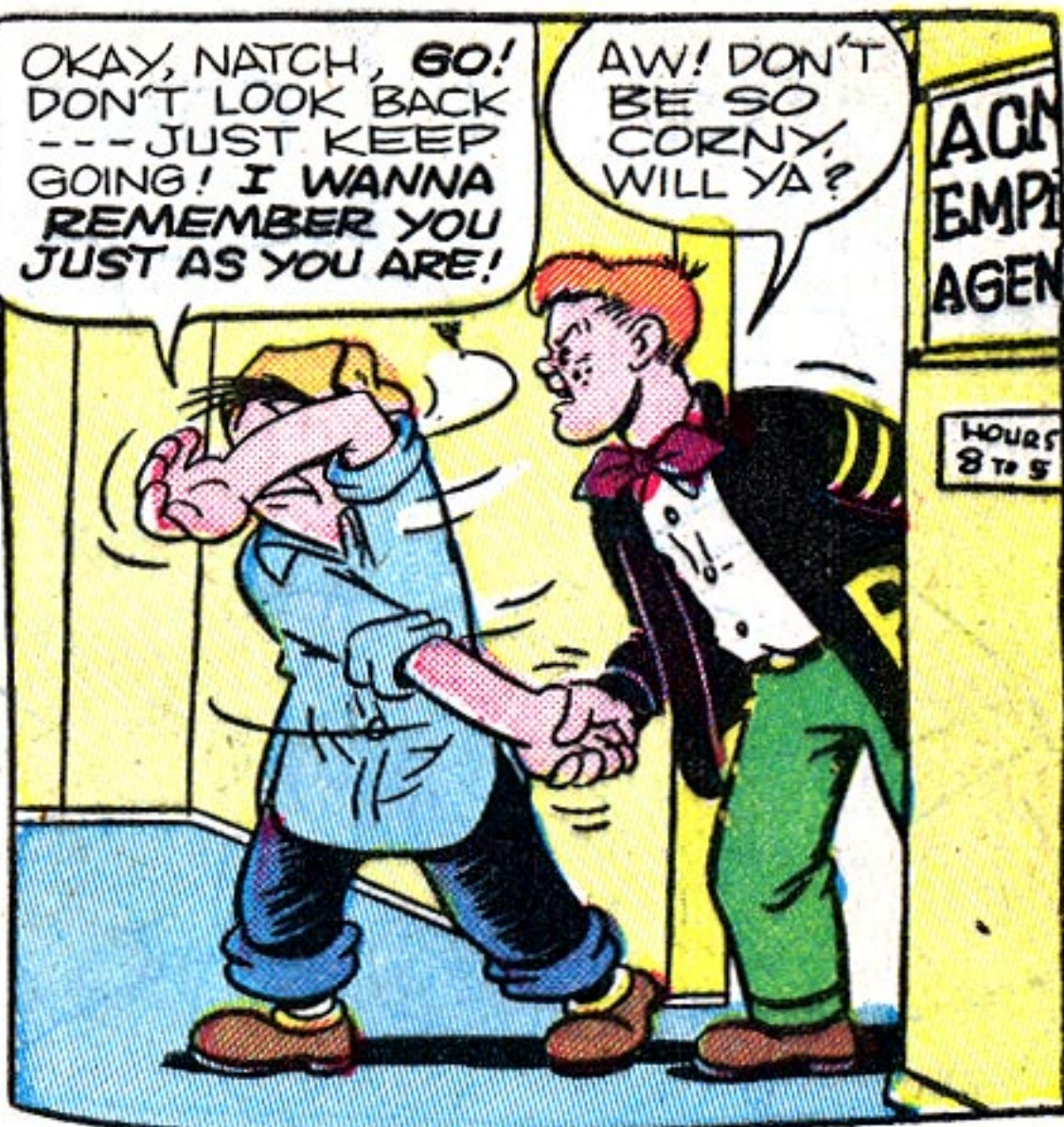
WODDEYA SAY--  
--YA WANNA  
GO WITH ME  
WHILE I  
FIND A  
JOB?

I'LL GO AS  
FAR AS THE  
EMPLOYMENT  
AGENCY WITH  
YA, BUT I  
WON'T GO  
INSIDE!

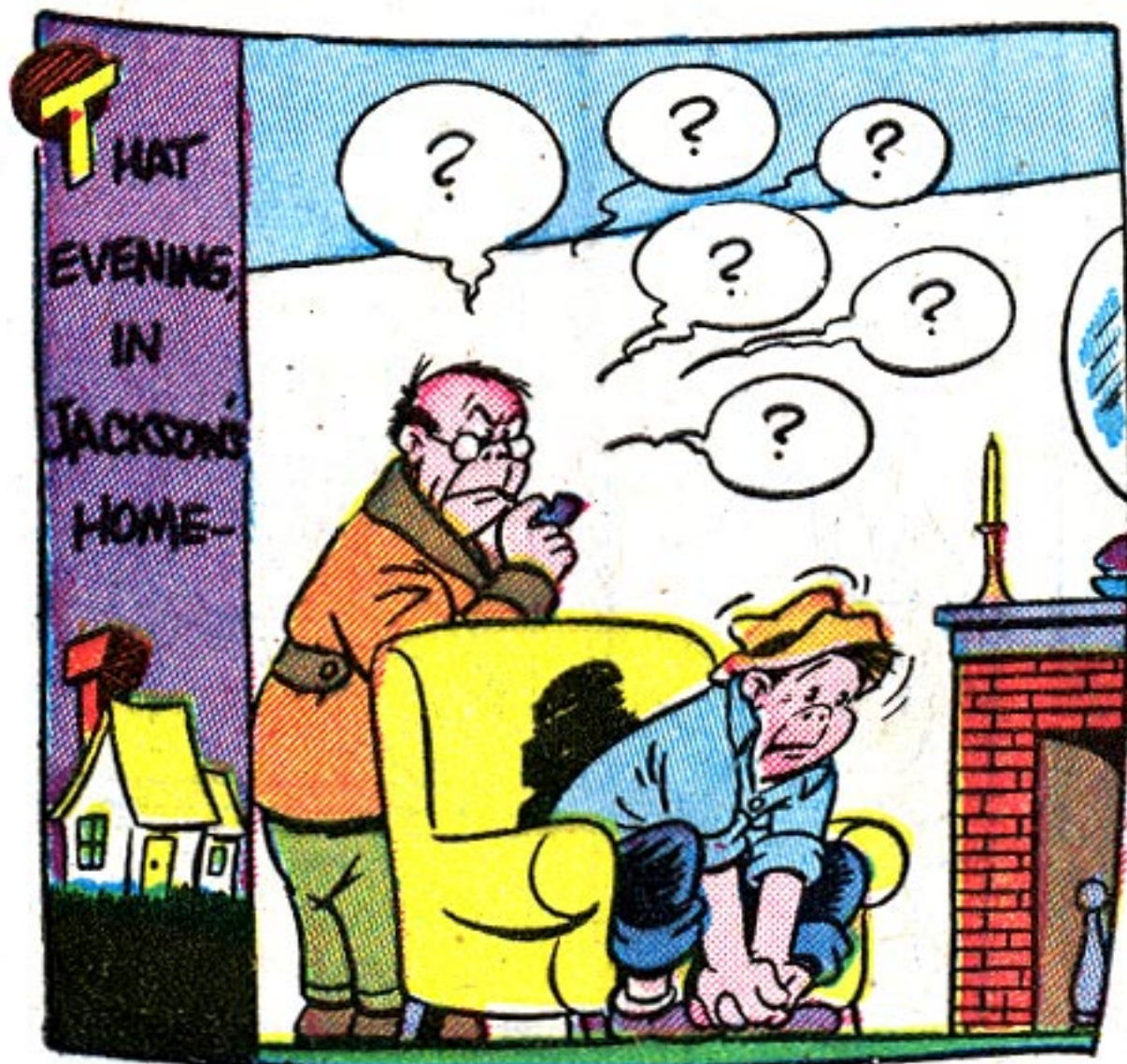


OKAY, NATCH, GO!  
DON'T LOOK BACK  
--- JUST KEEP  
GOING! I WANNA  
REMEMBER YOU  
JUST AS YOU ARE!

AW! DON'T  
BE SO  
CORNLY,  
WILL YA?



THAT  
EVENING  
IN  
JACKSON'S  
HOME--

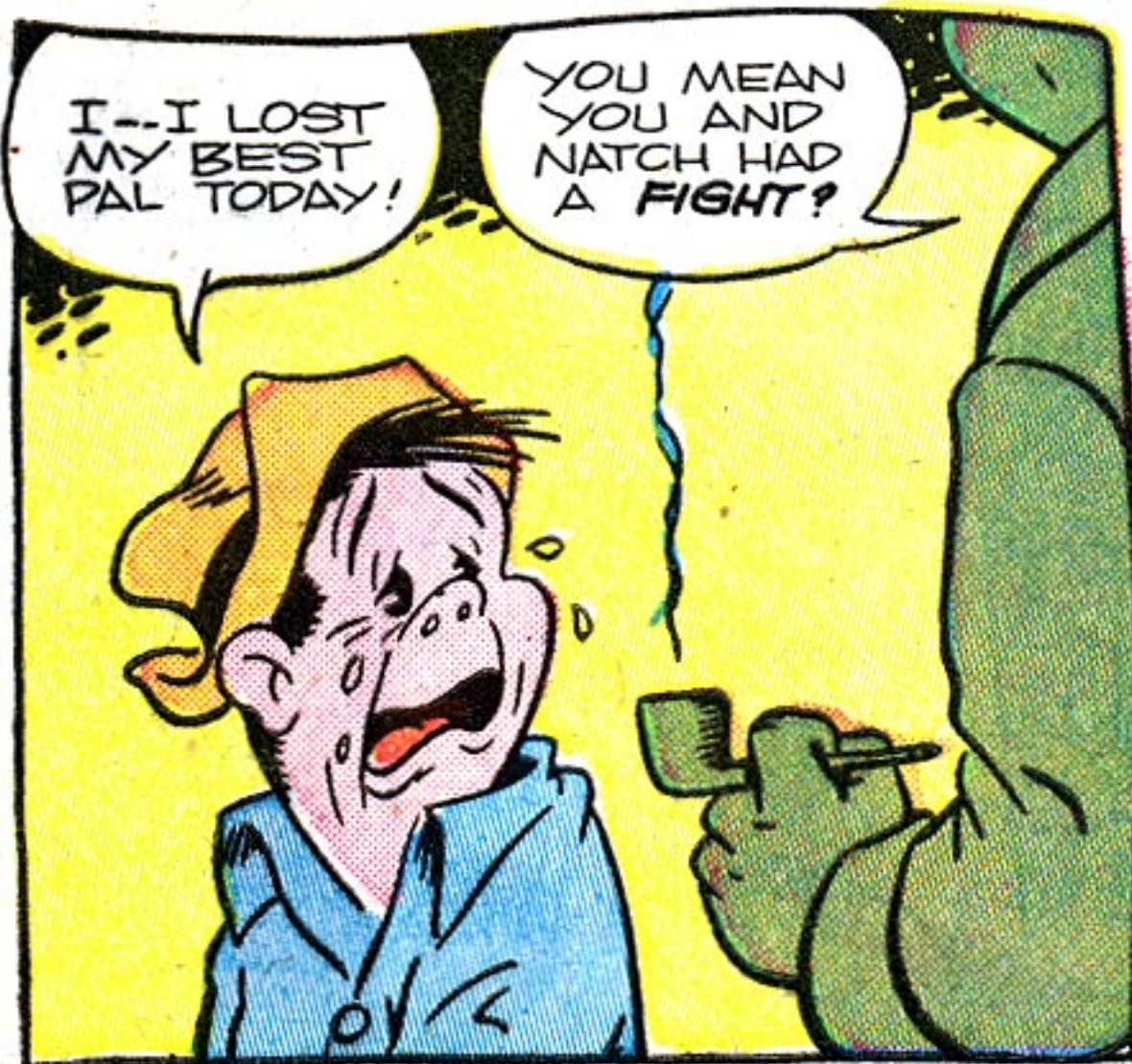


WHAT'S THE  
TROUBLE, SON?  
WHAT'S ON  
YOUR MIND?



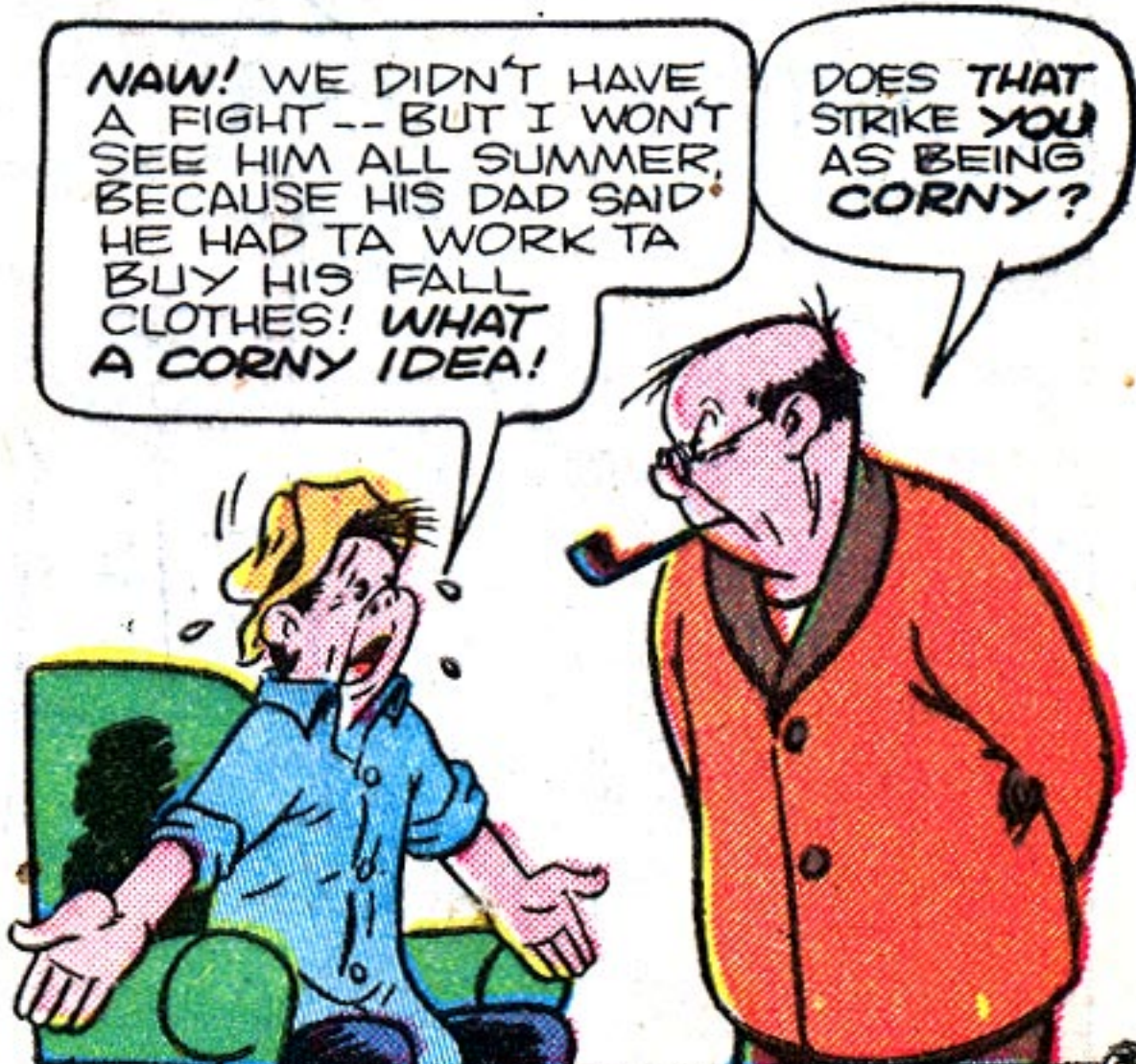
I--I LOST  
MY BEST  
PAL TODAY!

YOU MEAN  
YOU AND  
NATCH HAD  
A FIGHT?

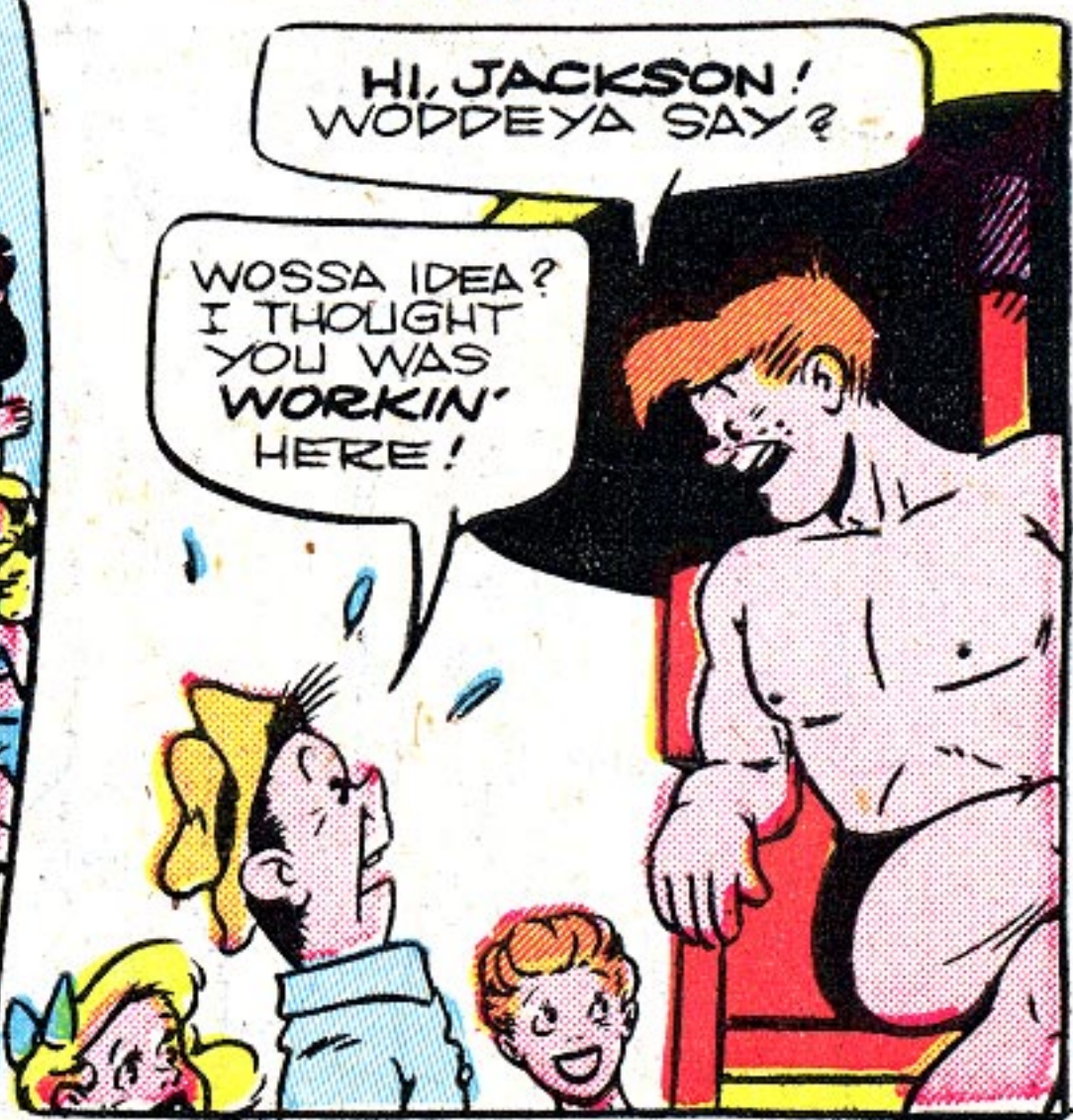
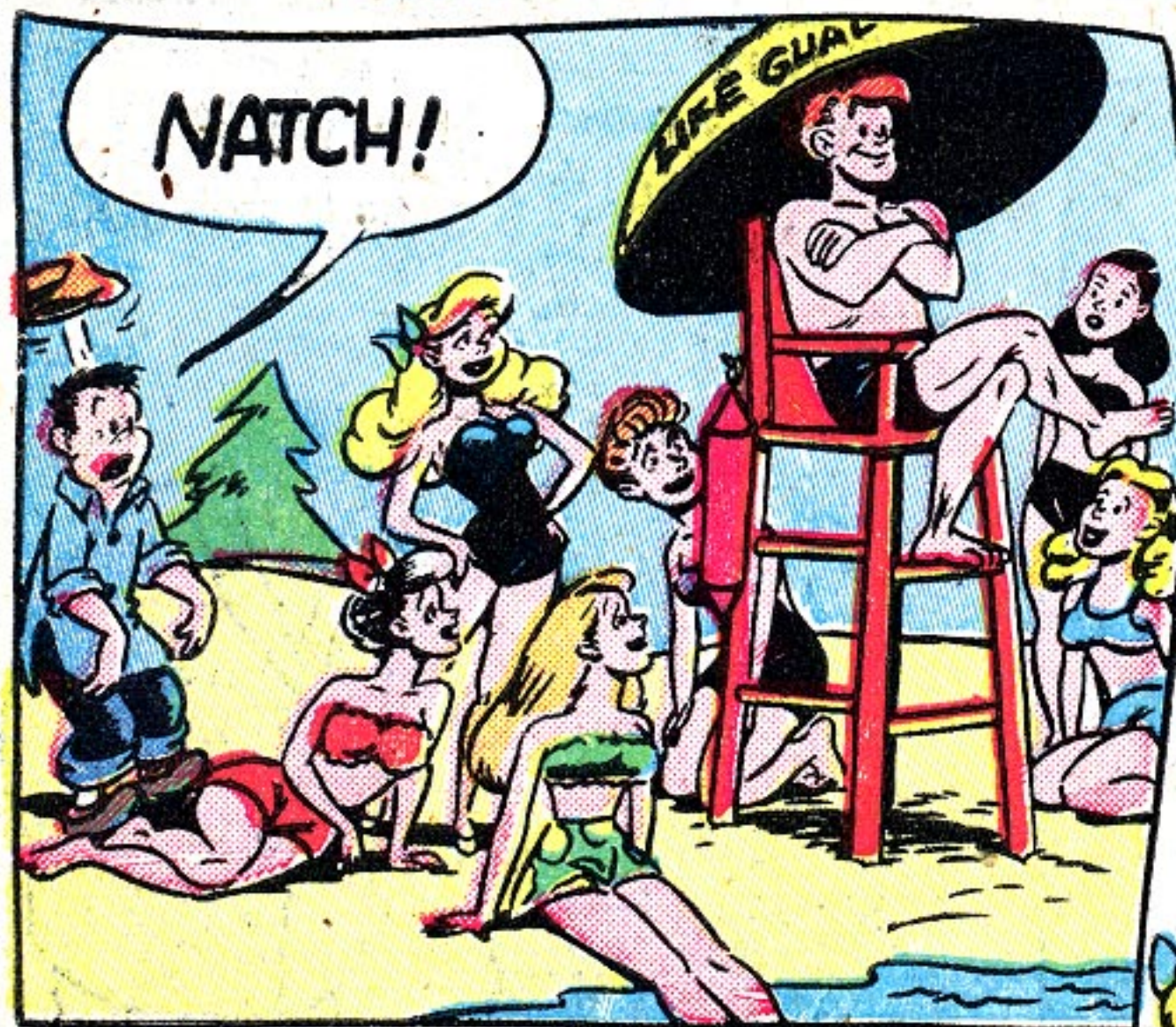
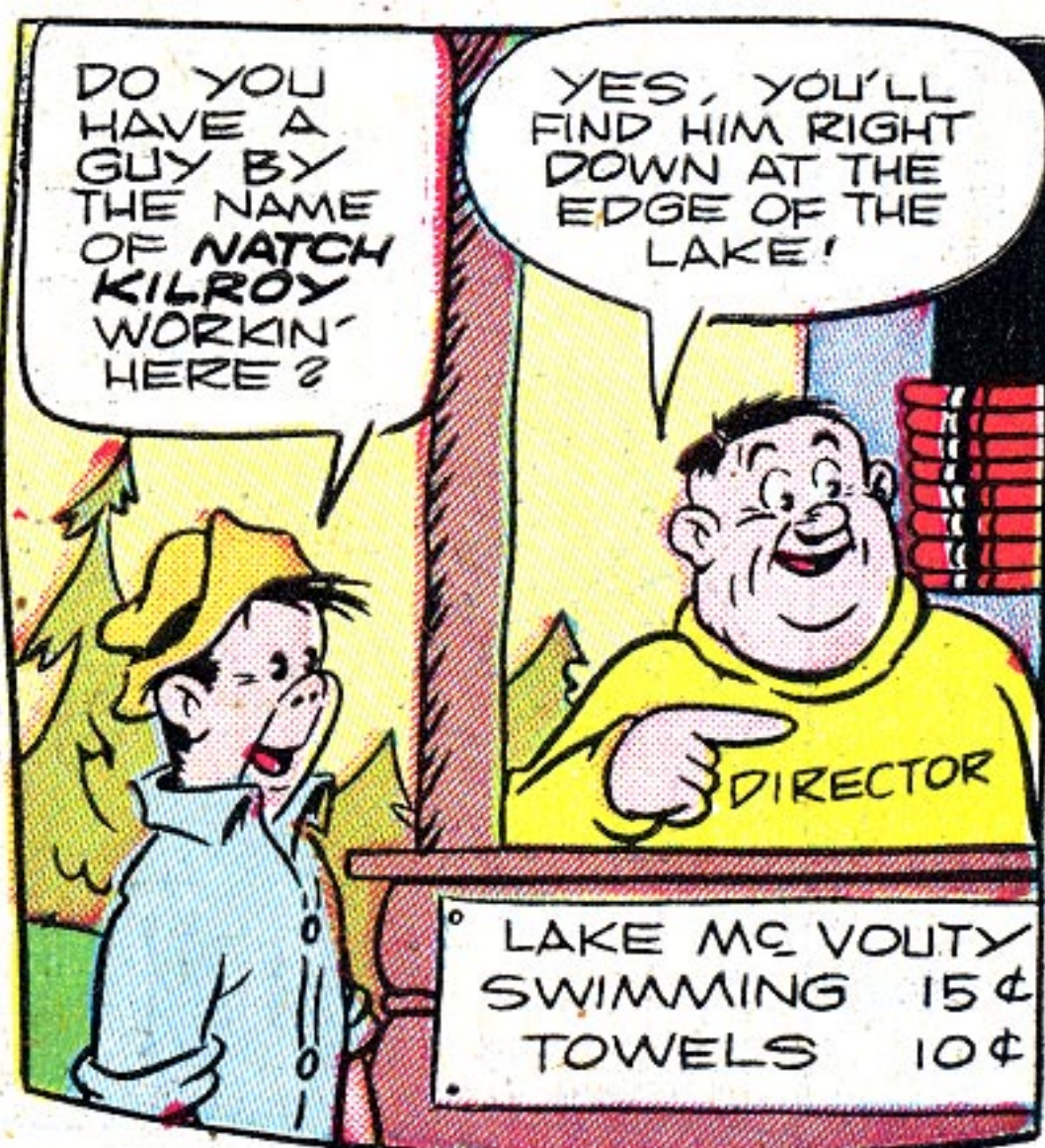
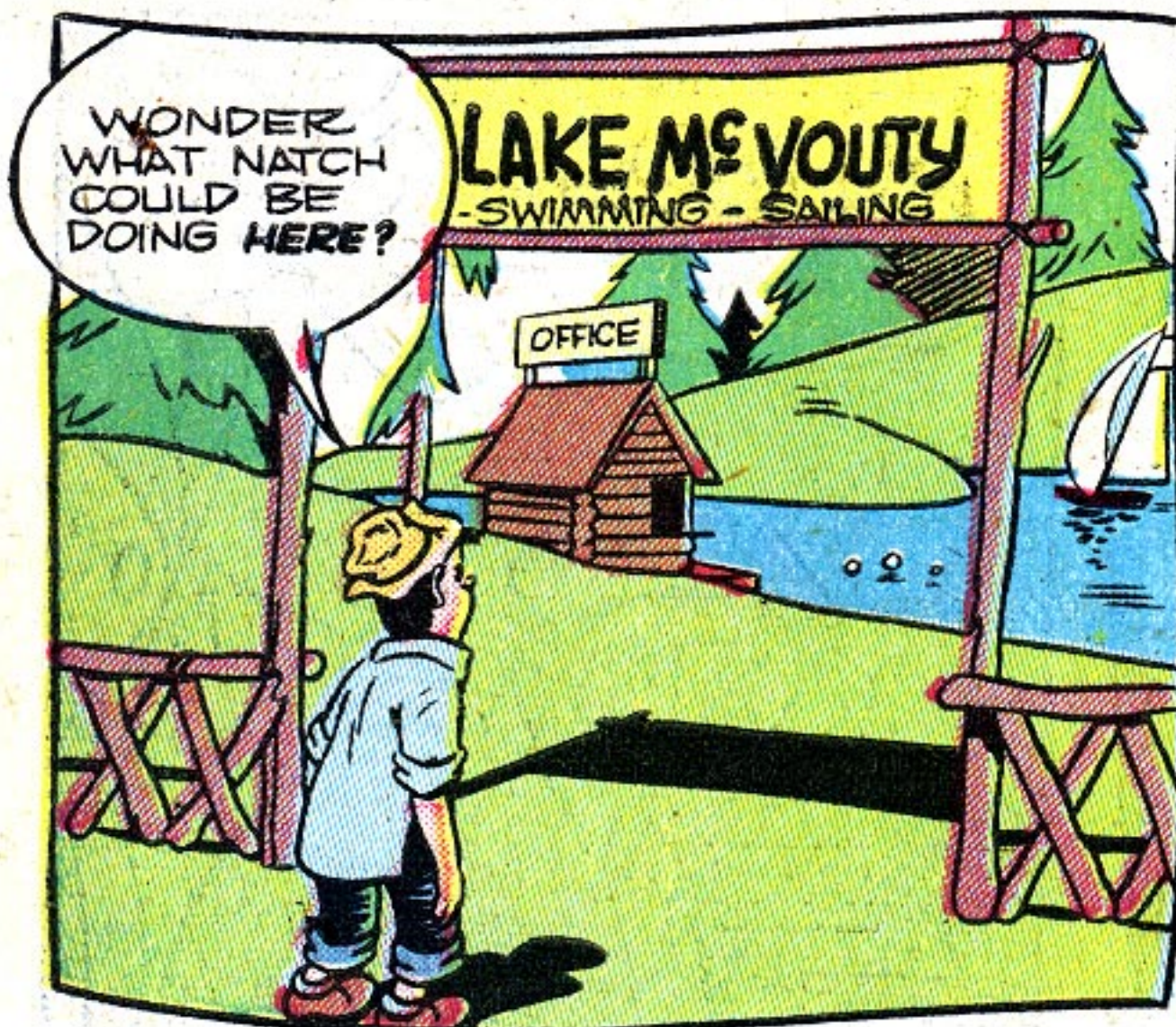
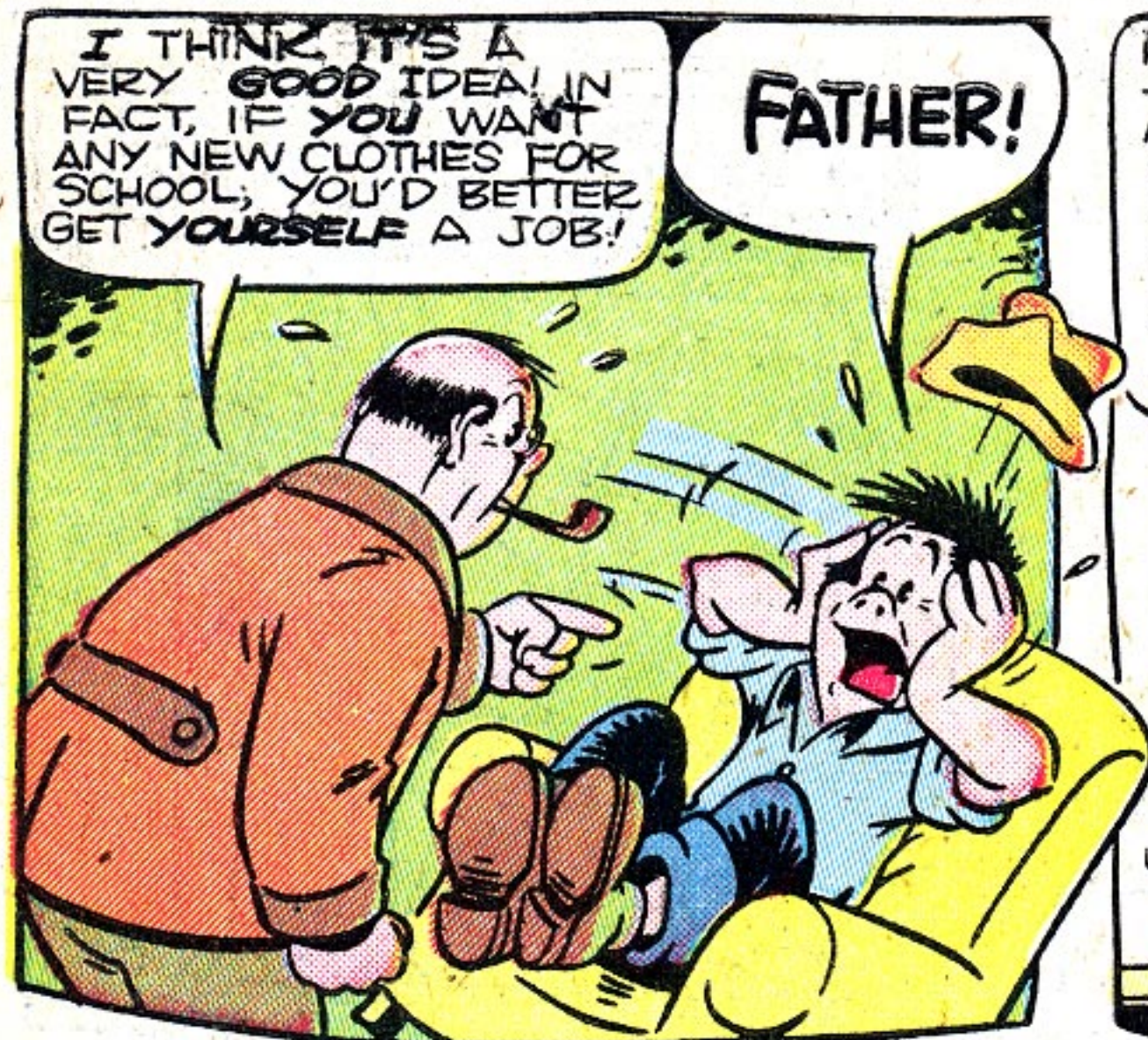


NAW! WE DIDN'T HAVE  
A FIGHT-- BUT I WON'T  
SEE HIM ALL SUMMER,  
BECAUSE HIS DAD SAID  
HE HAD TA WORK TA  
BUY HIS FALL  
CLOTHES! WHAT  
A CORNY IDEA!

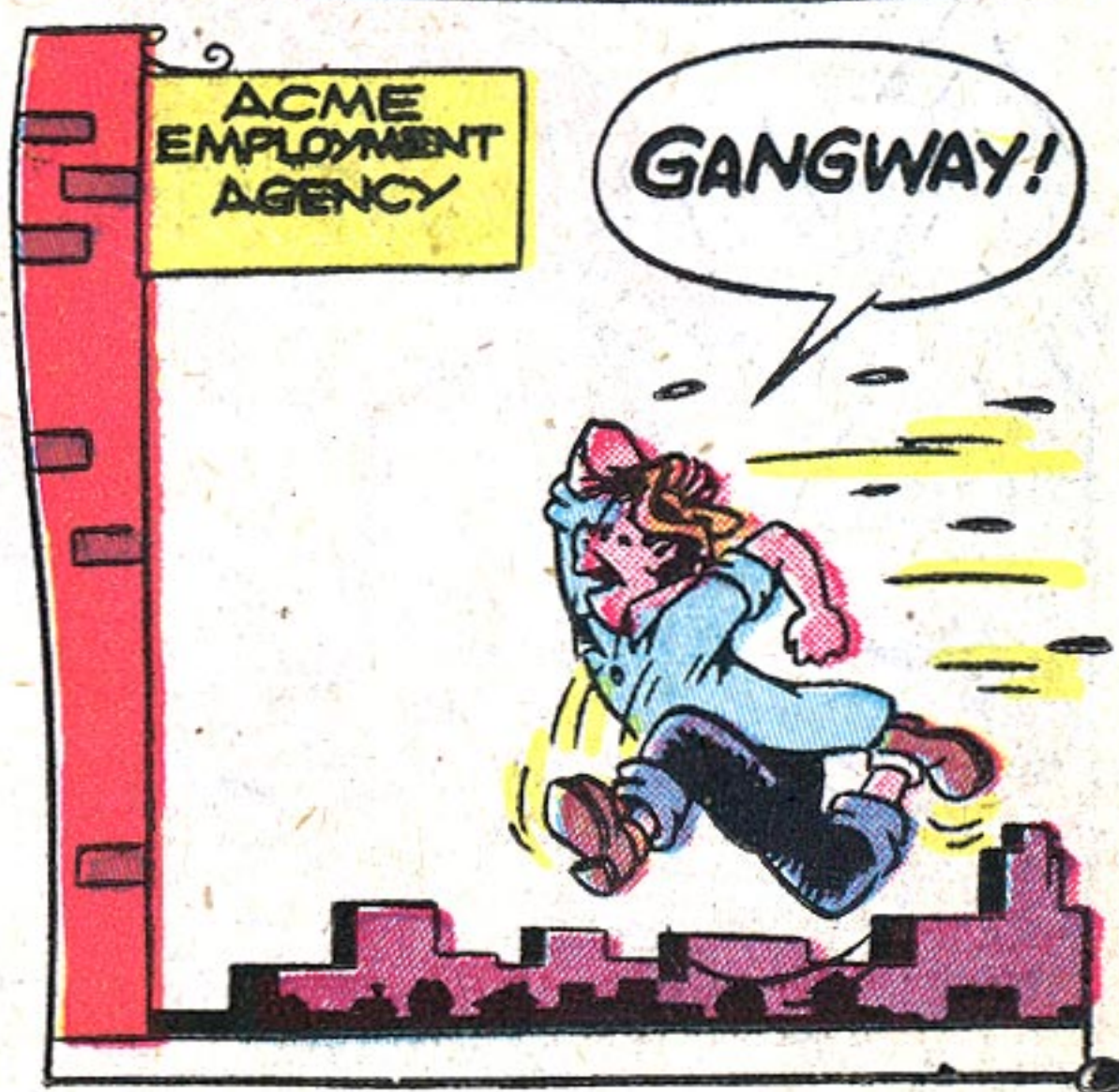
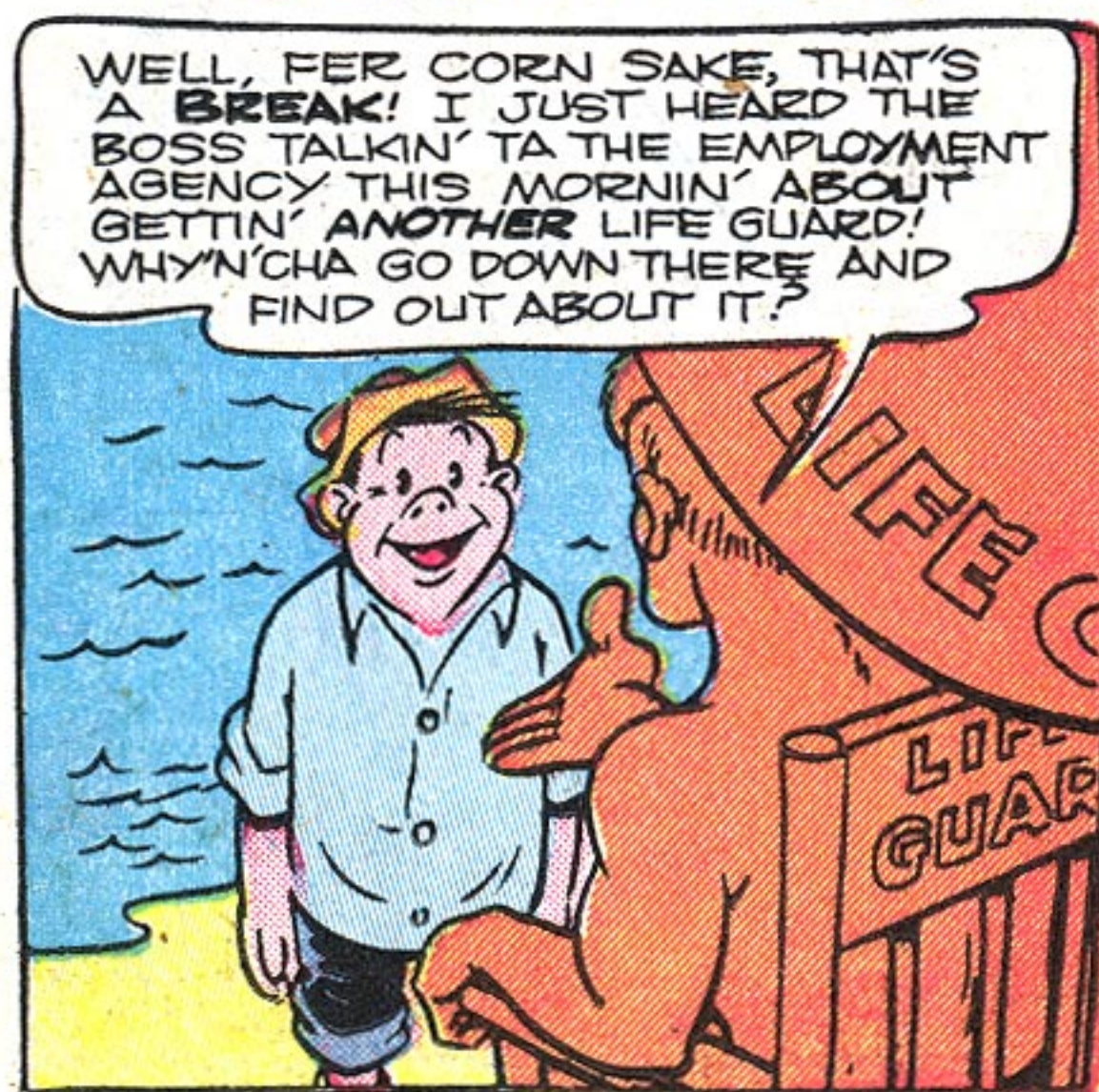
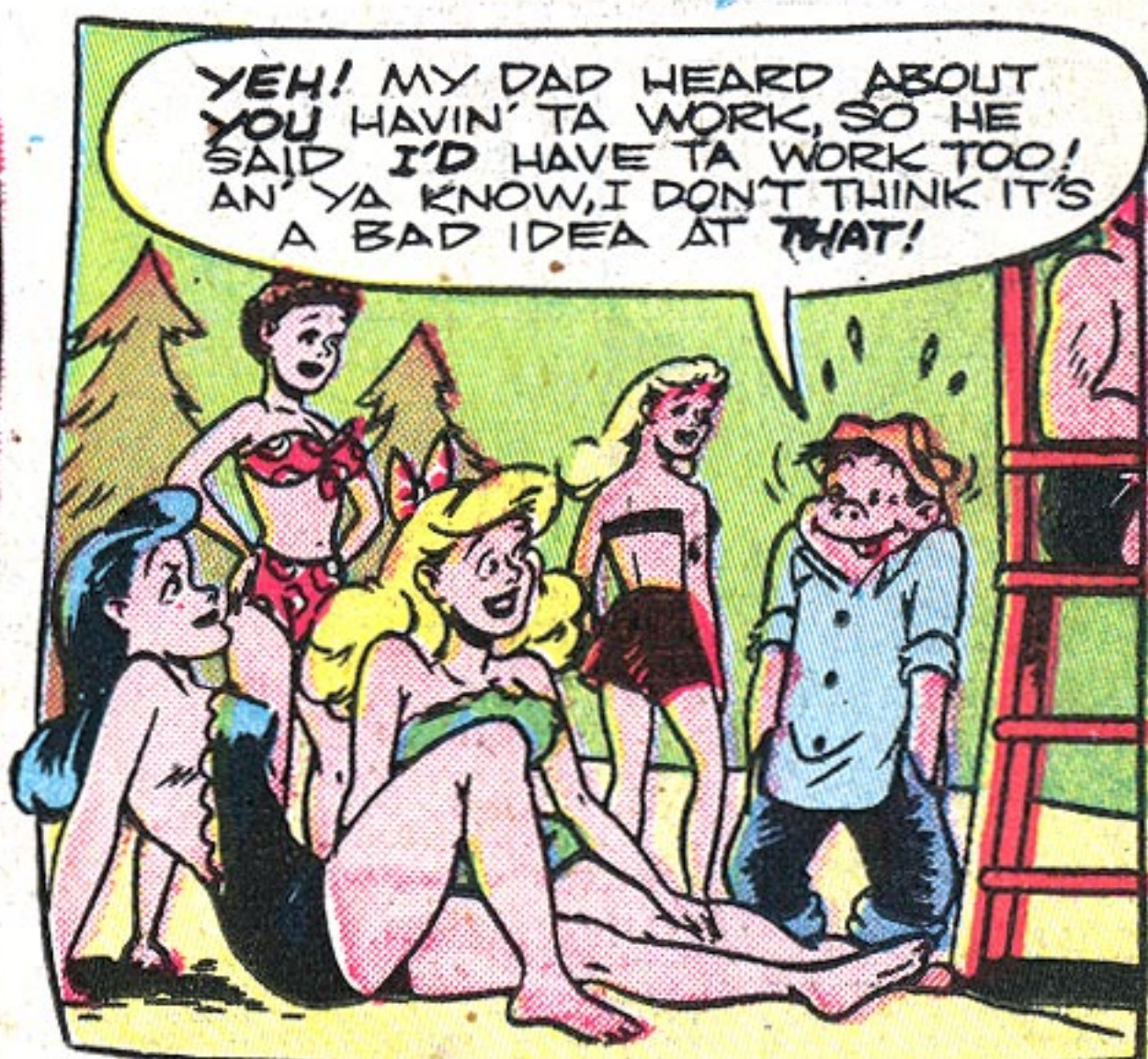
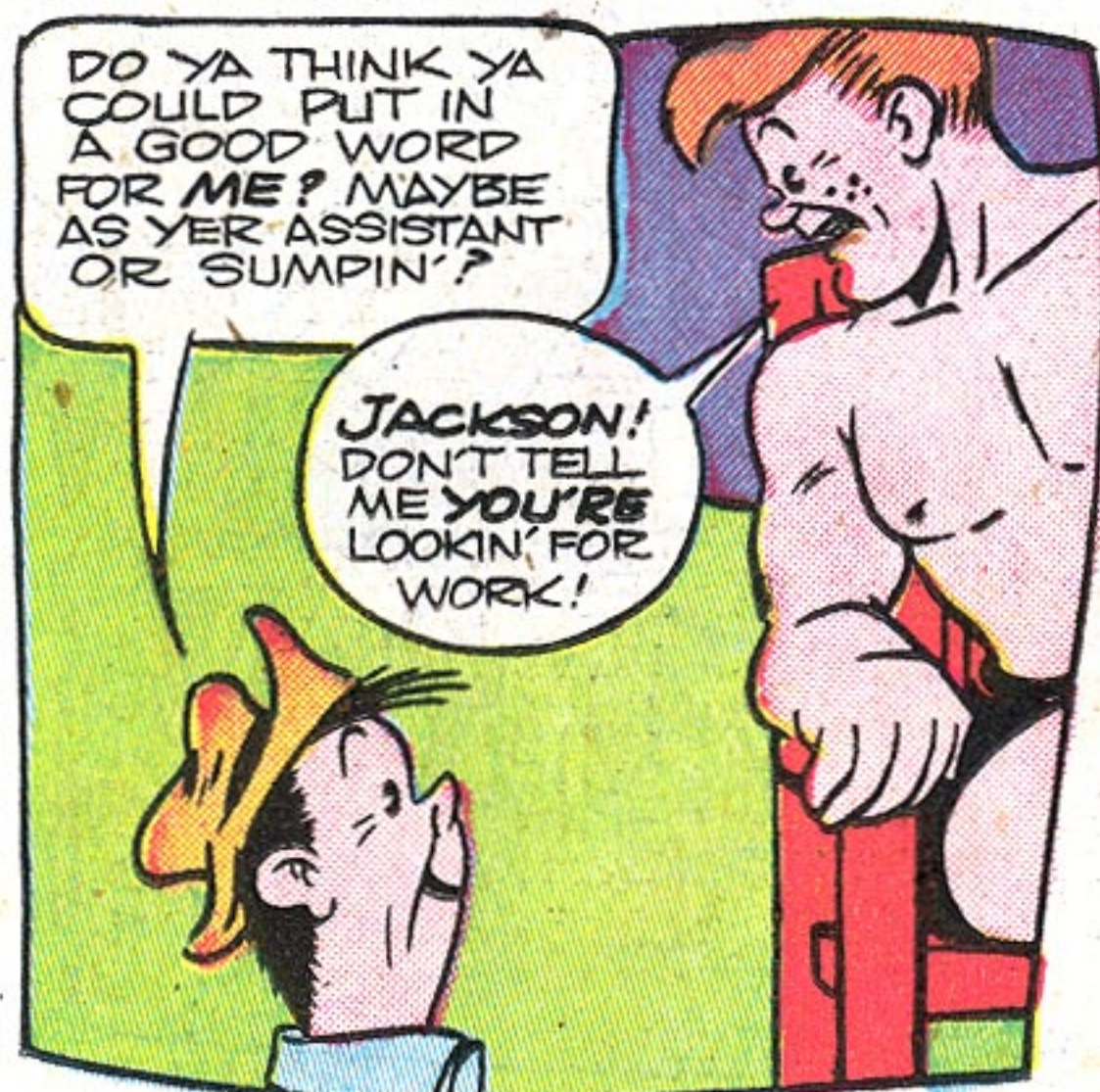
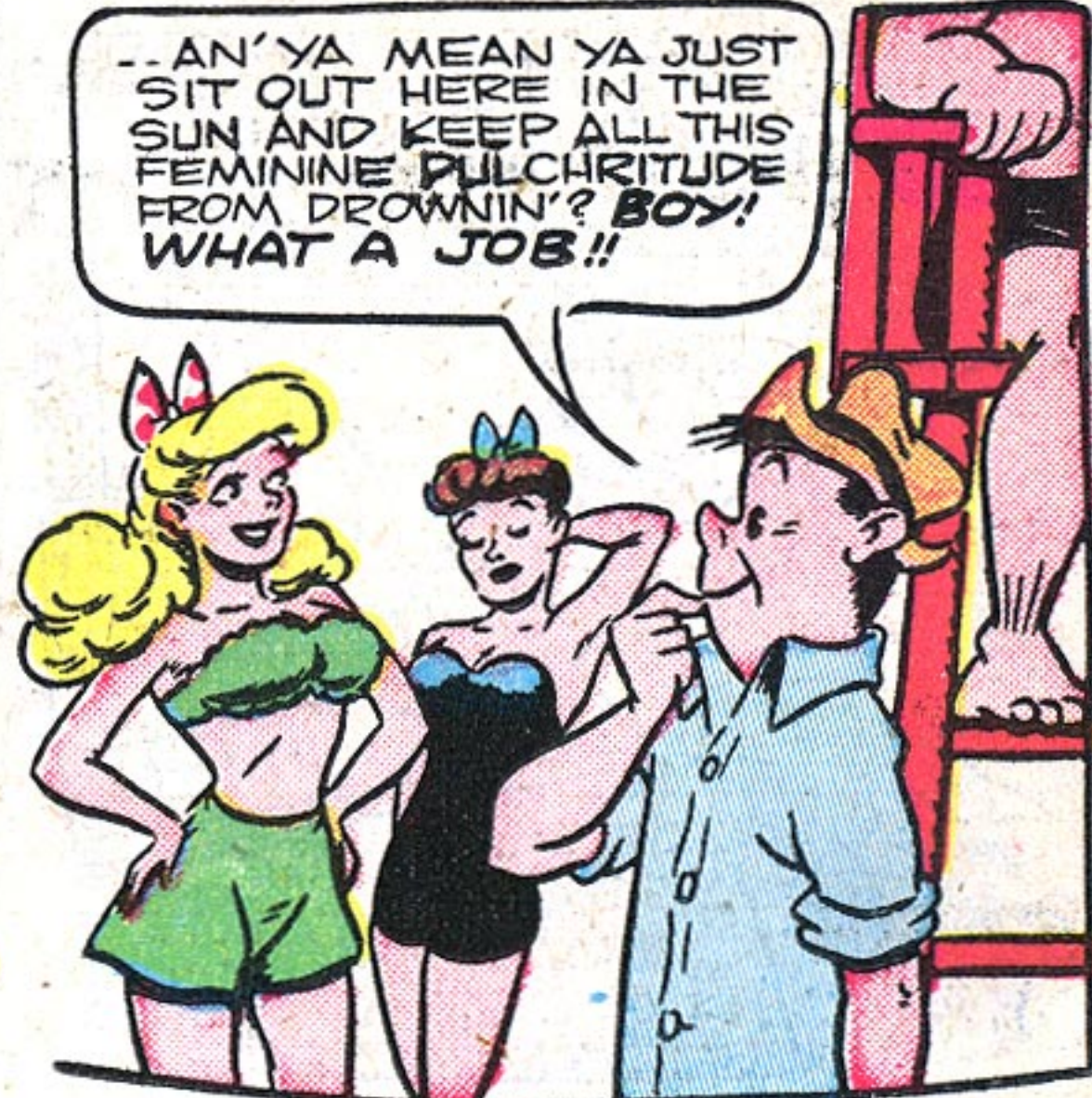
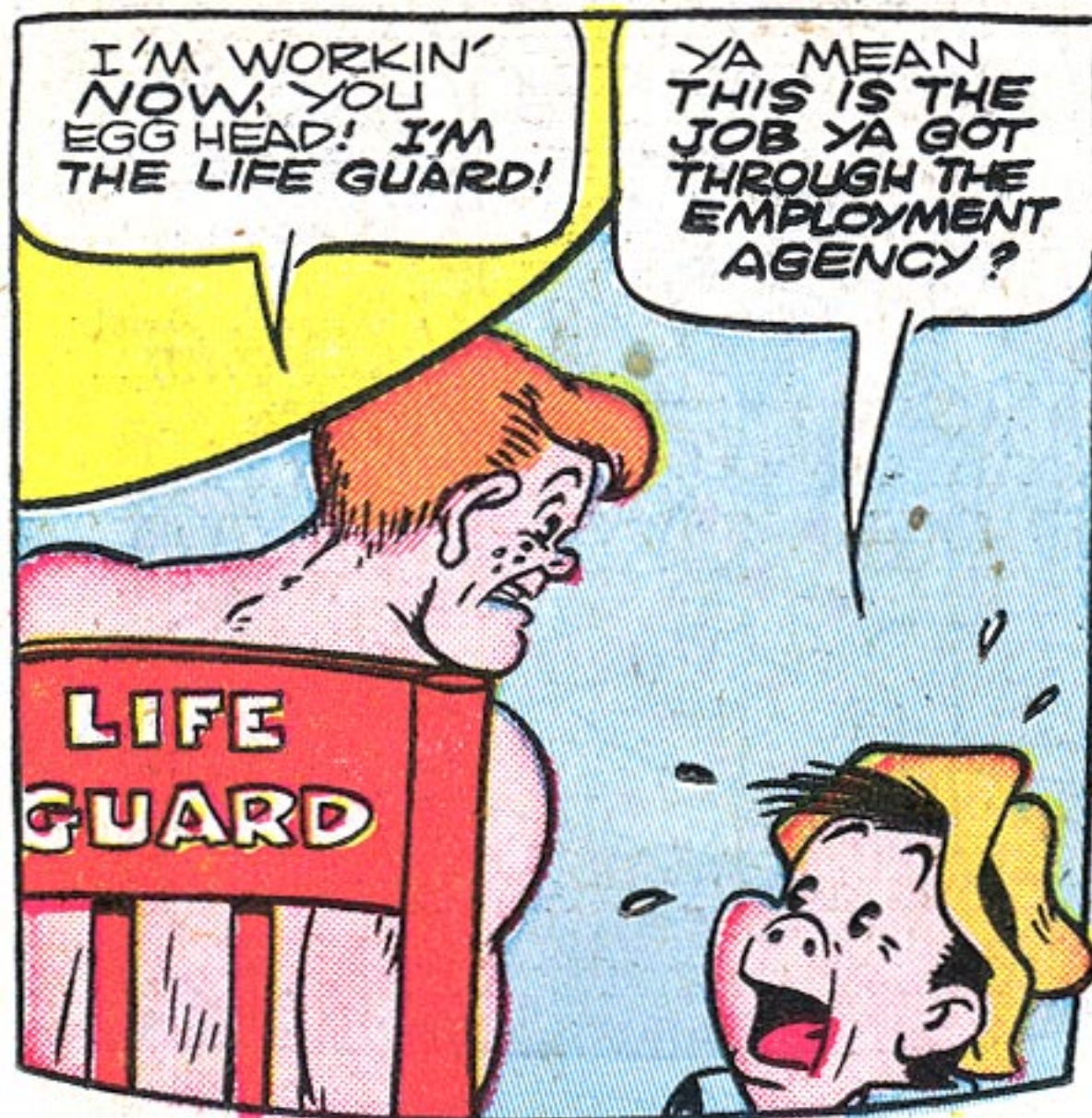
DOES THAT  
STRIKE YOU  
AS BEING  
CORNLY?



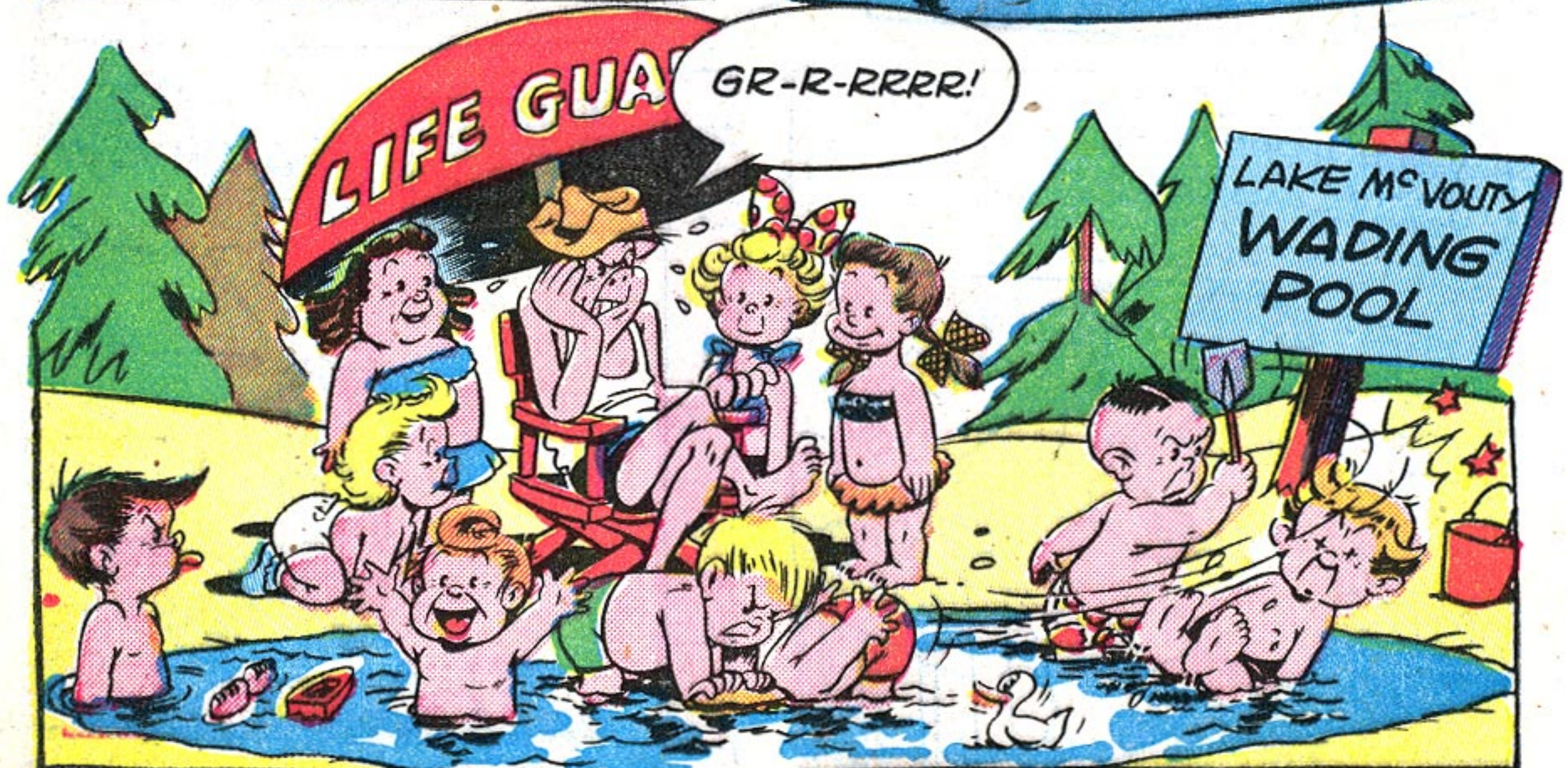
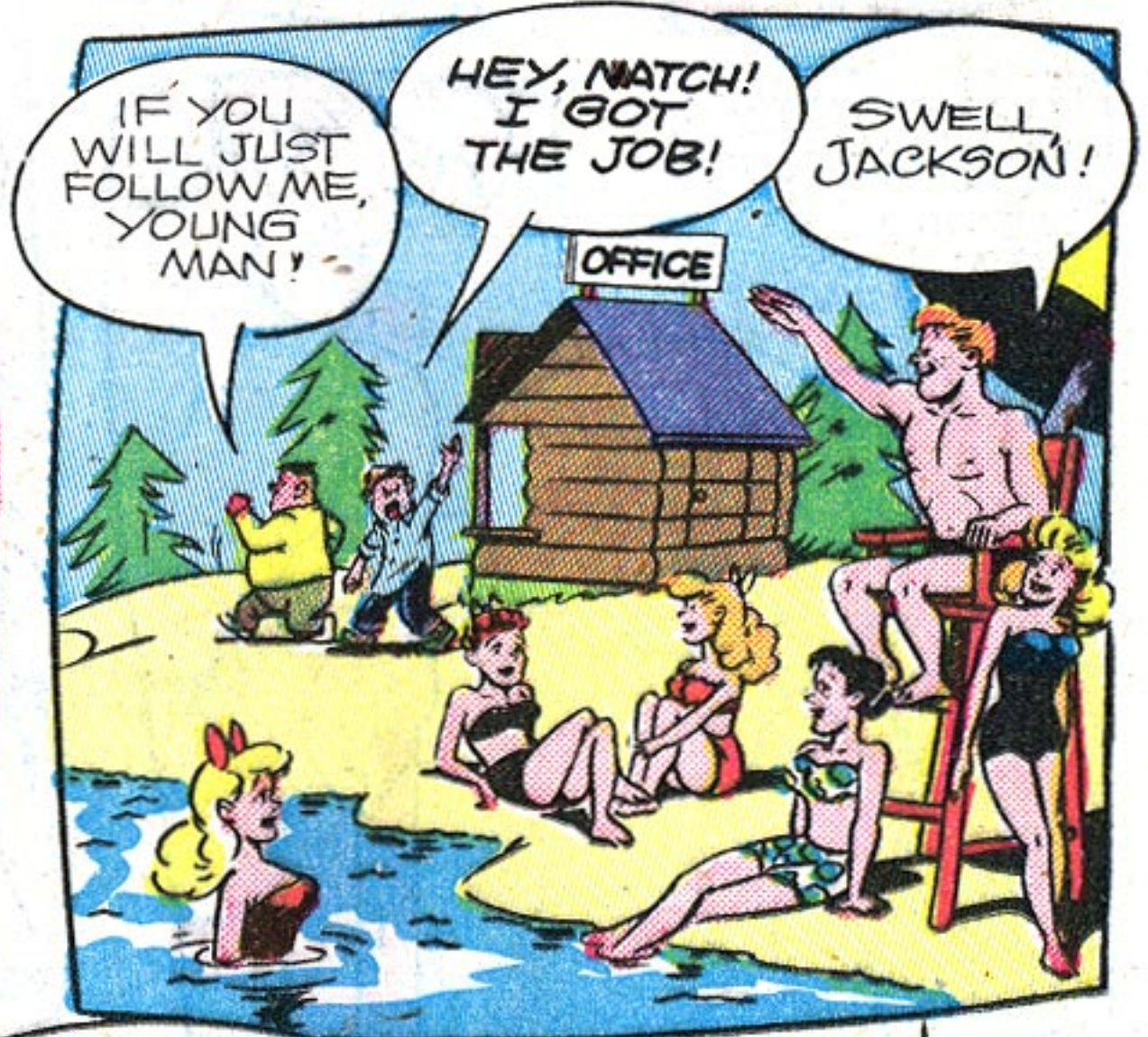
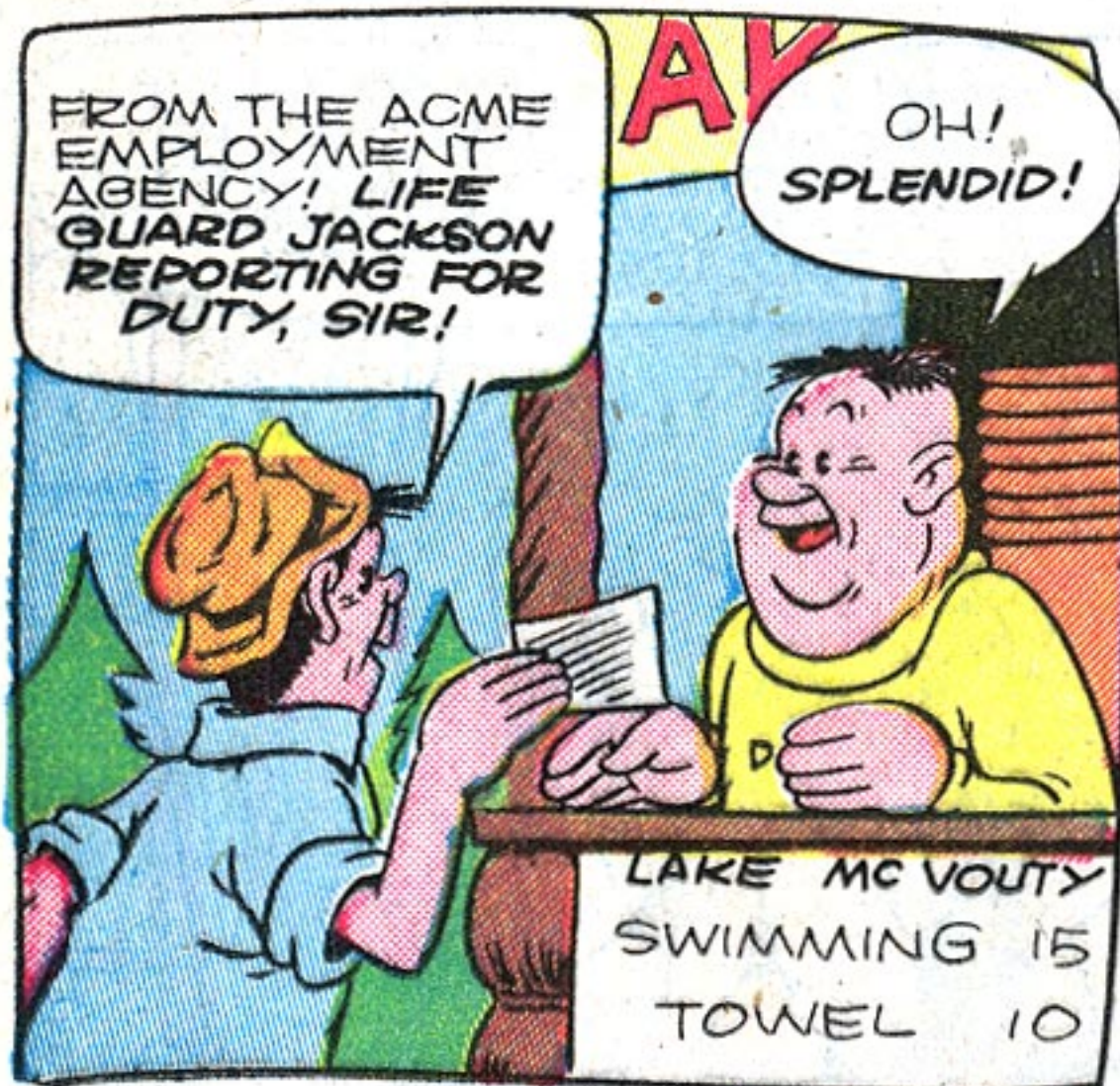
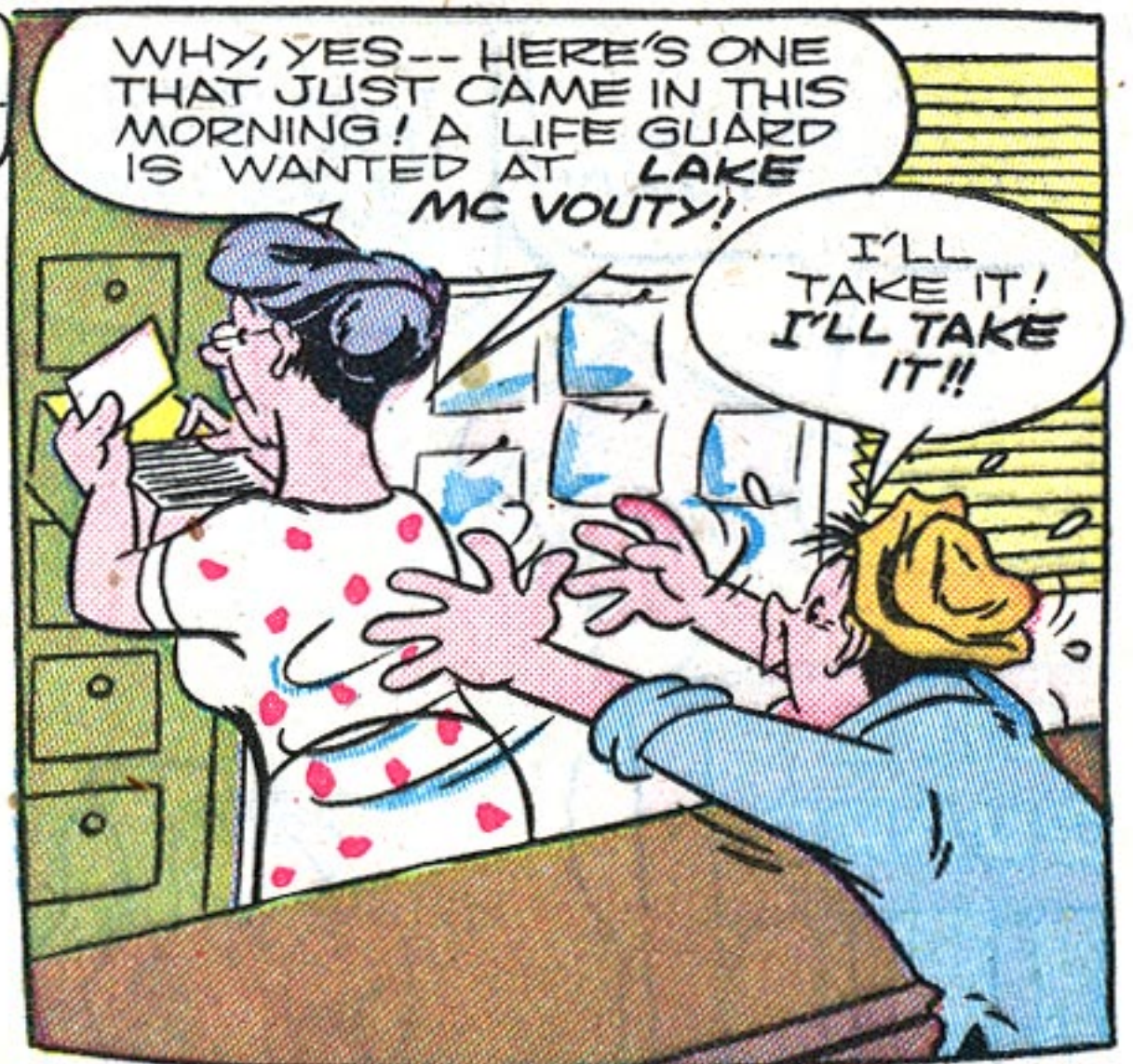
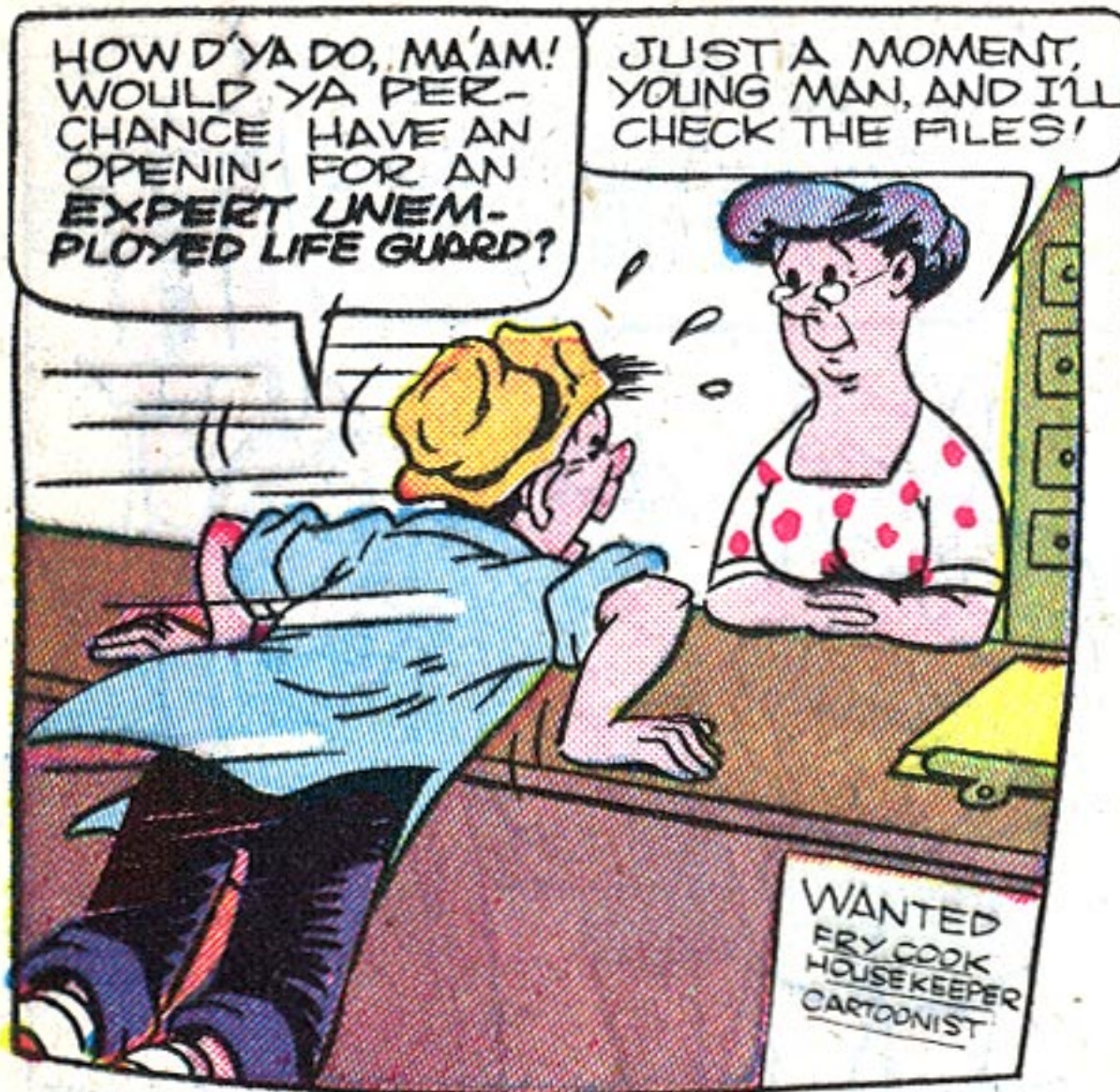




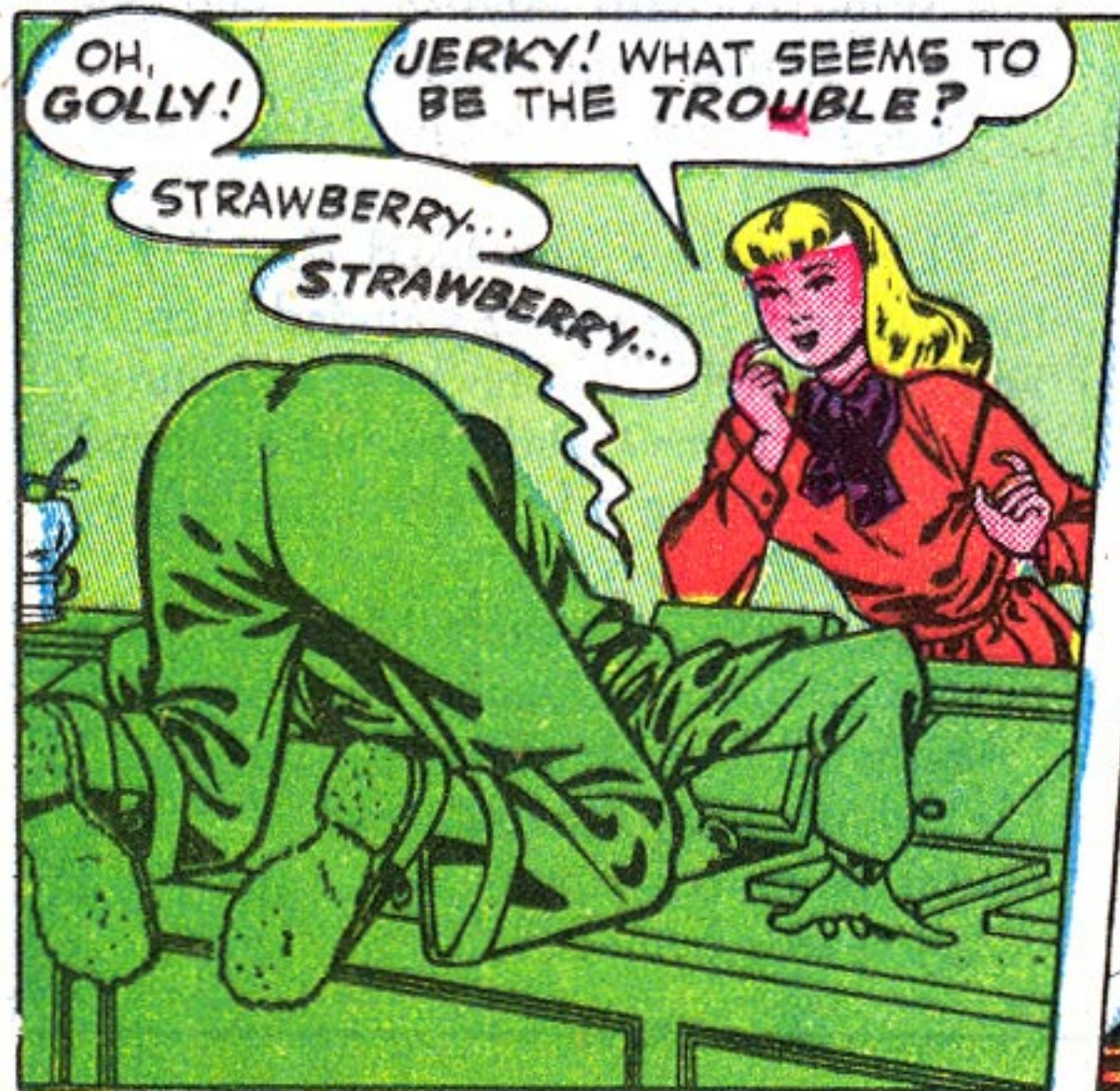
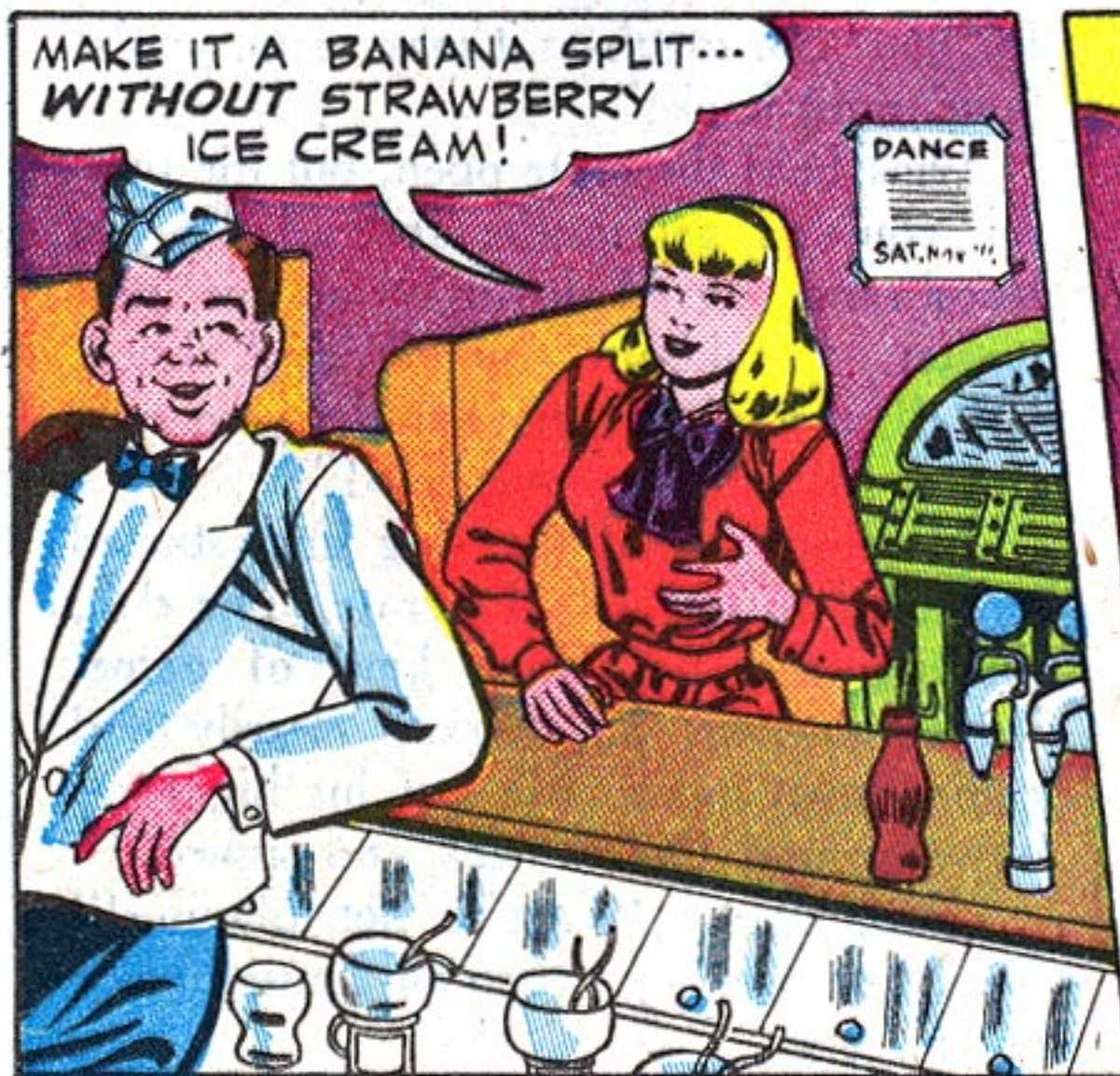
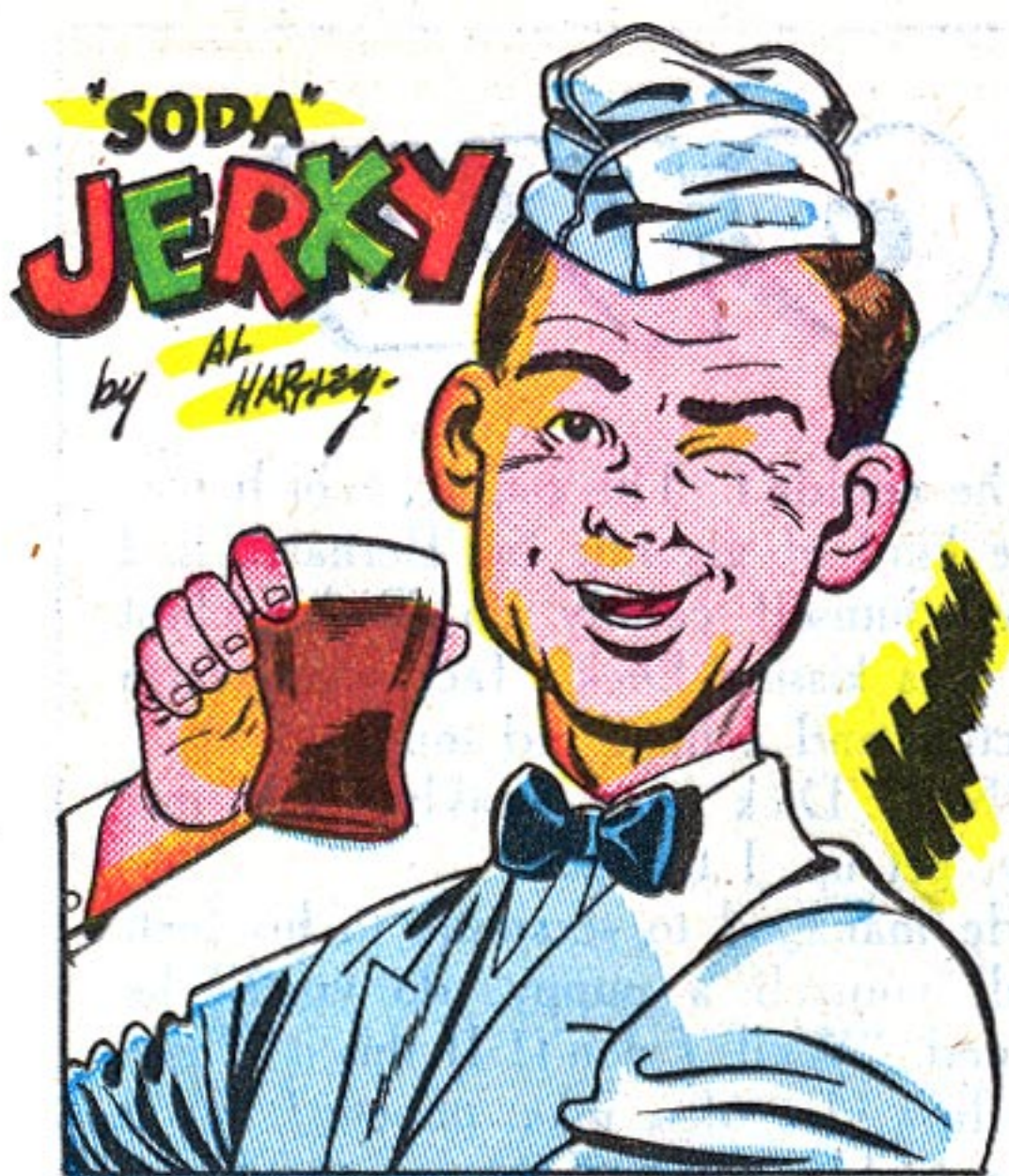














# PUPPY LOVE

"DICK! Oh, Richard!" called Mrs. Andrews.

"Huh? Oh, it's you, mom!" Dick Andrews left his castle-in-the-air with a mighty thud and came down to earth.

"If you can stop day-dreaming about Sue Pater, son, there's a letter for you from Uncle Charlie. Here it is."

Dick read the letter avidly, for news from Uncle Charlie was always wonderful. In fact, Uncle Charlie and Sue Pater were the two most wonderful people in the world to Dick . . . only Sue Pater didn't even know he was alive! She kept ignoring him, all the time, anyplace!

"Like I didn't exist," mused Dick, stopping before the last paragraph in the letter. "Like the little man who wasn't there . . . hey! Whee! Gangway for the railroad station! Uncle Charlie's sent me a pup! Yahoo! Get out a little box for him to sleep in, mother . . . and a little saucer of milk! I'm going down to pick him up!"

With flying feet, Dick raced towards the station. "Gosh, I bet I have to carry the little guy home," he thought. "Small pups are kinda wobbly in the knees. I might even have to feed him from an eye-dropper!"

At the station, Dick inquired of the baggage master, "Anything for me? Mr. Richard Andrews?"

"If *that's* for you, son, you've got my sympathy!" the baggage master answered, pointing to a tremendous crate. The address sticker said "Richard Andrews" all right, so Dick opened the crate . . . and gulped!

Coming towards him was the largest, shaggiest animal he had ever seen or imagined! It wagged its tail and put its paws on Dick's shoulders, knocking him over. When Dick tried to pick himself

up, he couldn't. The puppy, which was some kind of gigantic St. Bernard, had seated himself calmly on Dick's chest and was kissing Dick's face with warm affection and a huge red tongue.

"No!" Dick cried weakly. "Get up! Hey, get up, I tell ya!"

He managed to scramble to his feet. "Call yourself a puppy, do you?" he shouted. "Well, I don't! If this is Uncle Charlie's idea of a joke, *phooey!* We'd hafta build another wing on the house for you! So, rough as it may seem, you're goin' right back!"

Dick held the crate open, but the puppy wouldn't get inside. Instead, he just stood and stared lovingly at his new master. "Stubborn, huh?" said Dick. "Well, if ya won't move under your own steam, I'll give ya some help!"

He approached the dog and started to push him towards the crate. The dog, thinking this was some kind of game, leaped into the air, barked merrily and came down again. He put his big forepaws around Dick's neck and sighed.

"No, darn it! We're not playing!" Dick began to say, when an amused voice cut in.

"Why, Richard Andrews!" said Sue Pater. "Is that *your* dog?"

"Er, I guess so," Dick hesitated, blushing.

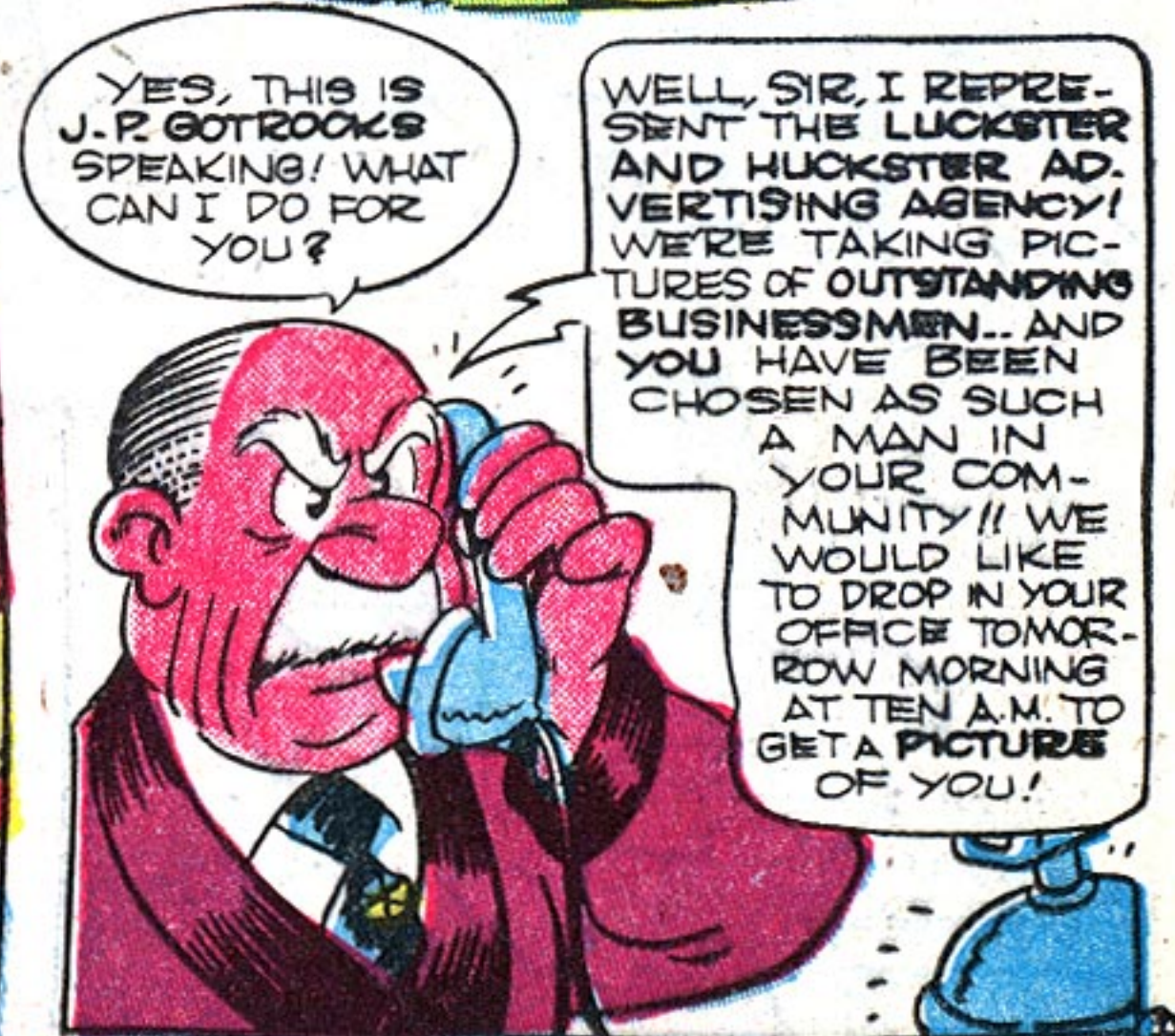
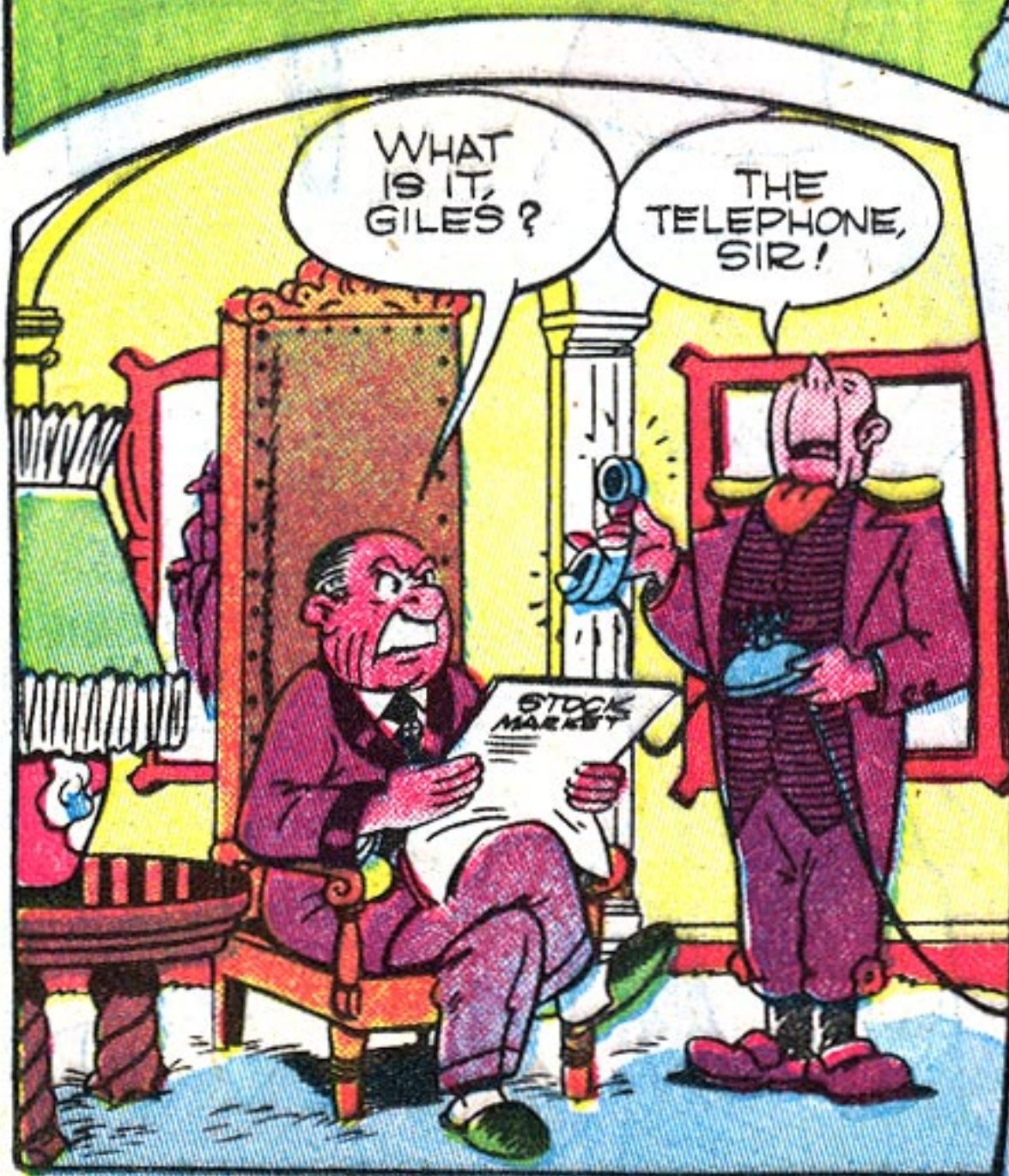
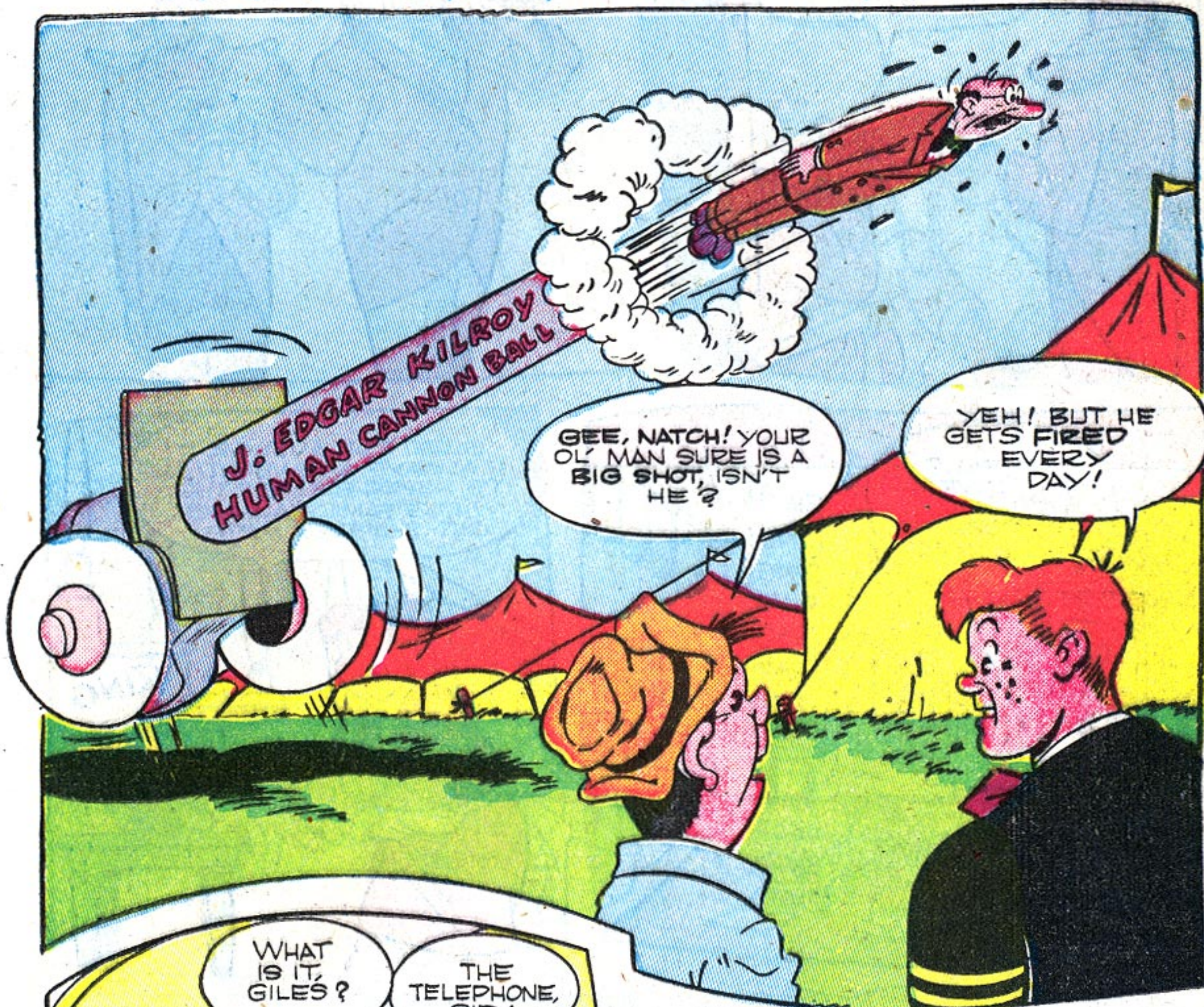
"I never knew you liked dogs." For the first time, Sue's voice sounded friendly and interested. "Gosh, he's a *beauty!* What's his name? Did you just get him? Are you building a kennel for him? May I come and help you?"

Dick blinked a couple of times. "His name's . . . uh . . . *Bounce,*" he answered. "And we'll *both* be expecting you, Sue!" He whistled to the pup and dog and master bounded happily down the street . . . towards home!

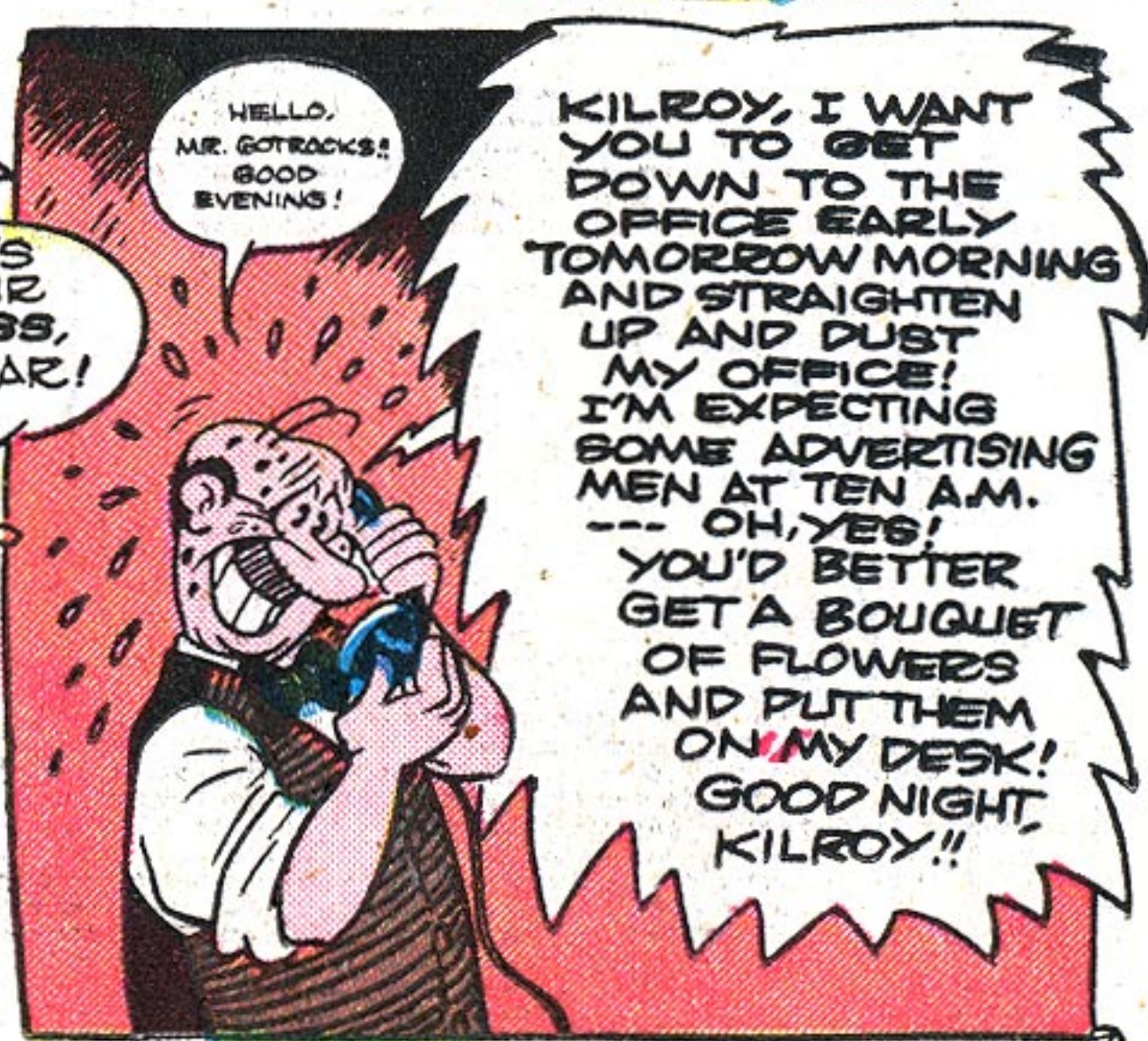
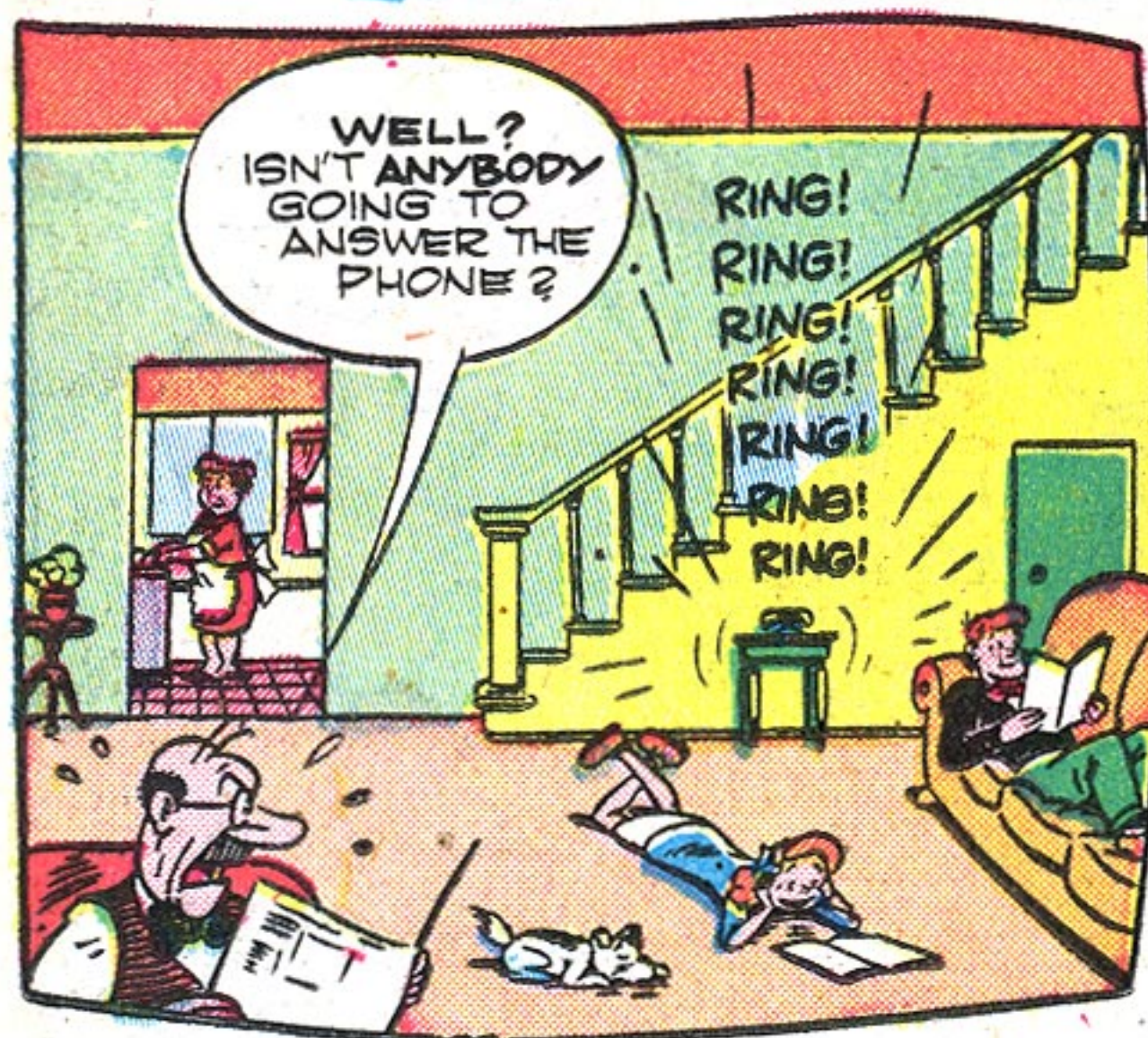
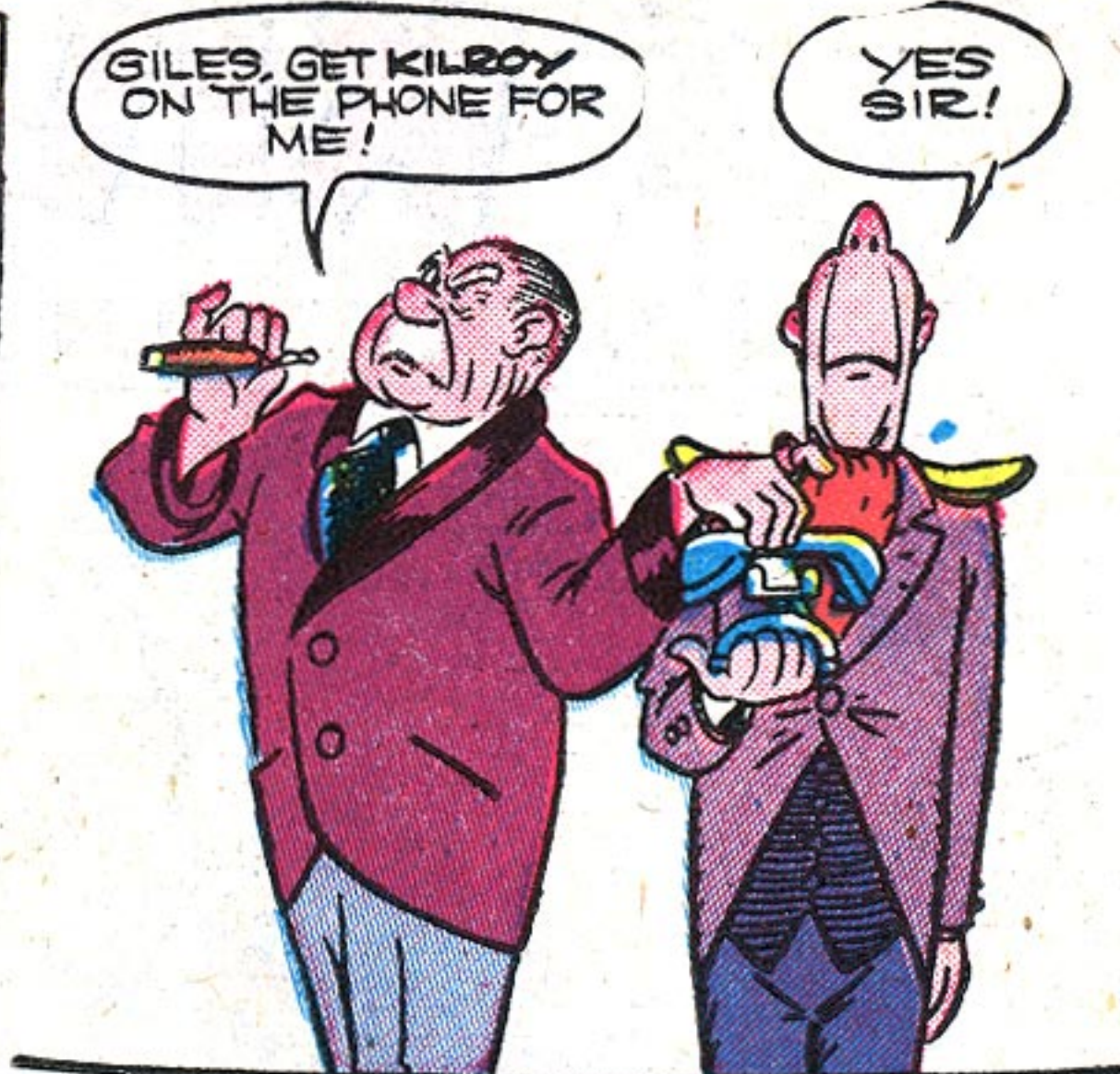


# The **KILROYS**

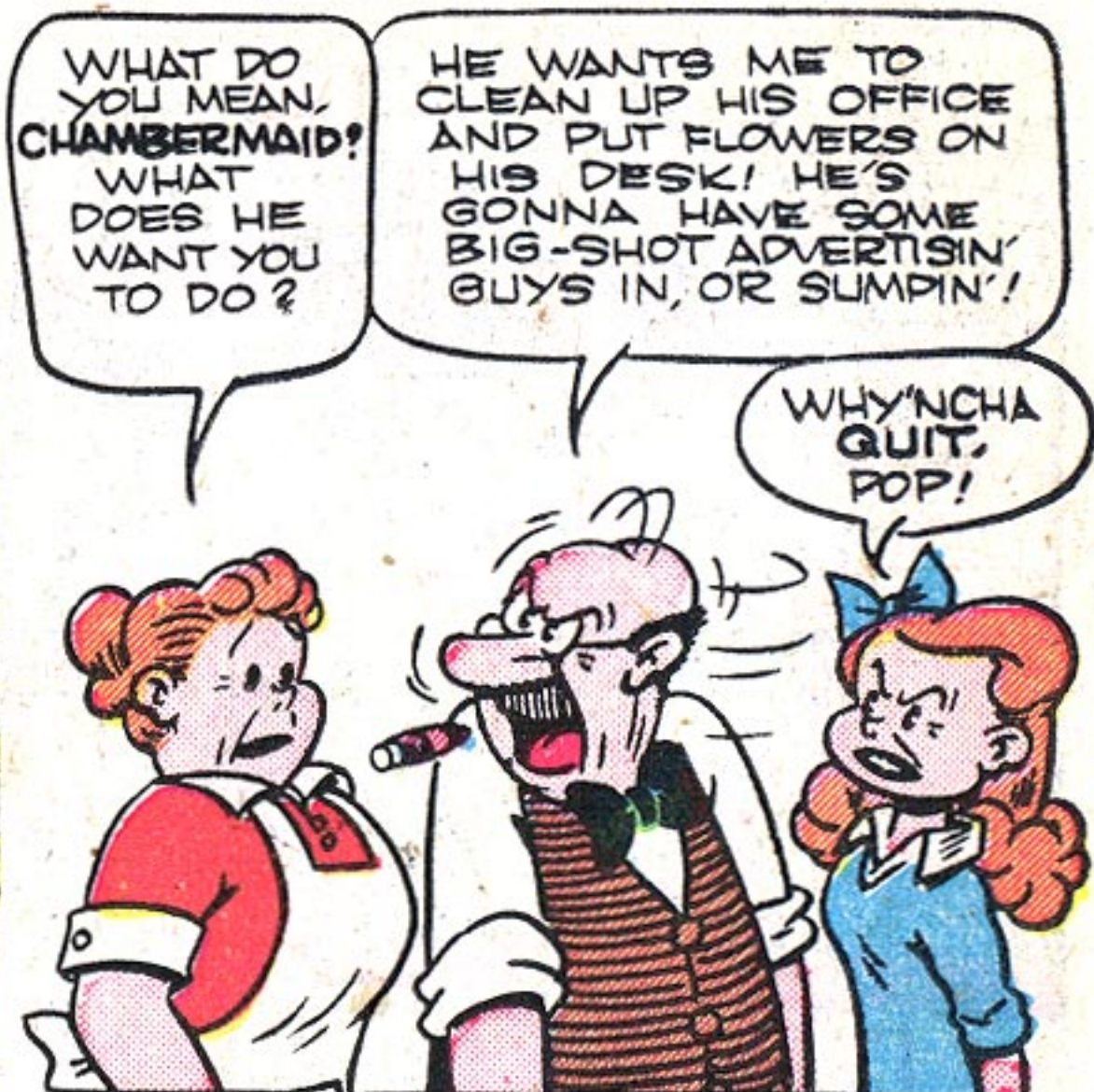
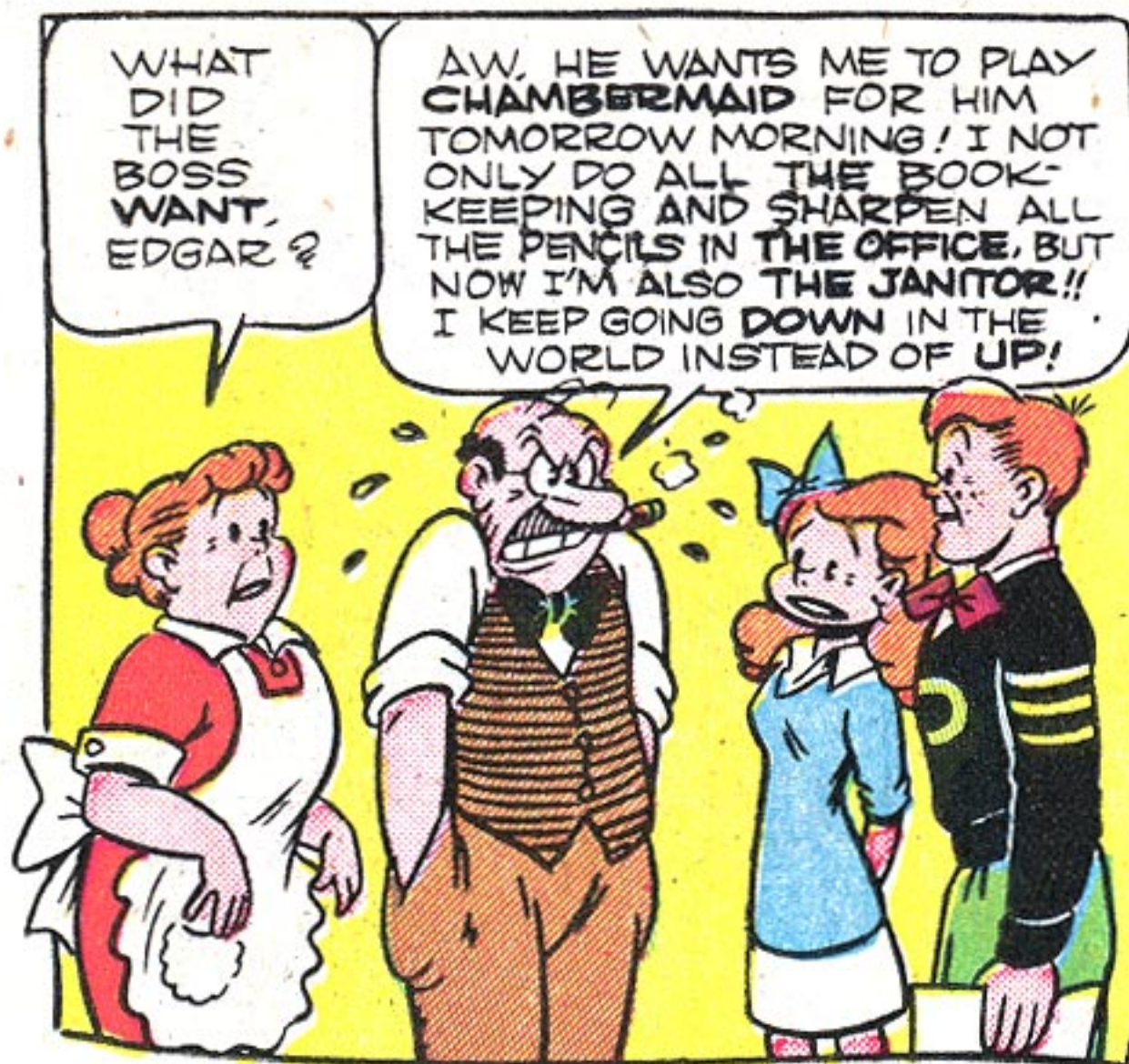
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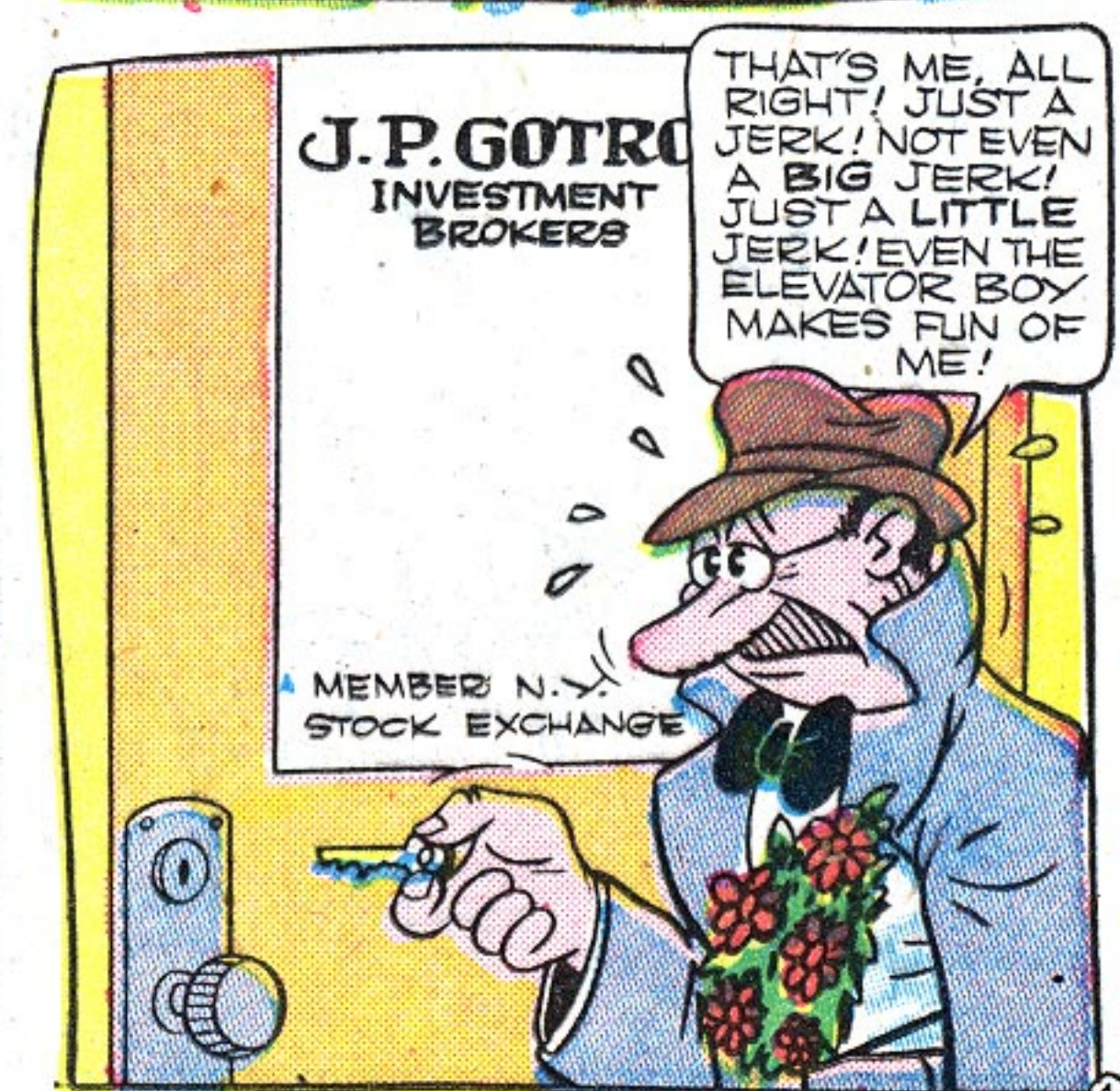
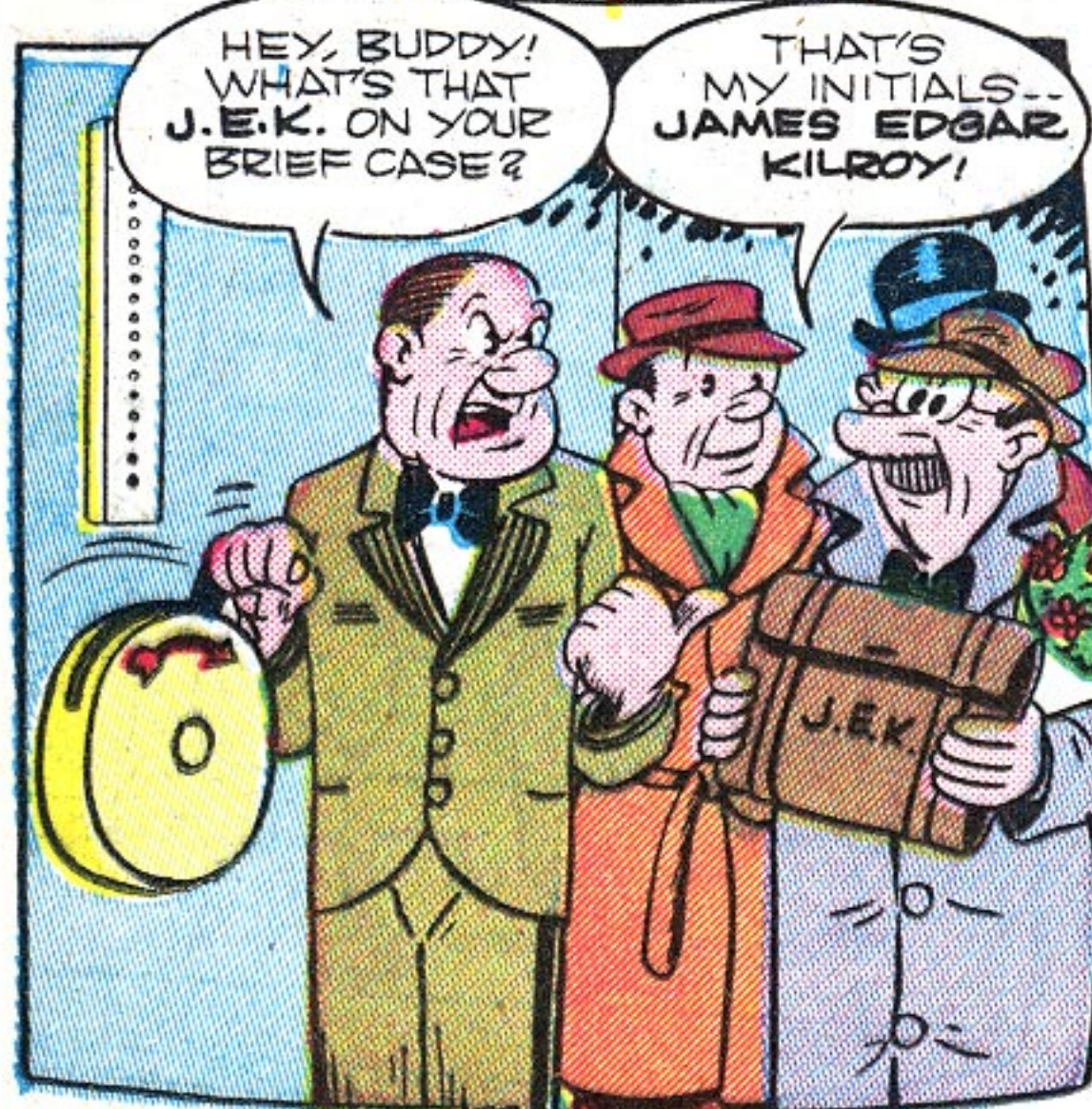




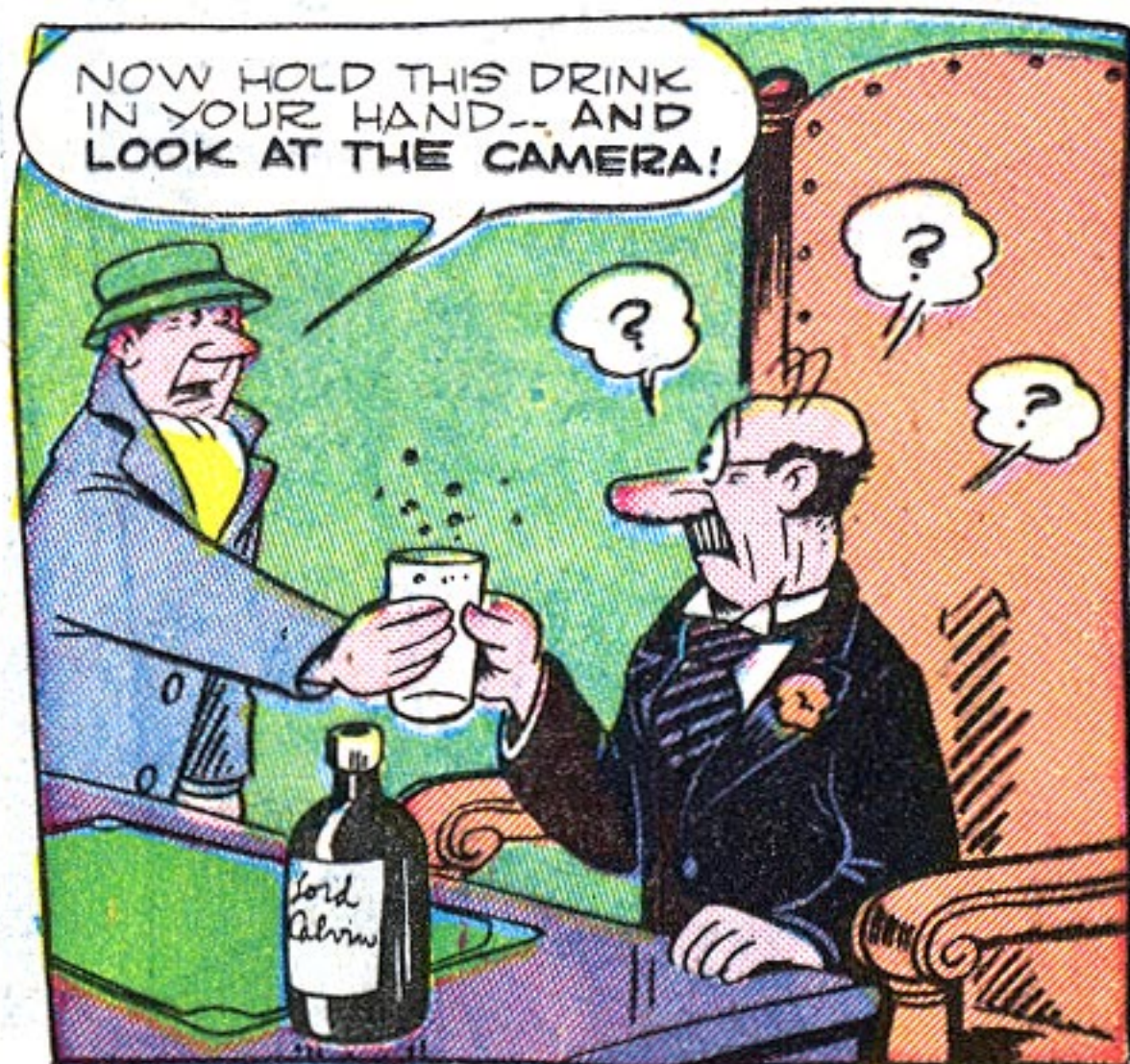
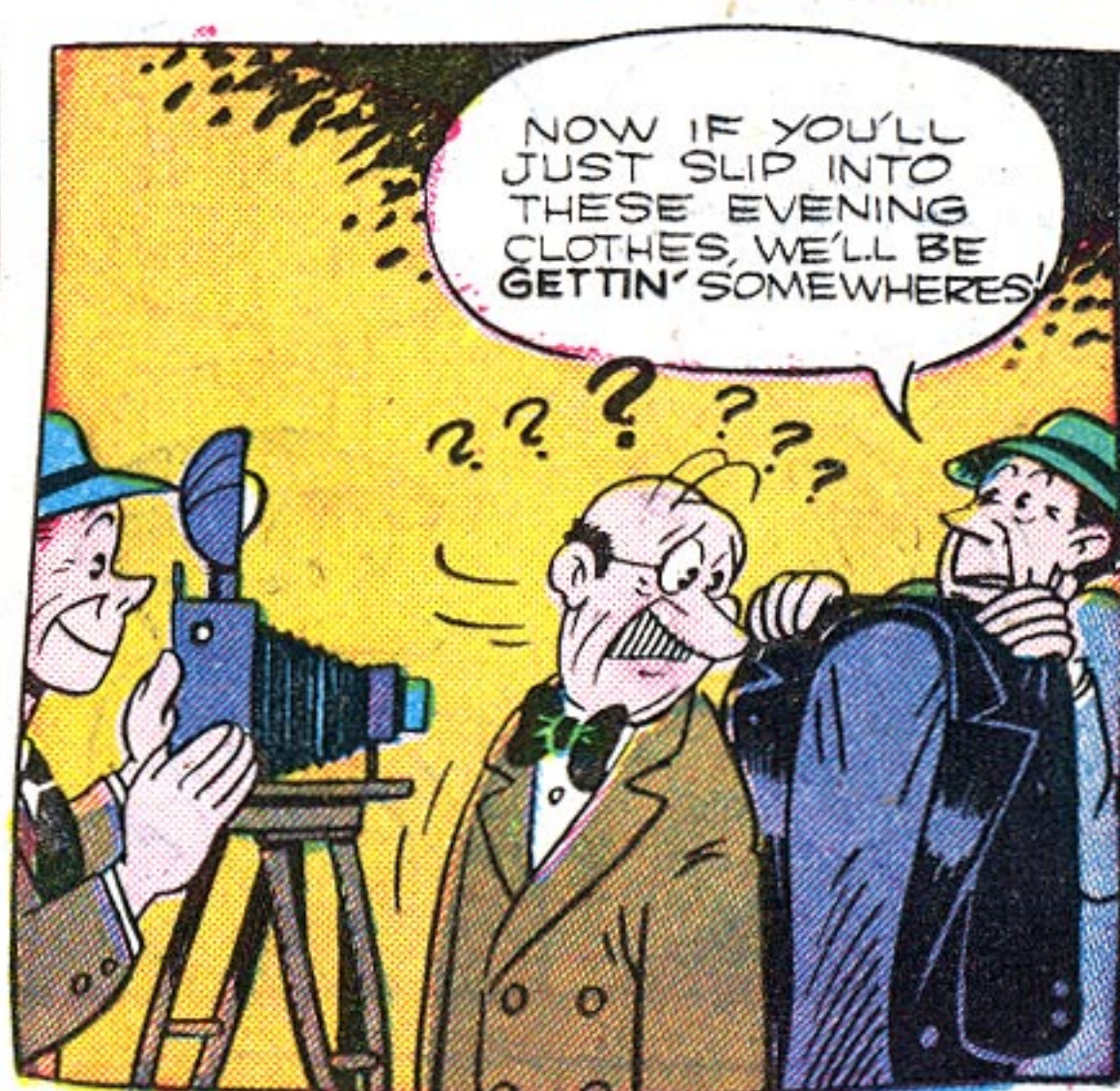
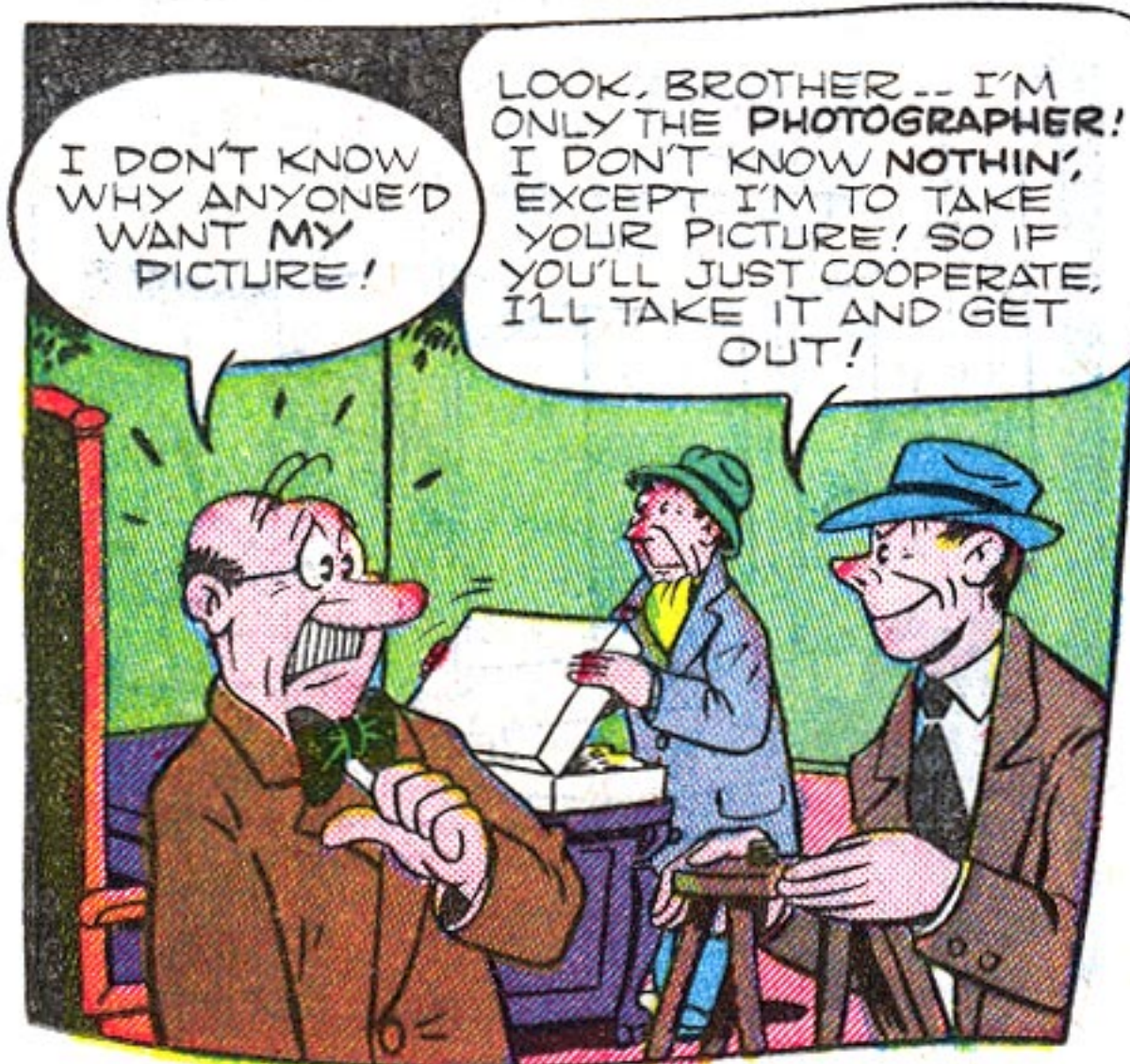




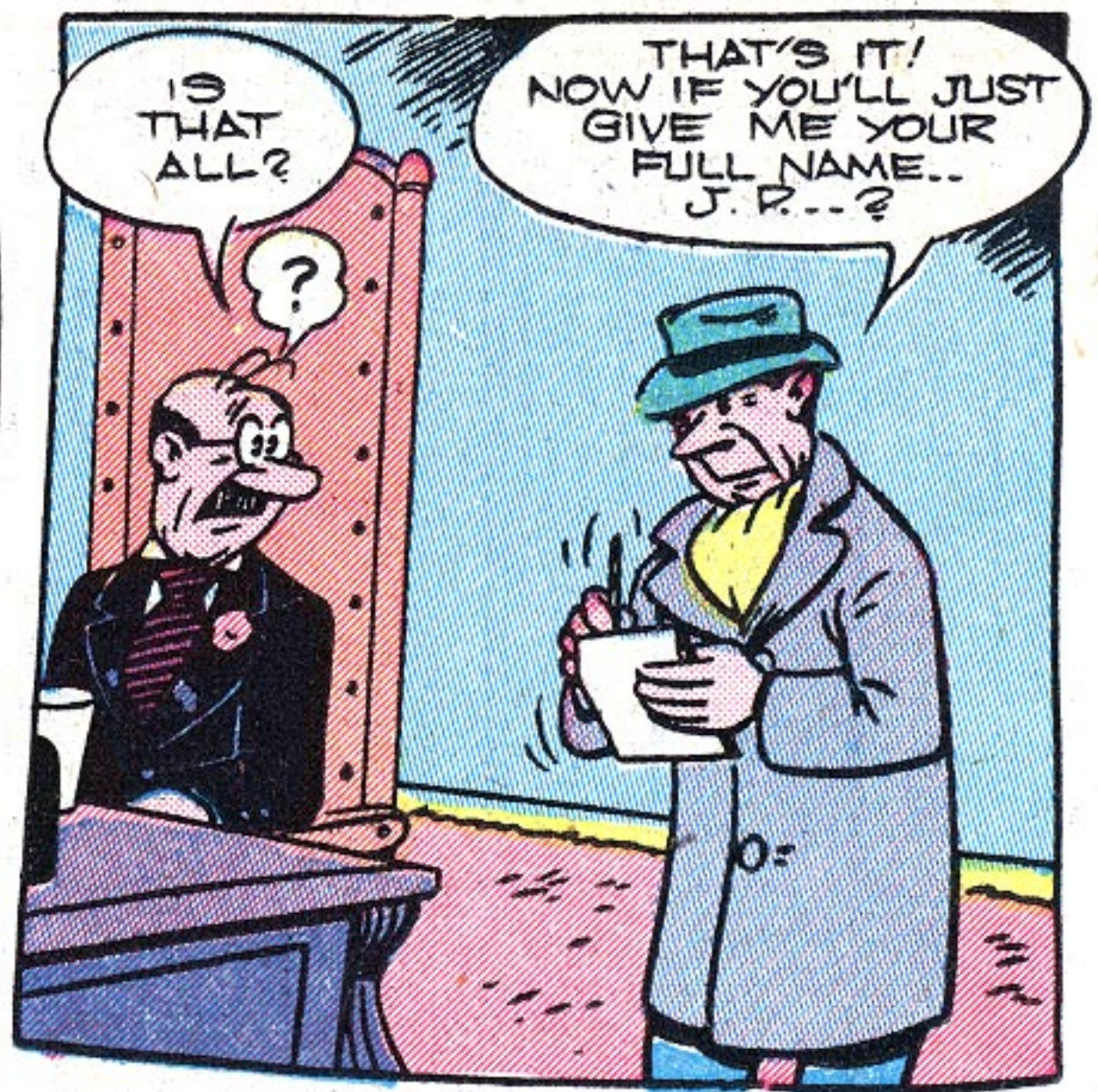




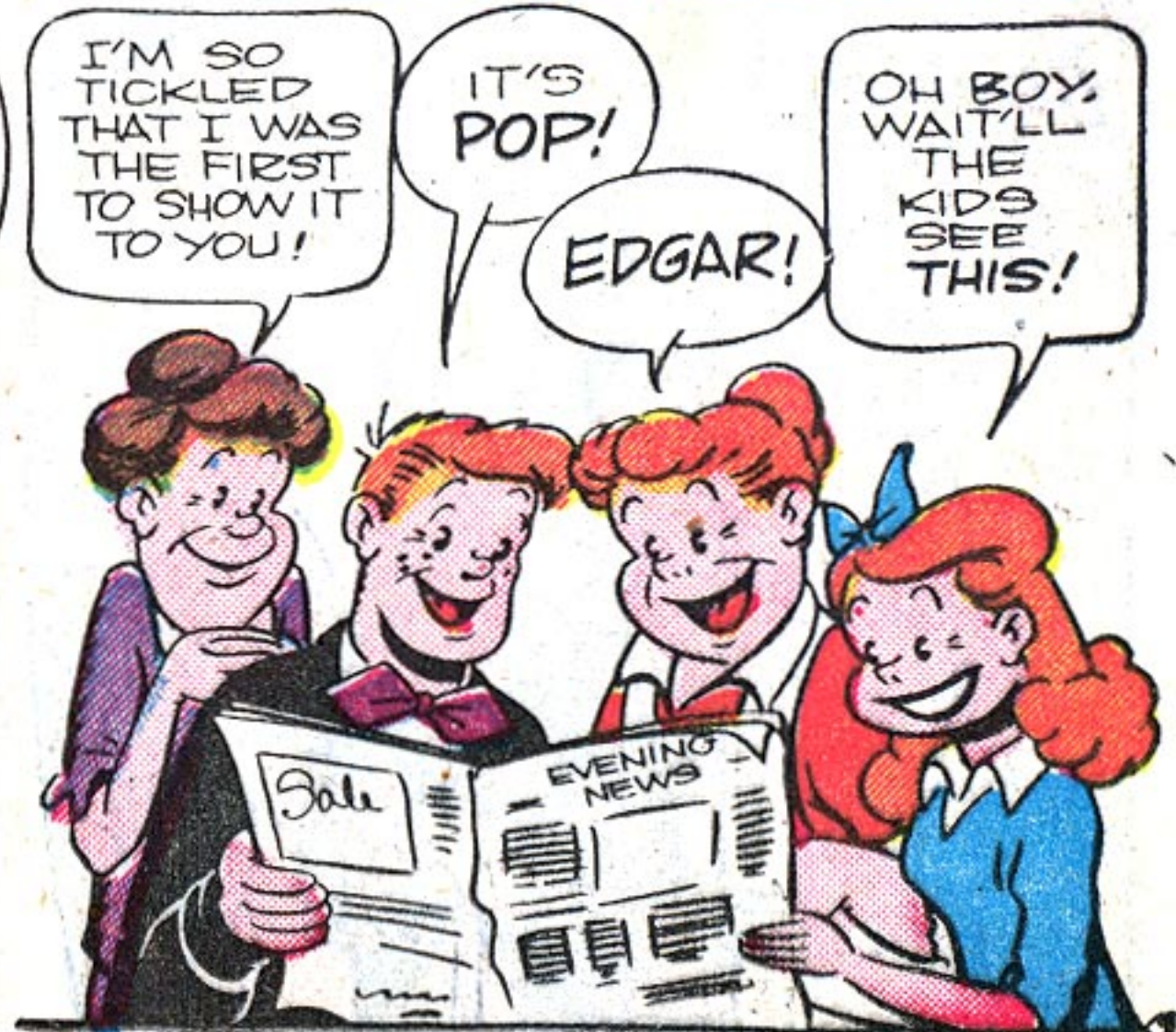
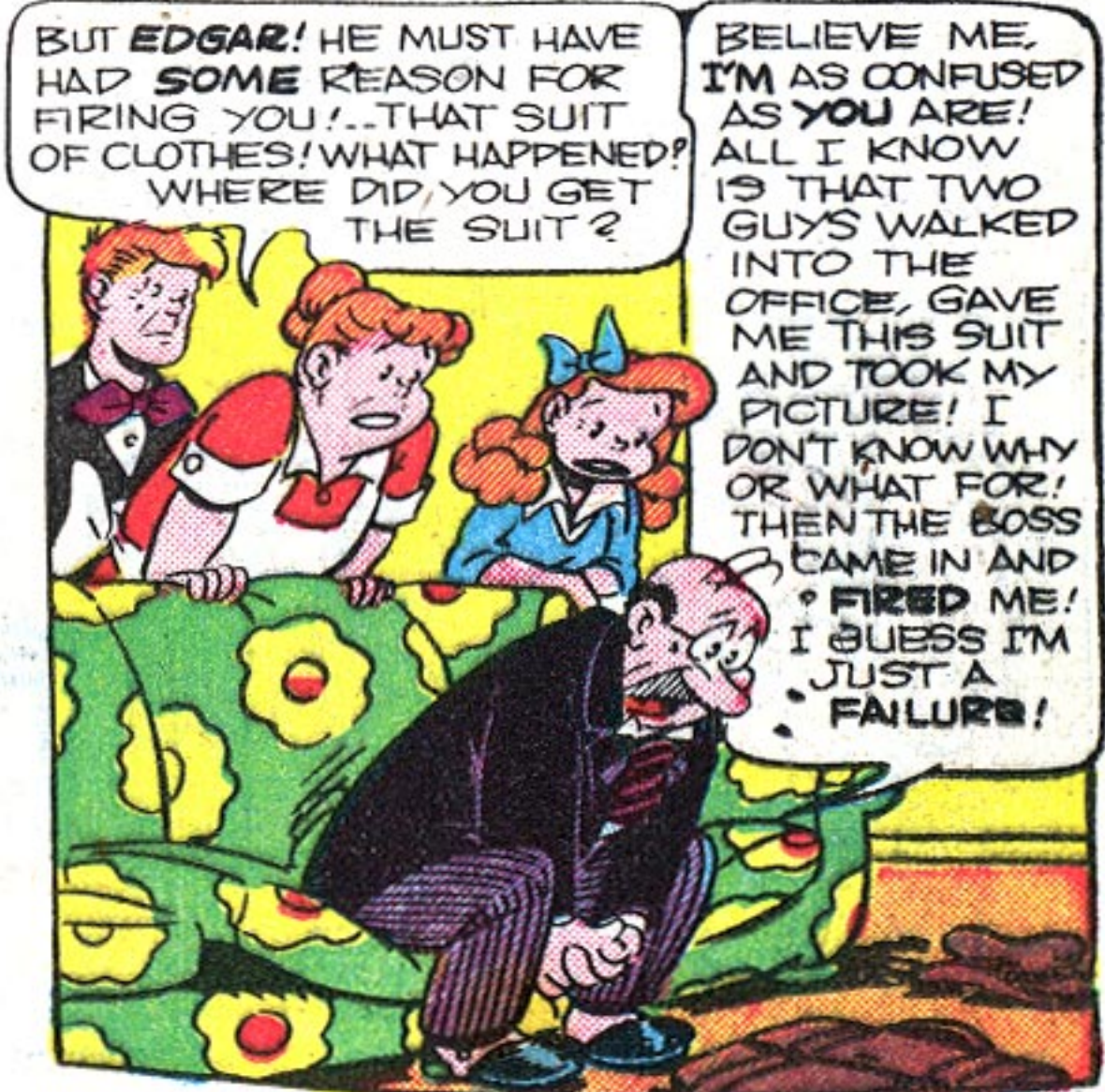
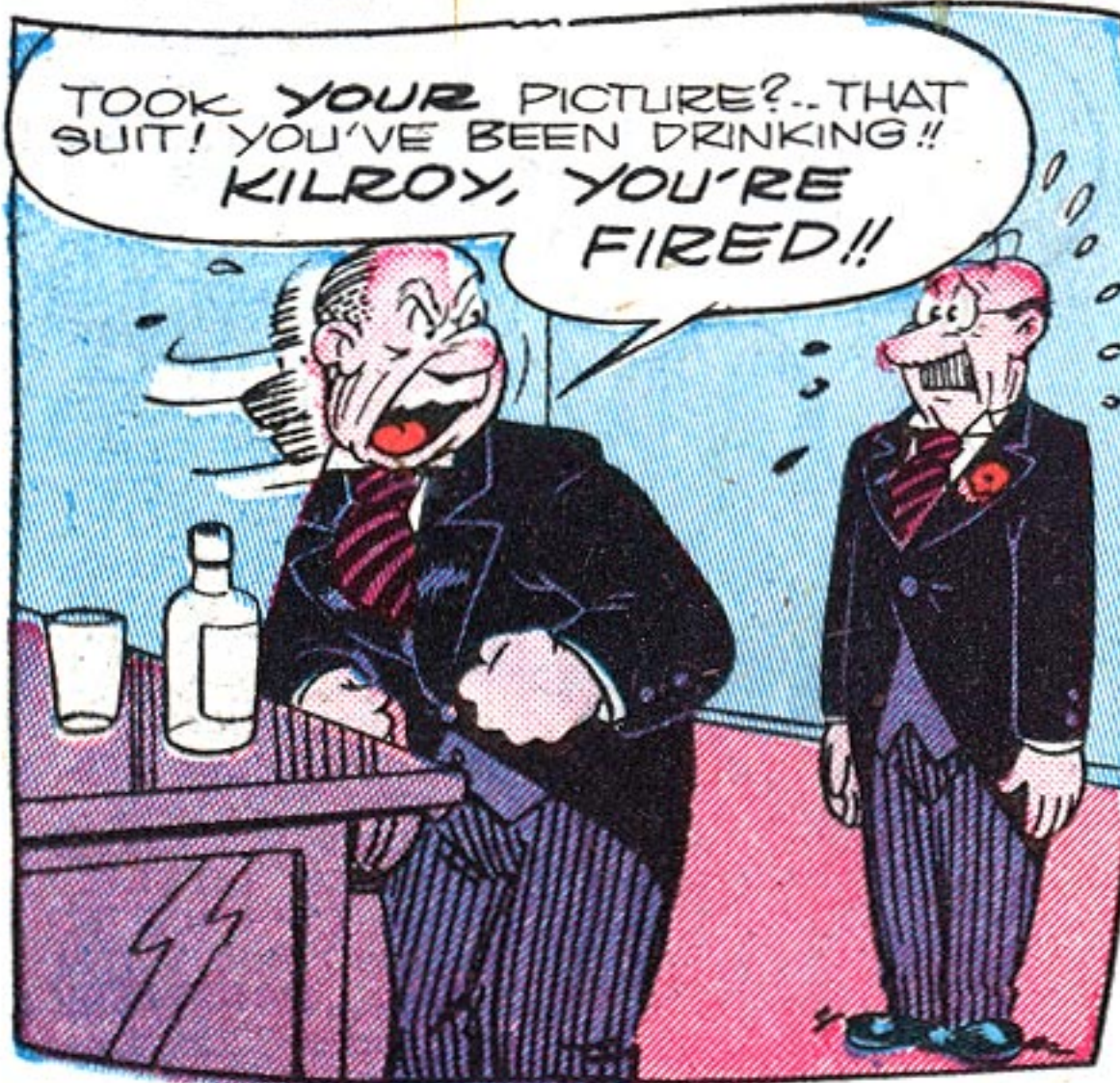
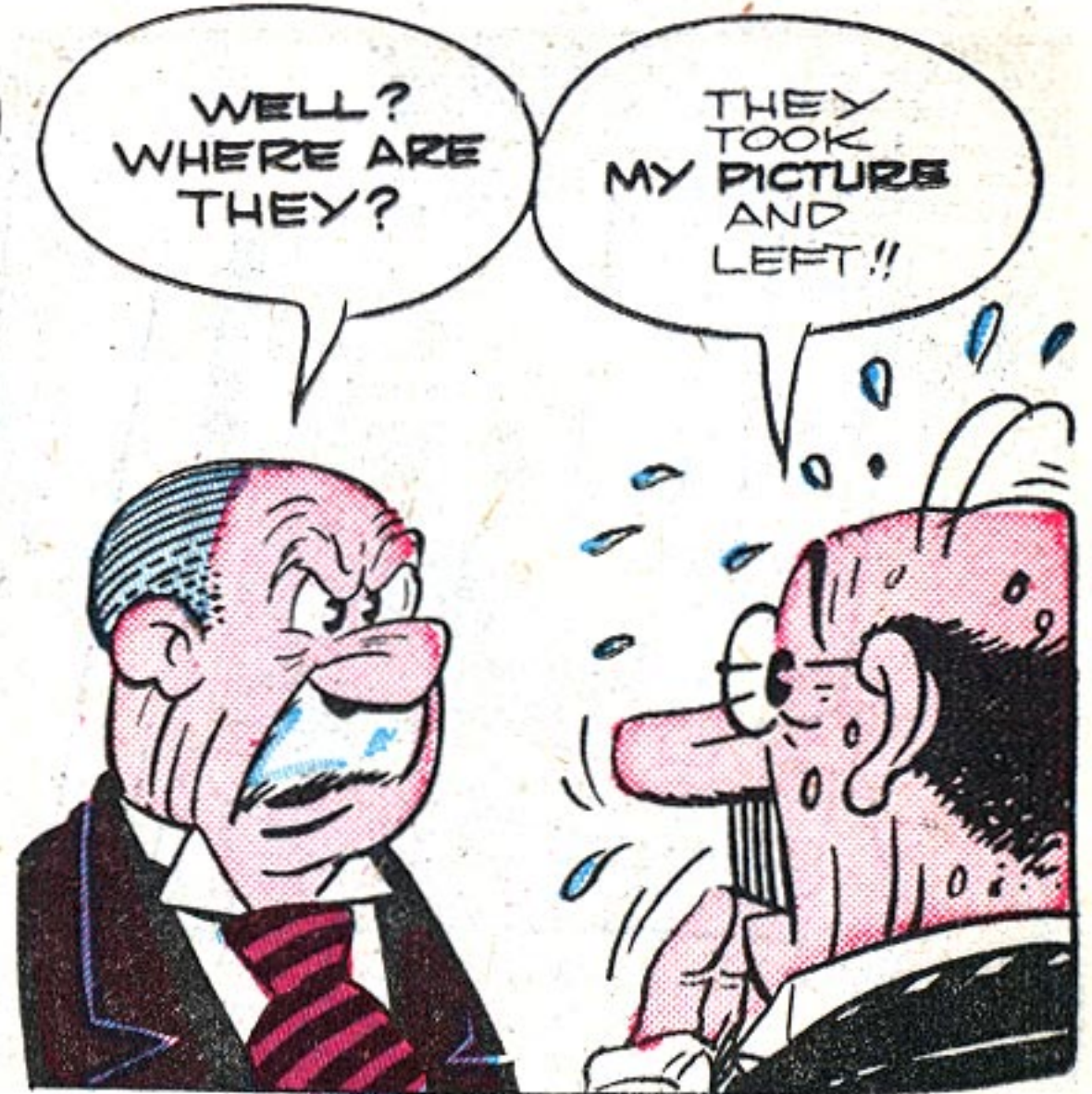




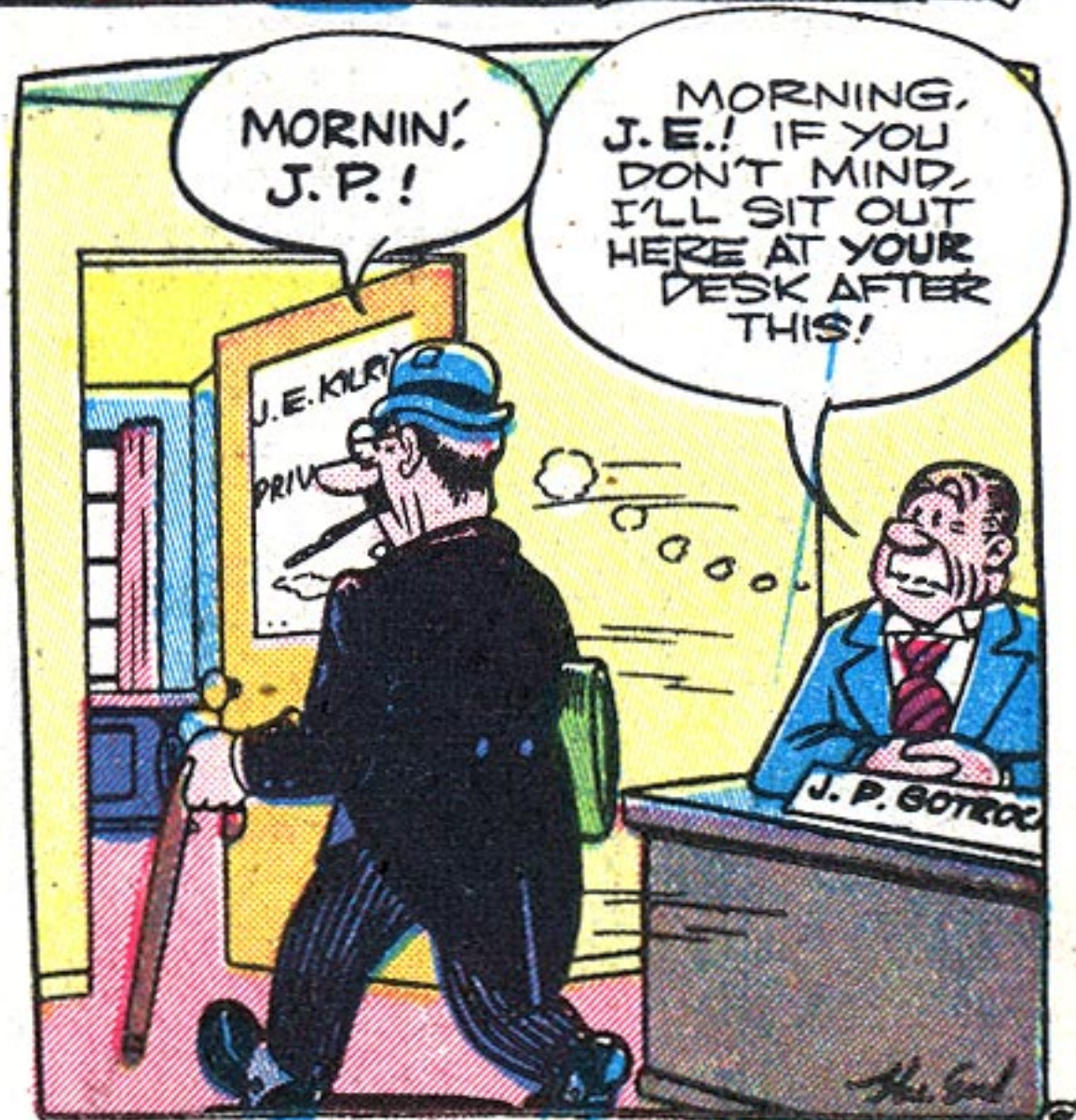
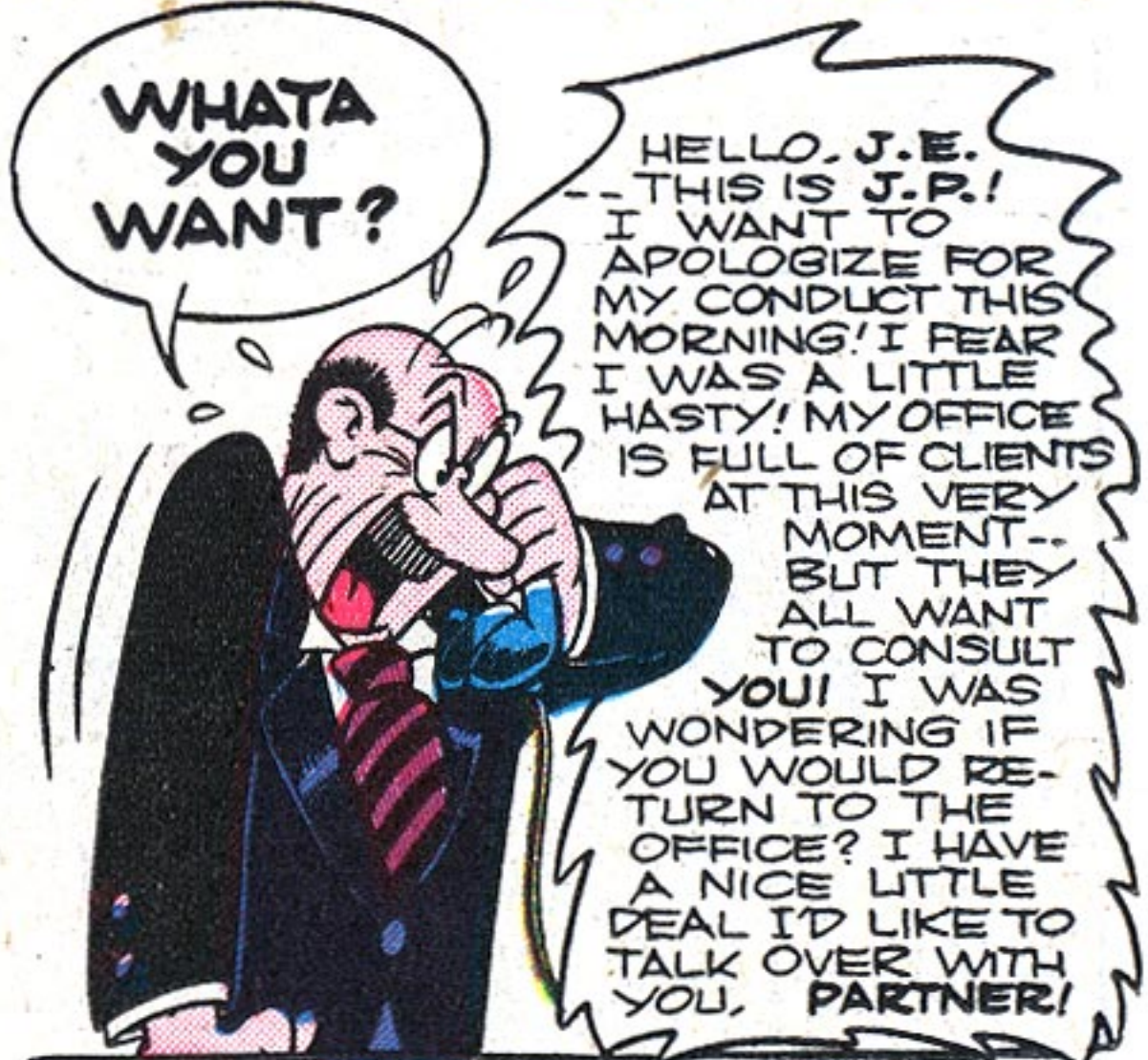
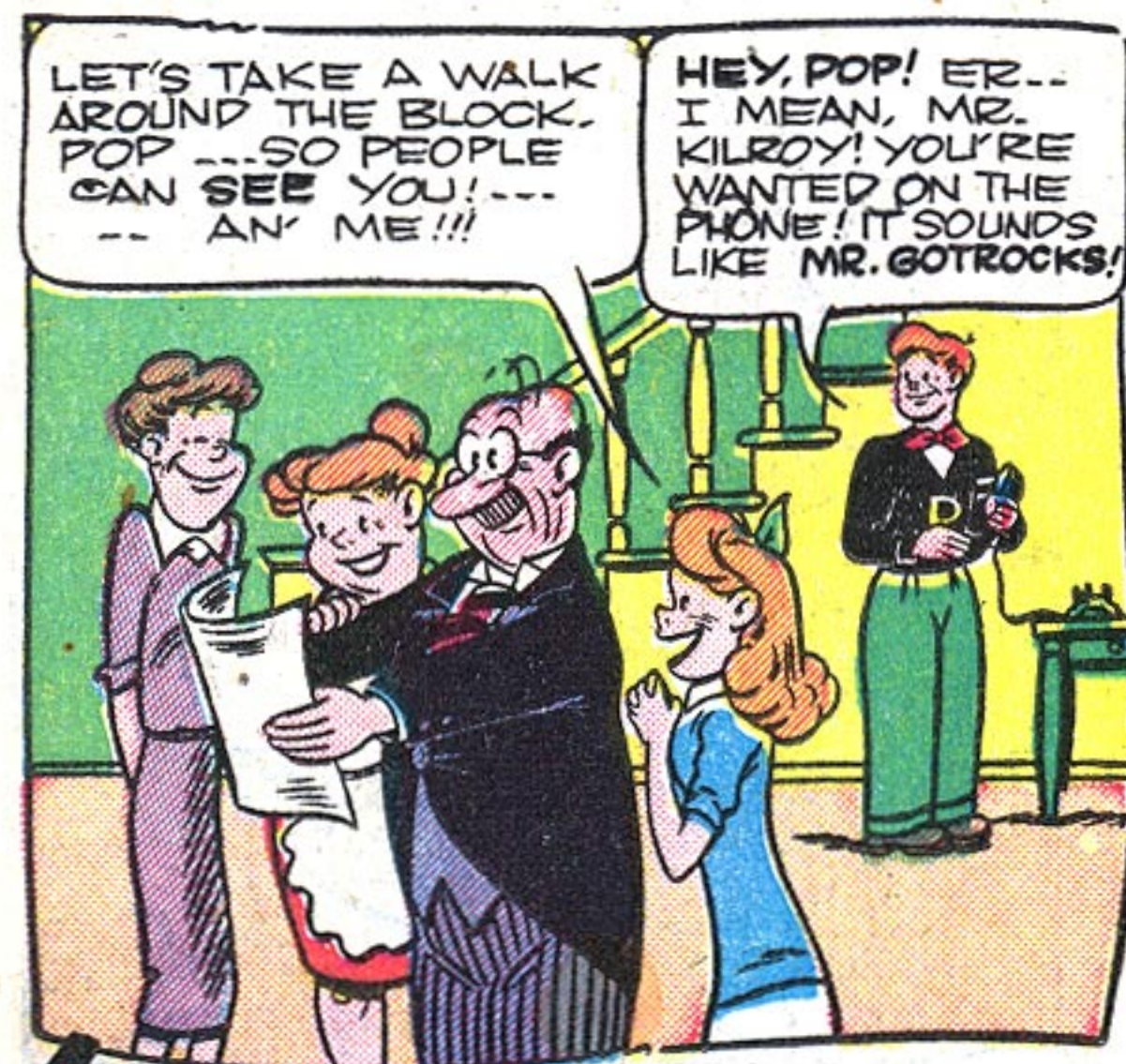
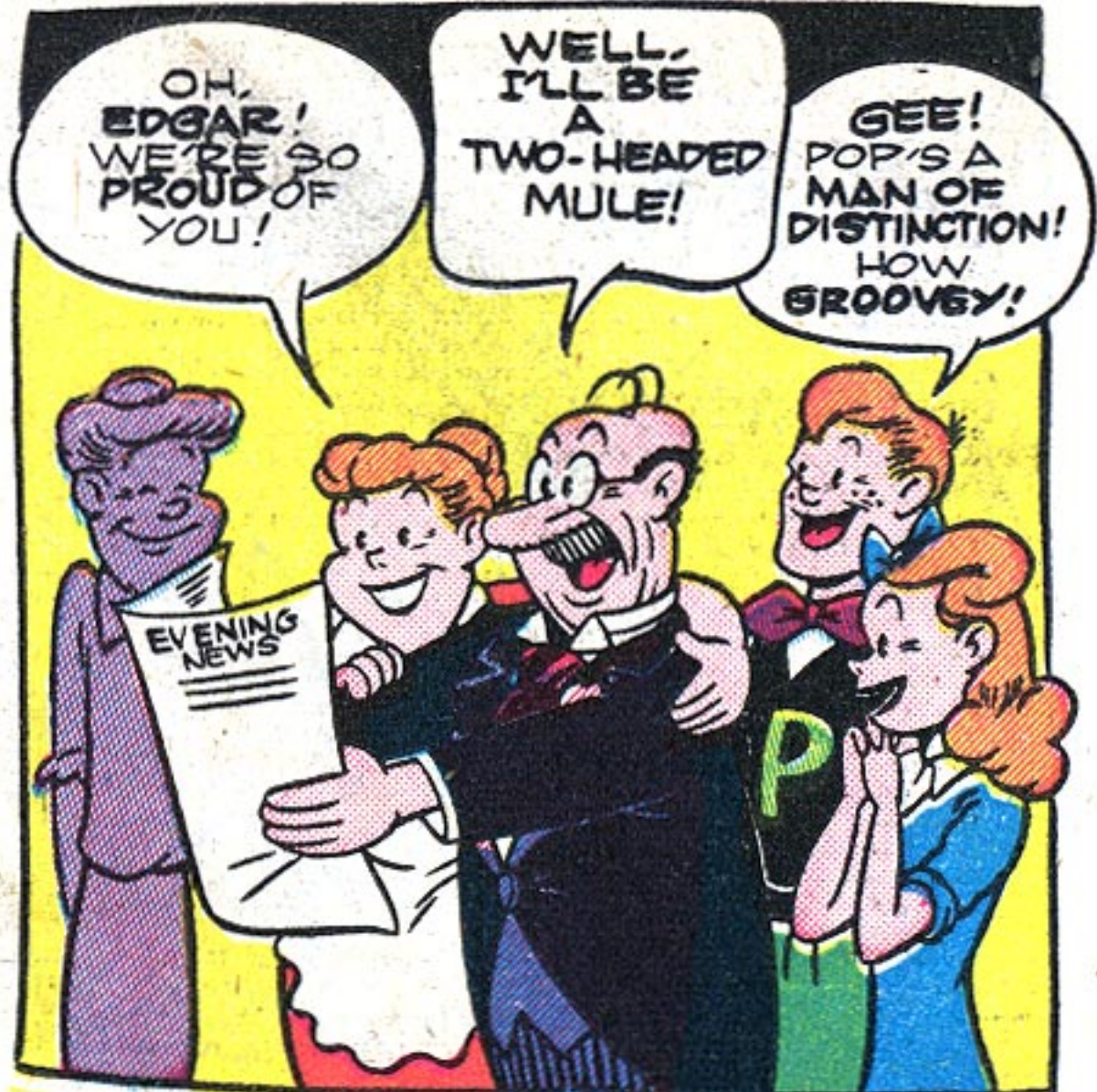
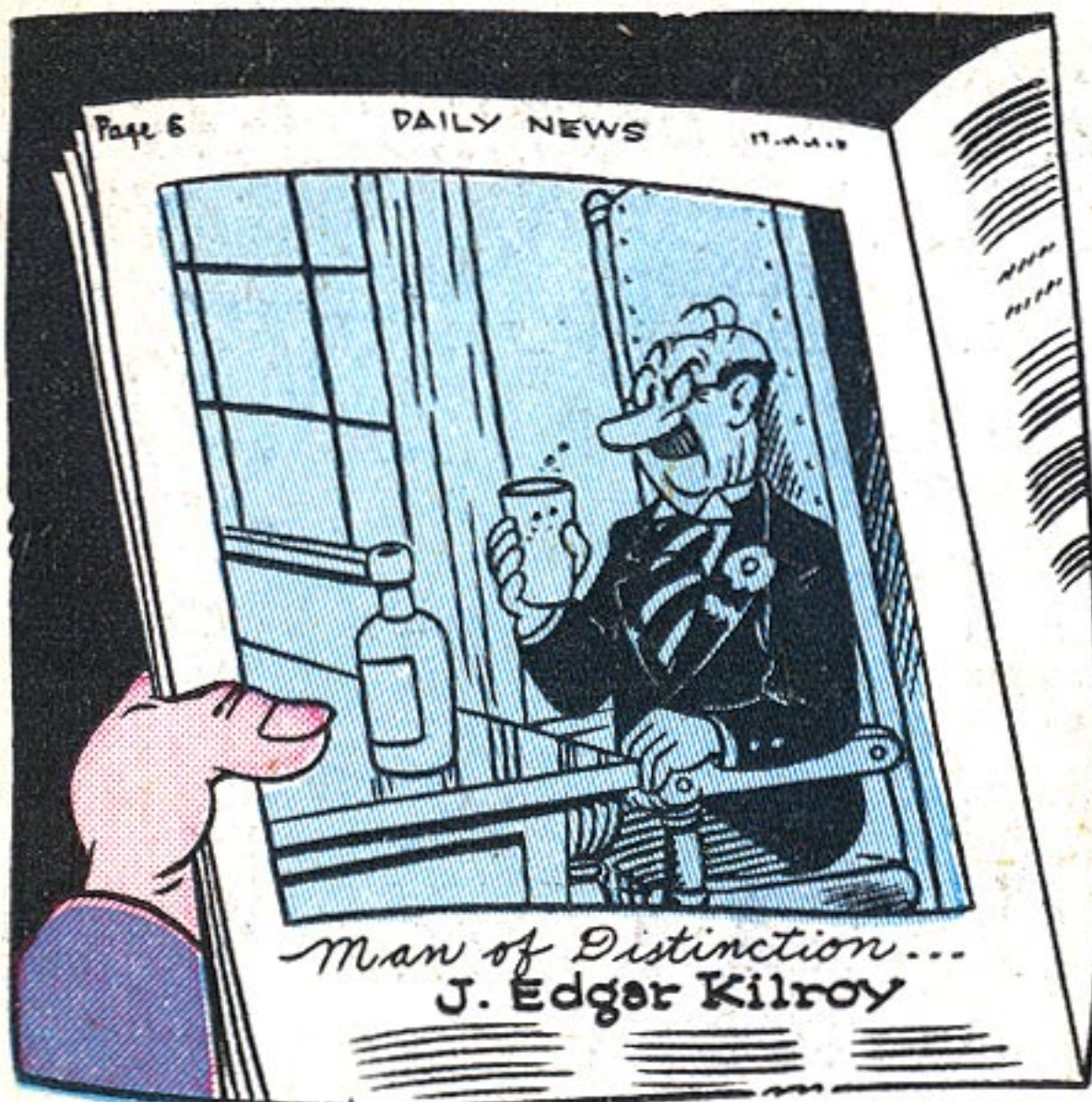








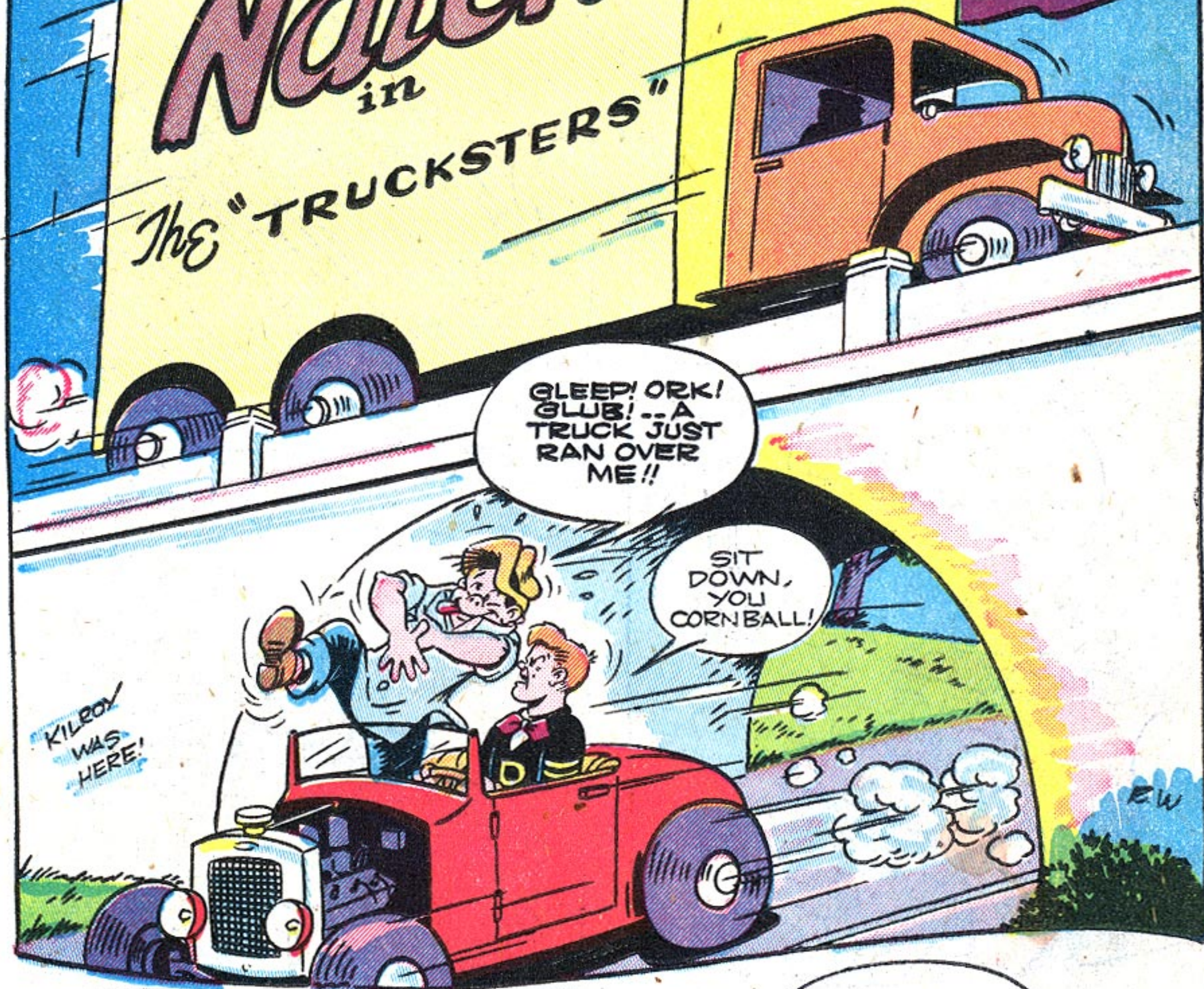






# Natch

in  
The "TRUCKSTERS"

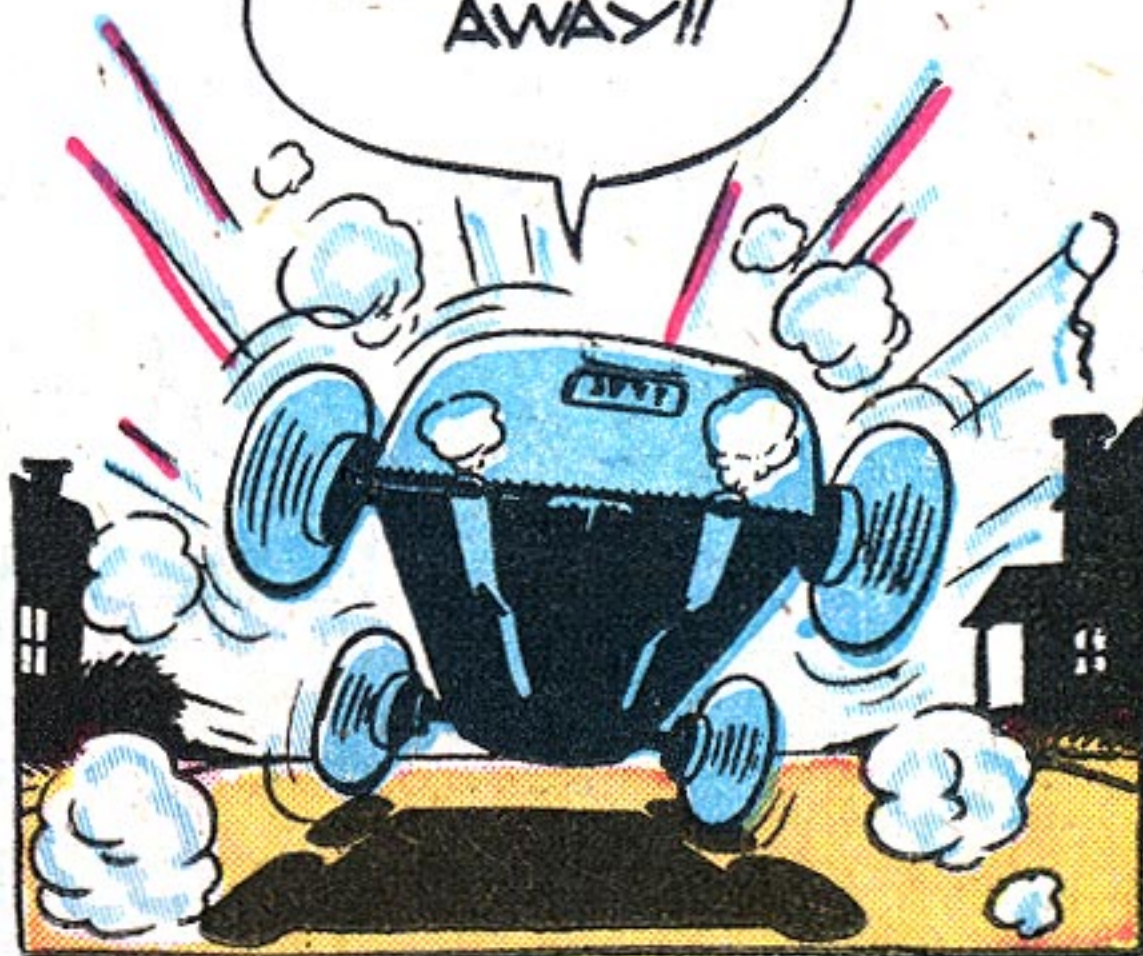


MOM, I'M GOIN' OVER TO JACKSON'S HOUSE!

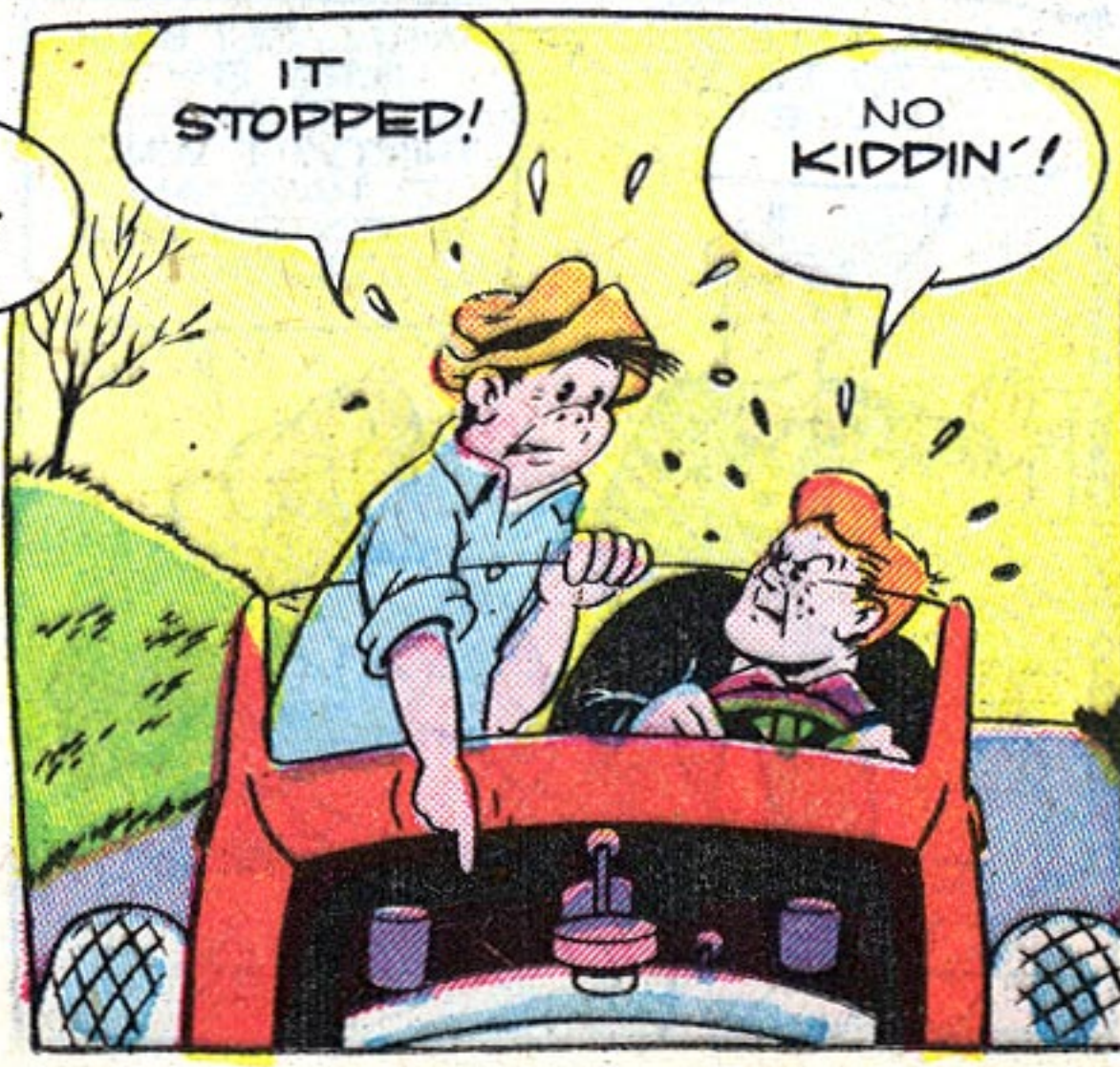
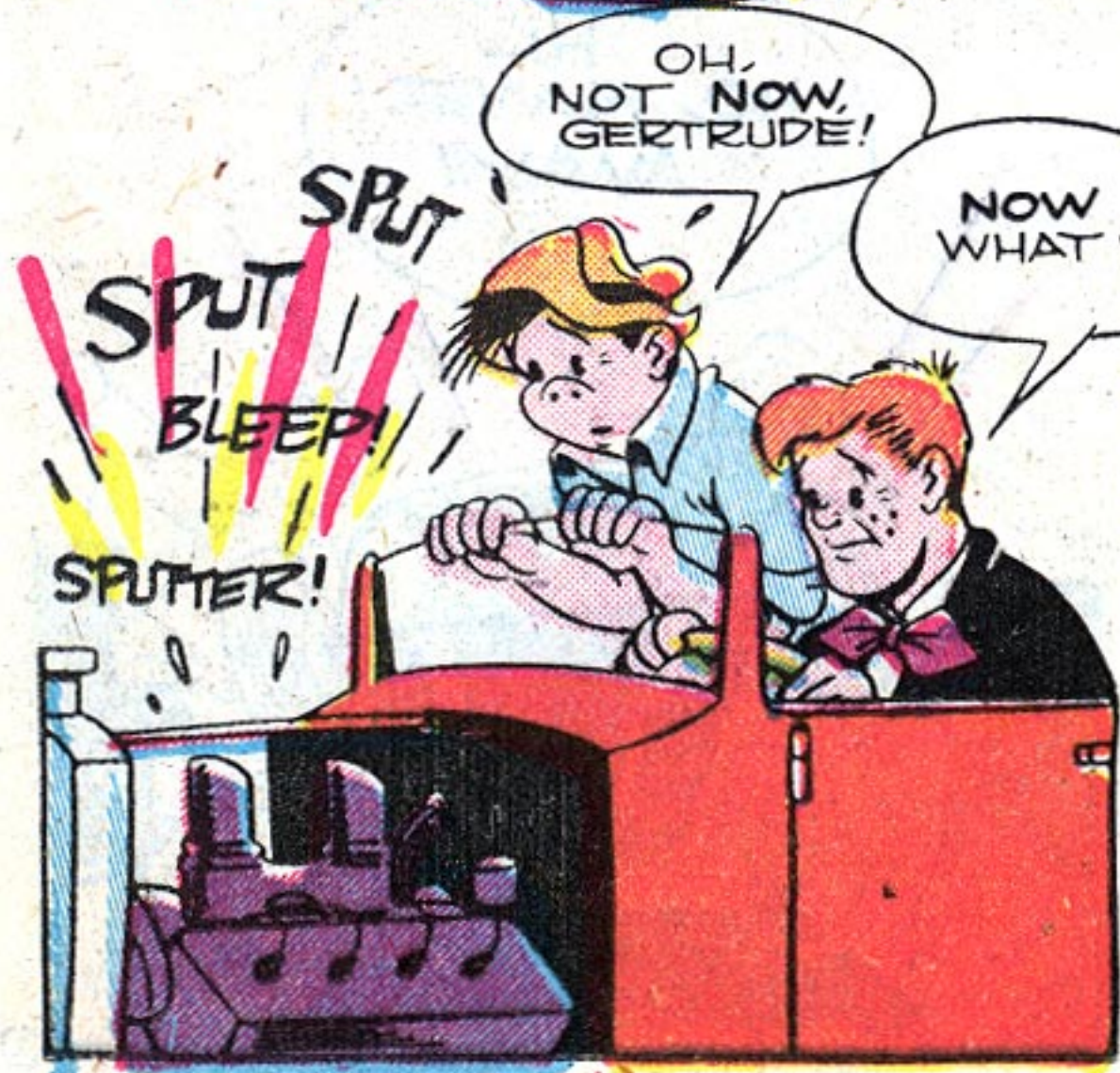
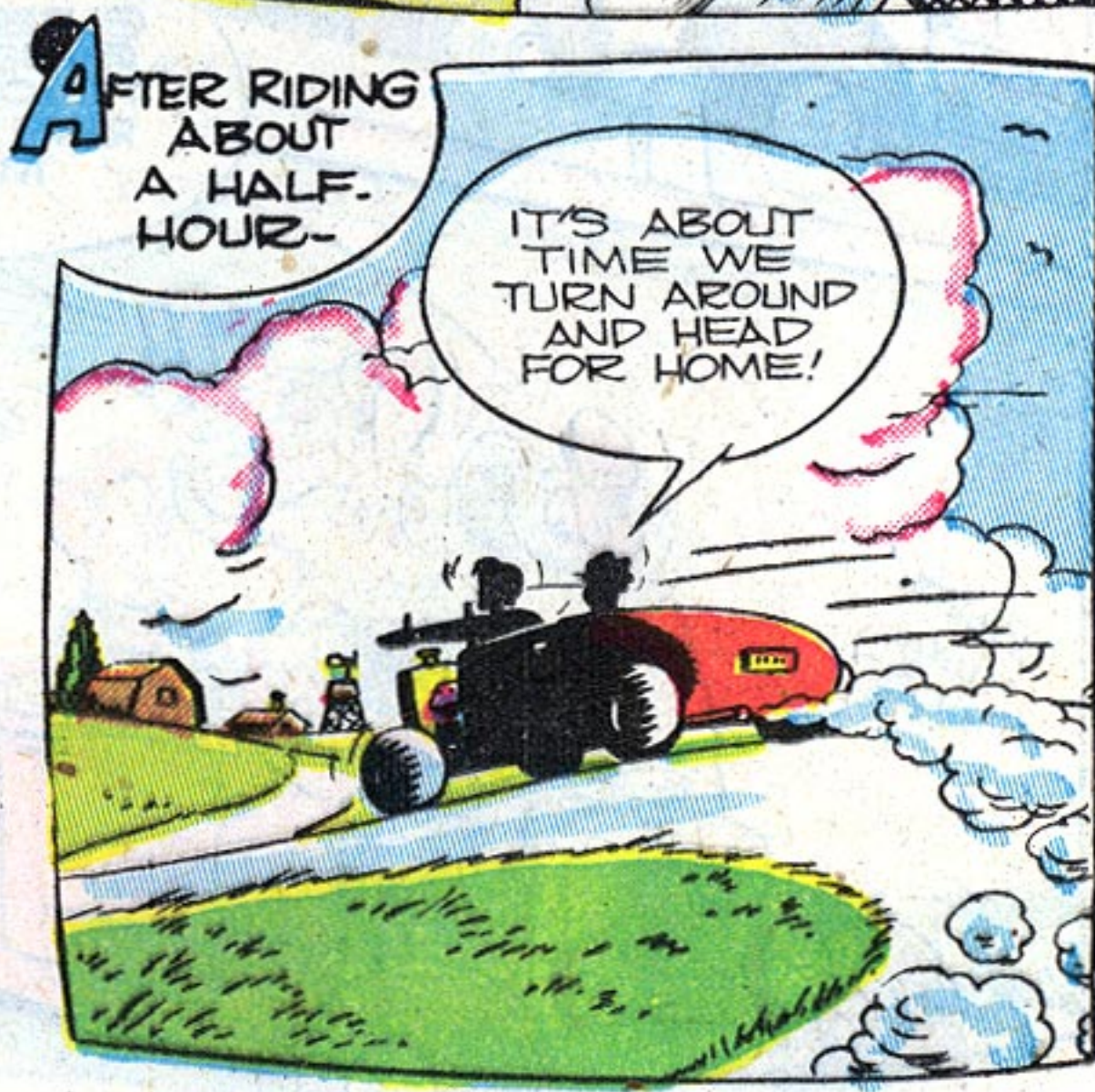
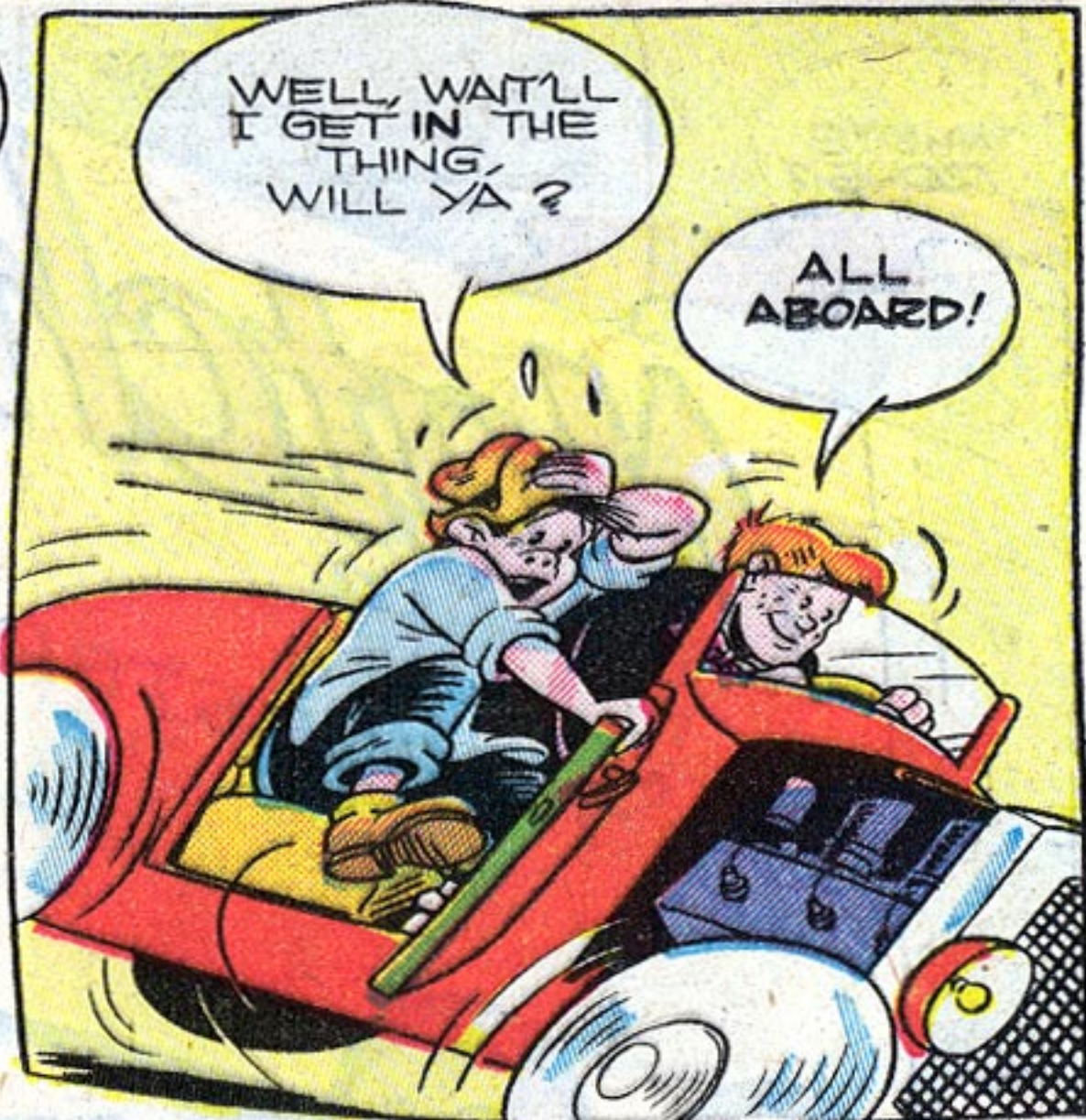
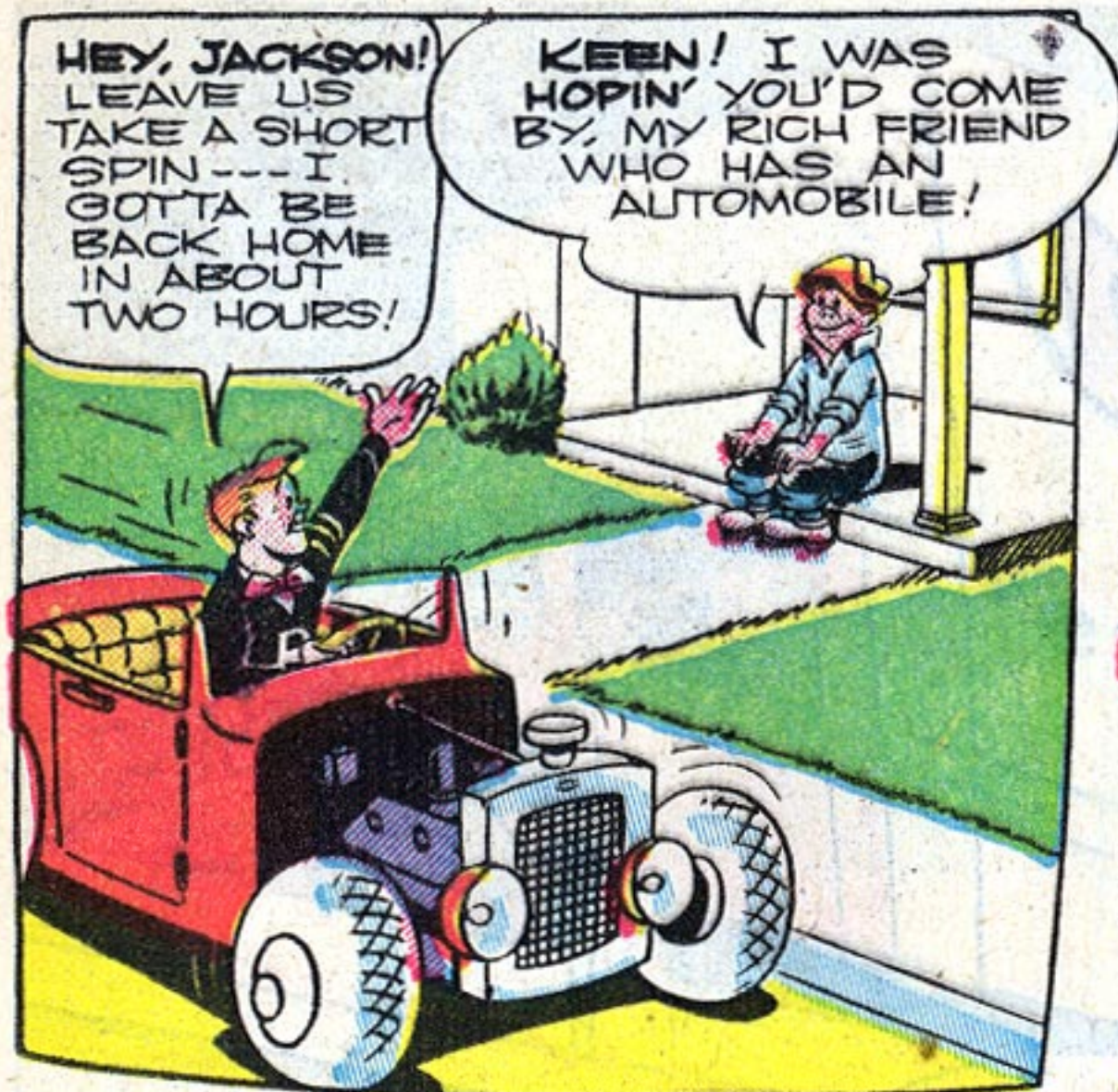
WELL, GET BACK HERE BY ABOUT FIVE-THIRTY! I WANT TO HAVE AN EARLY SUPPER TONIGHT!



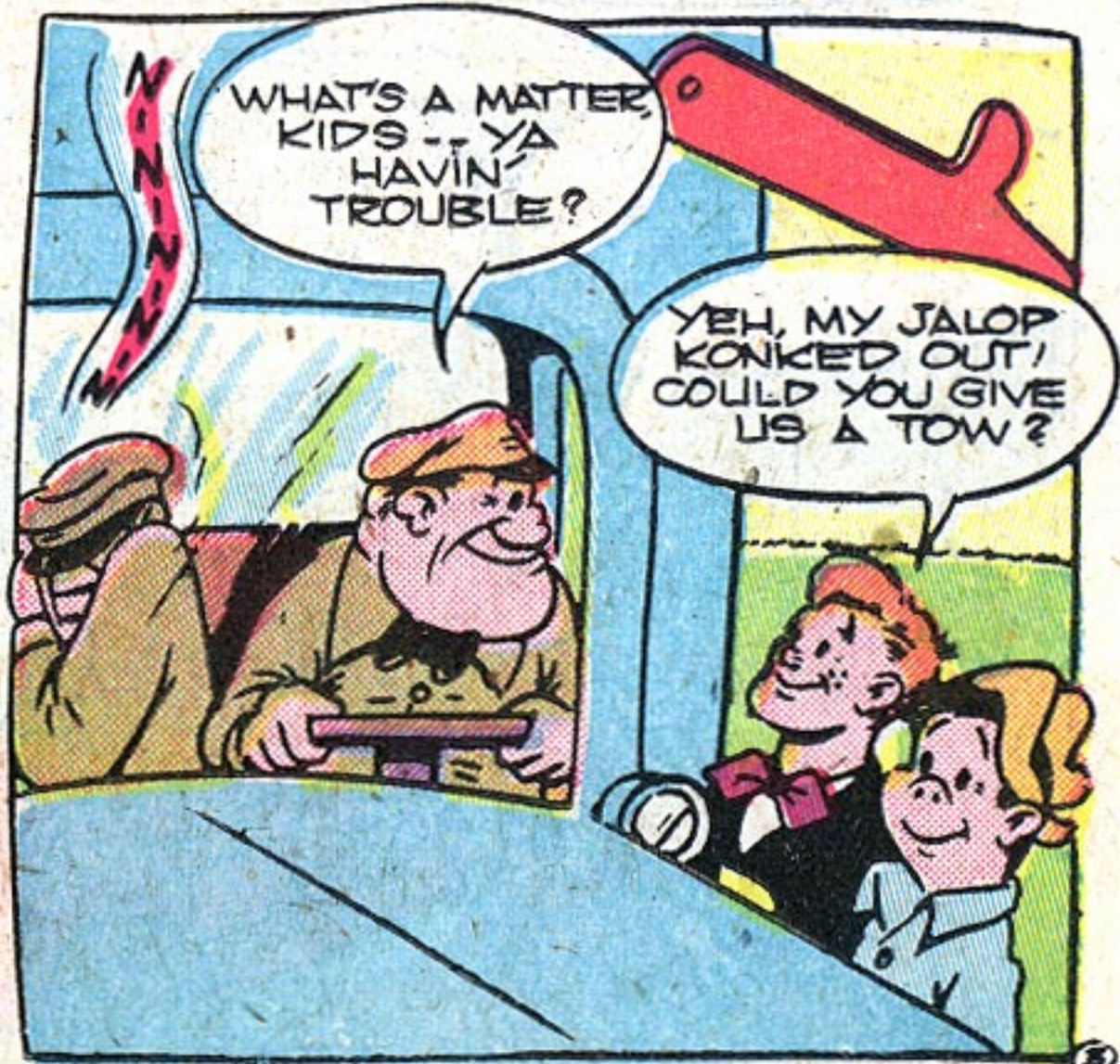
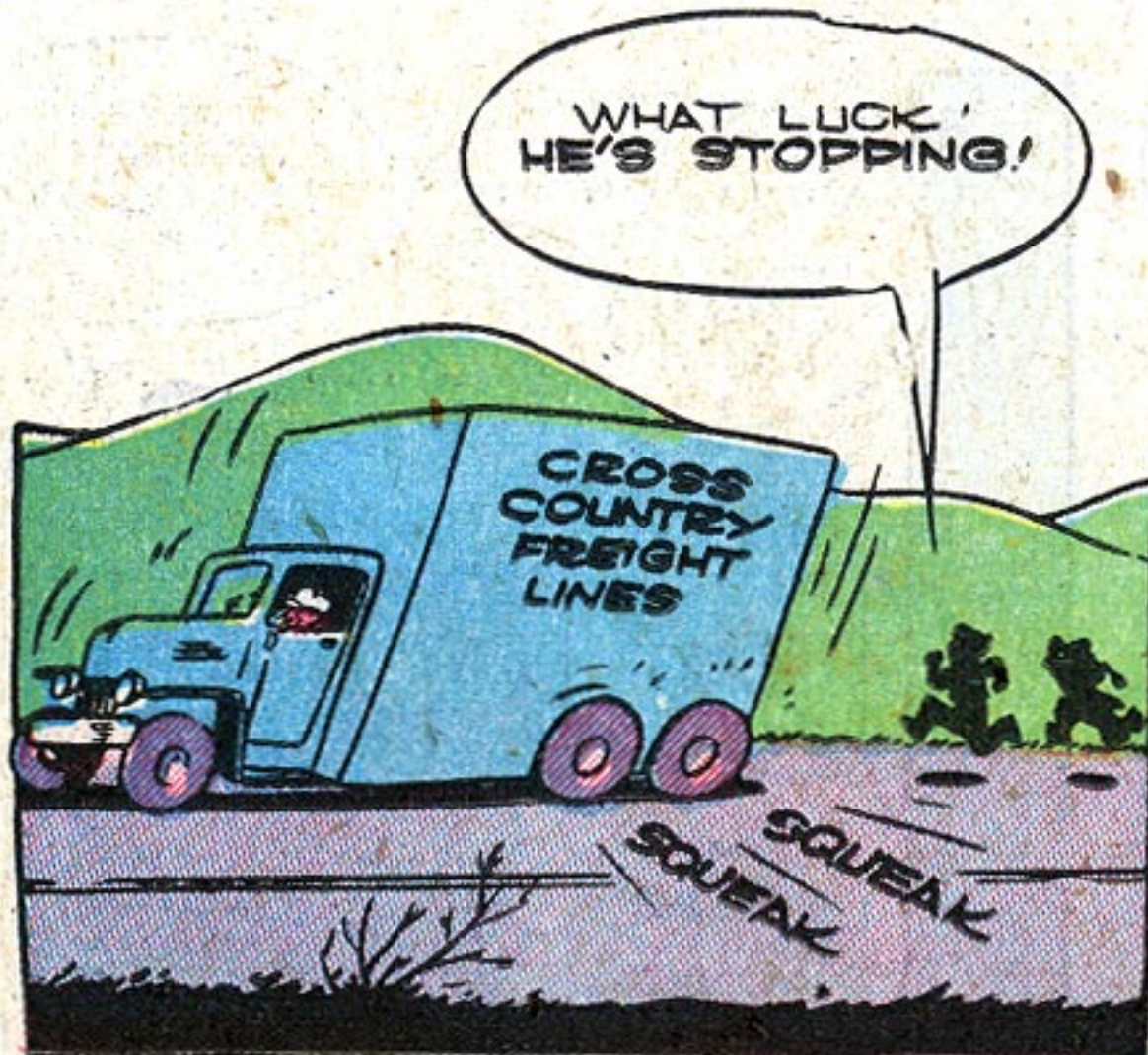
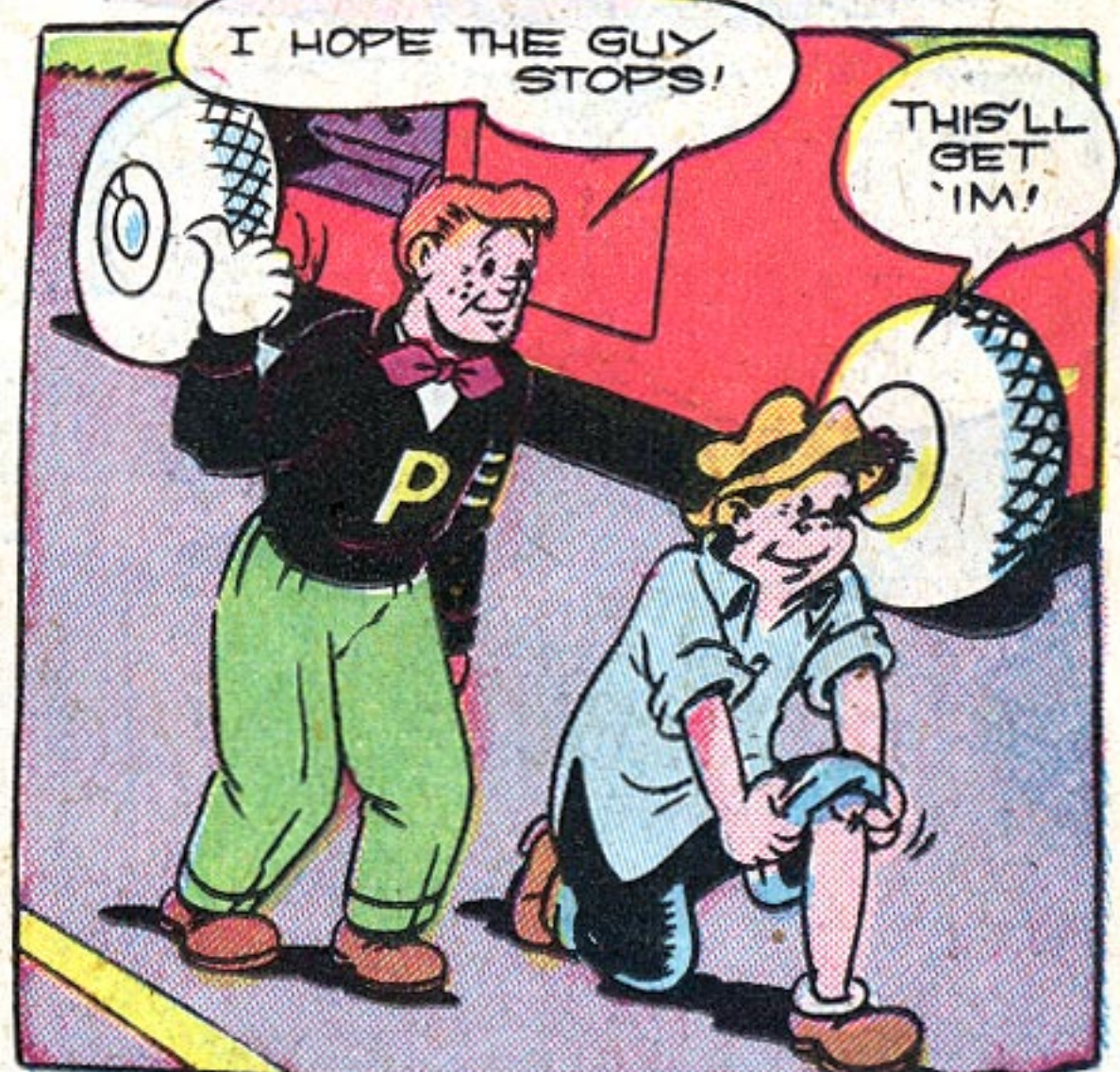
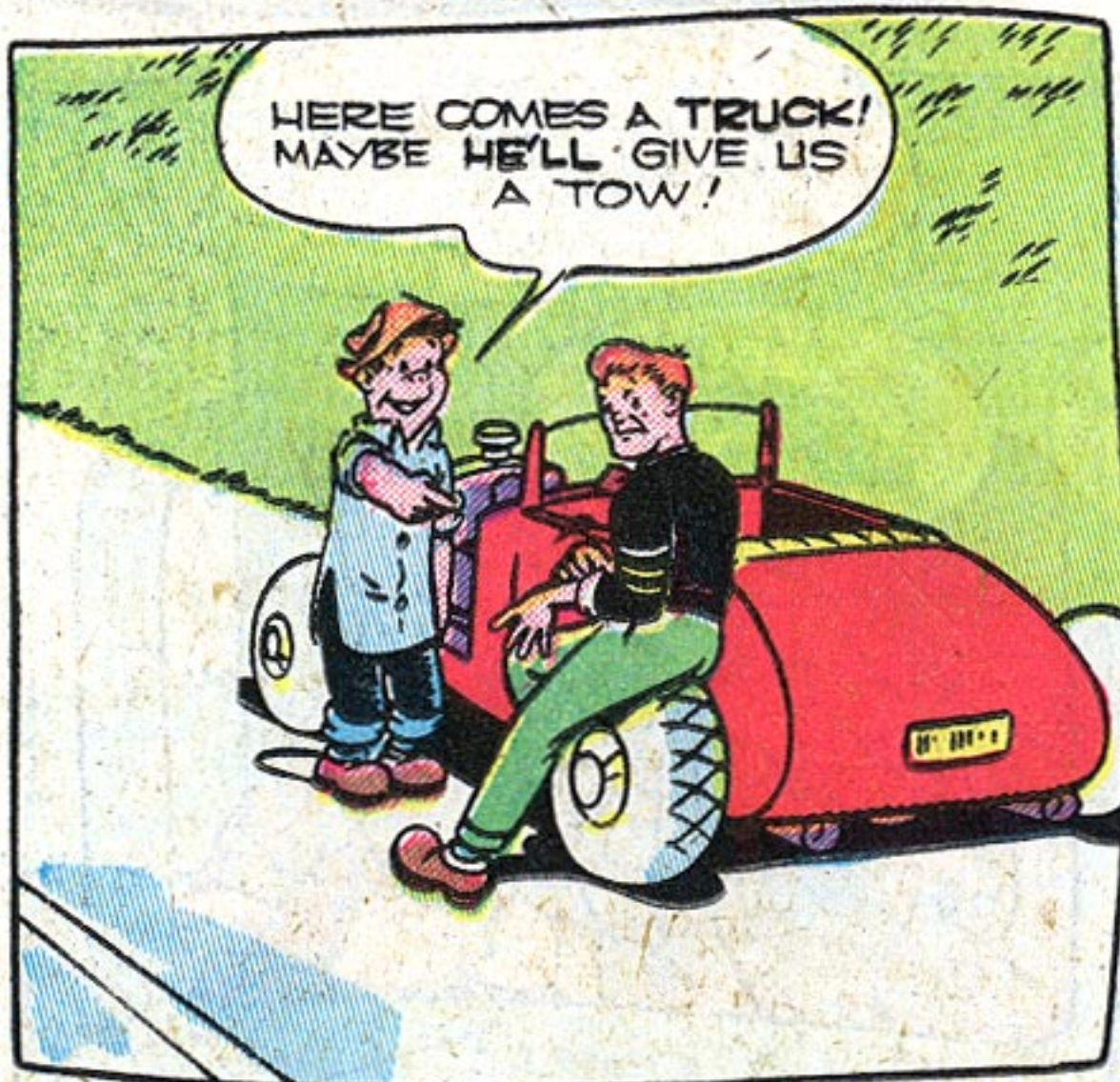
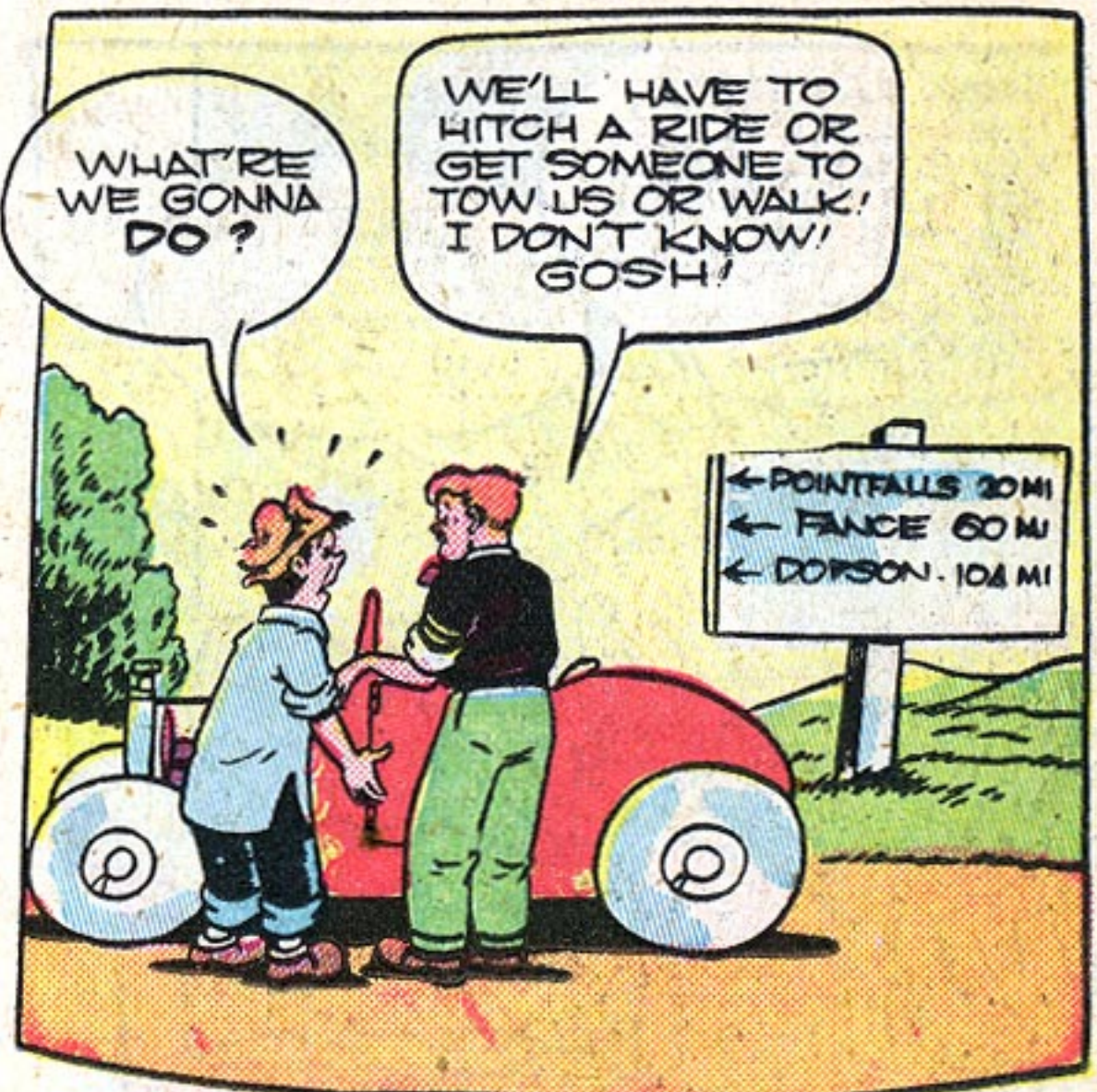
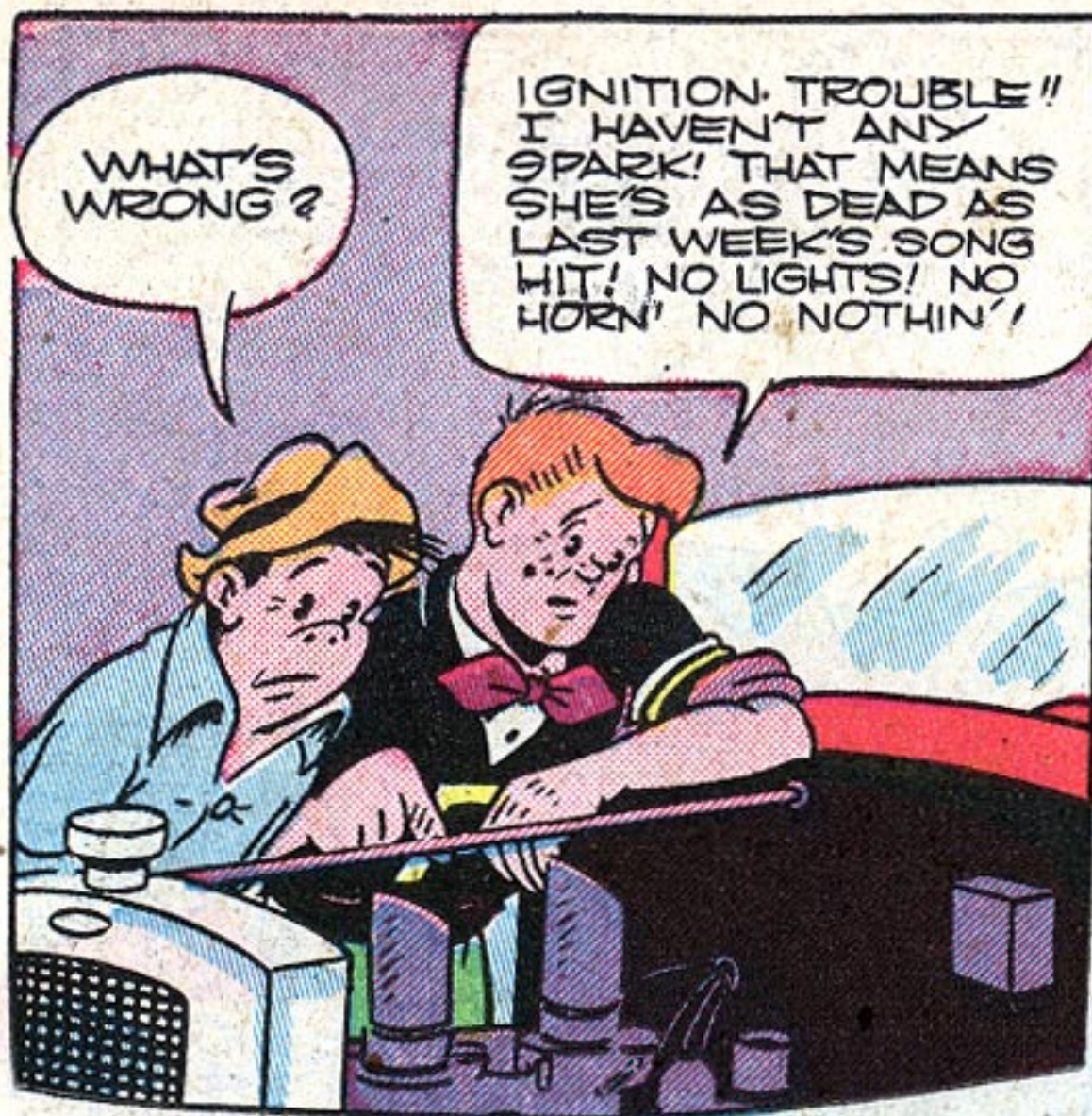
HI-HO, FLIVVER! AWAY!!



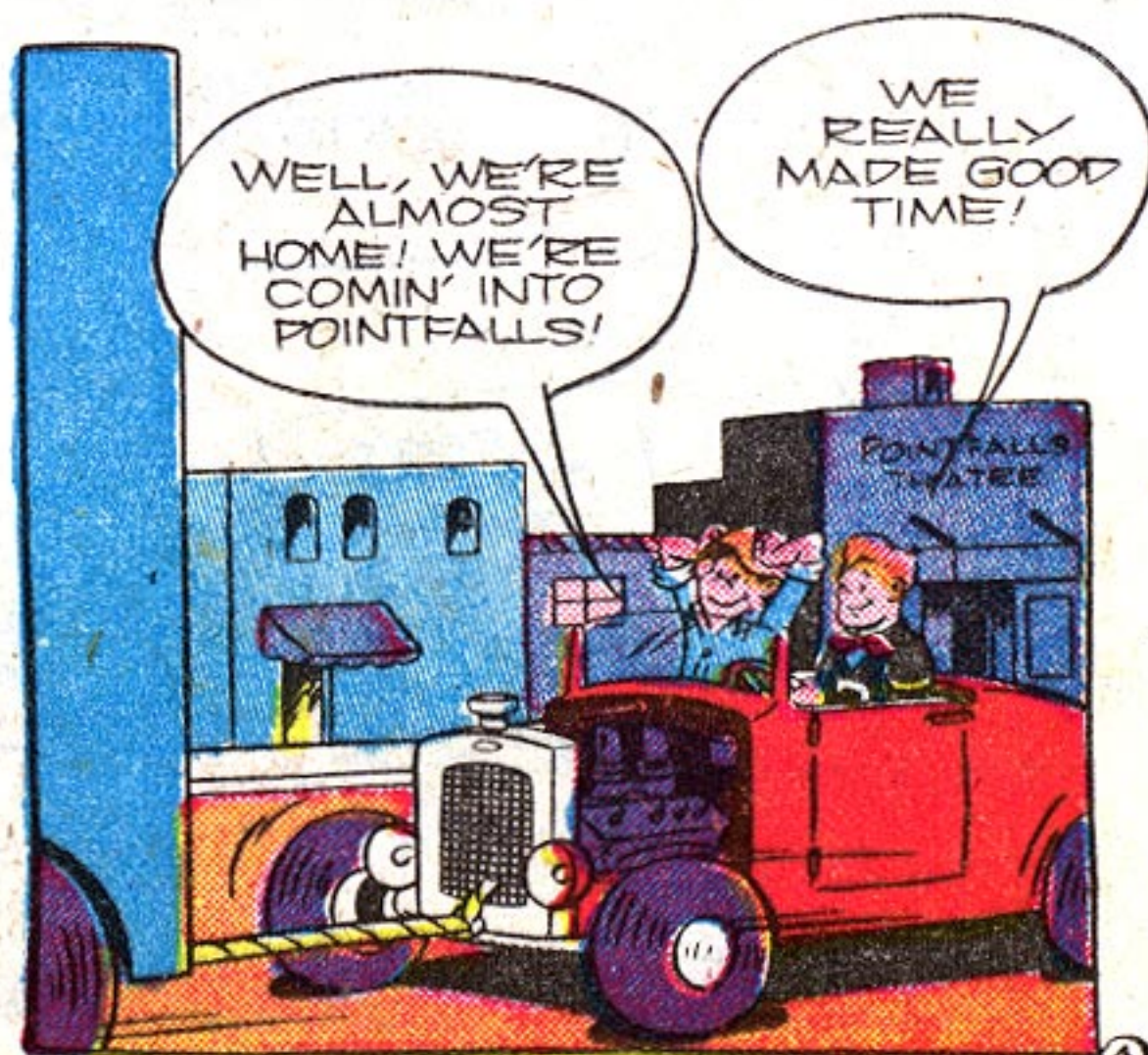
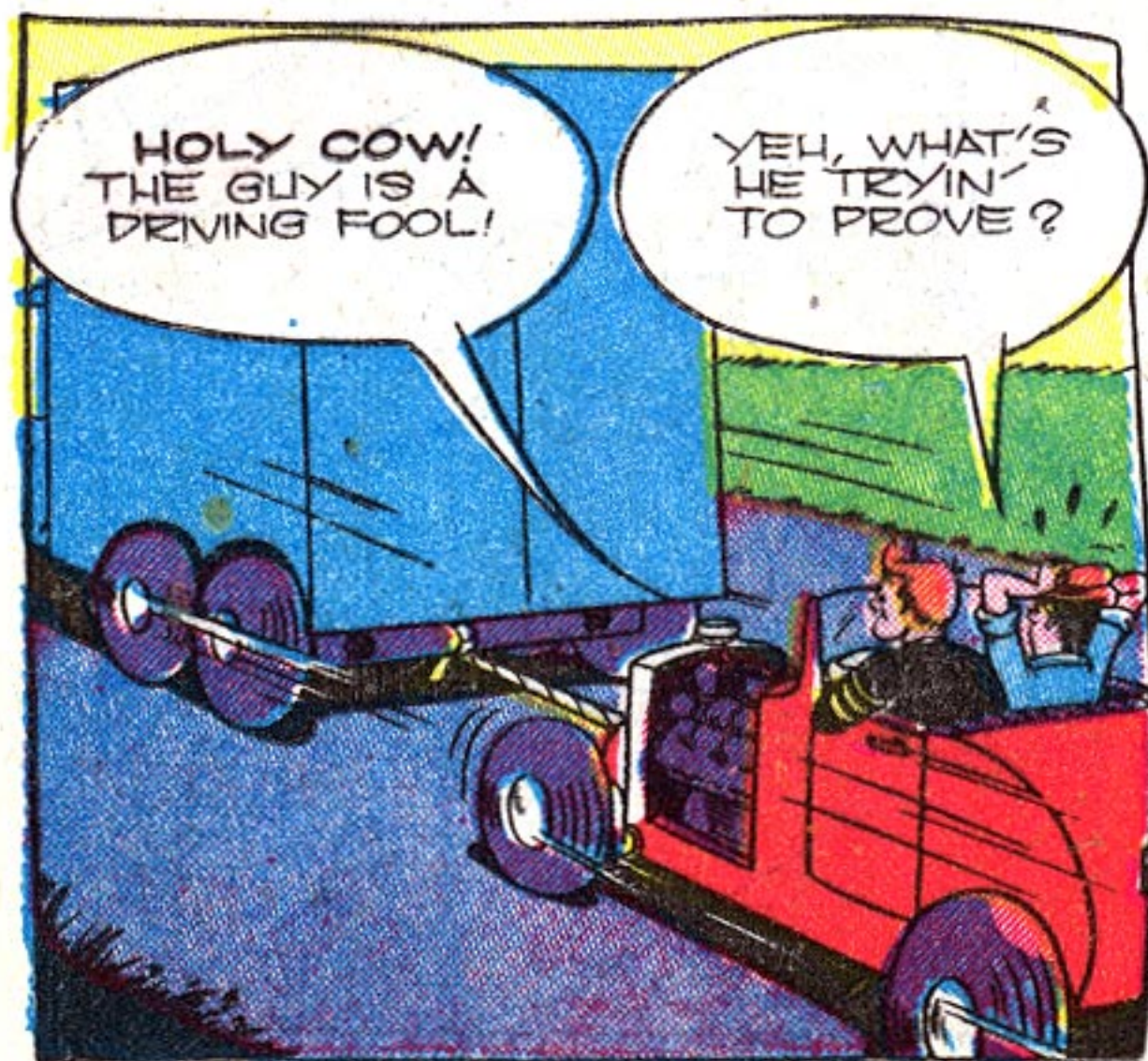




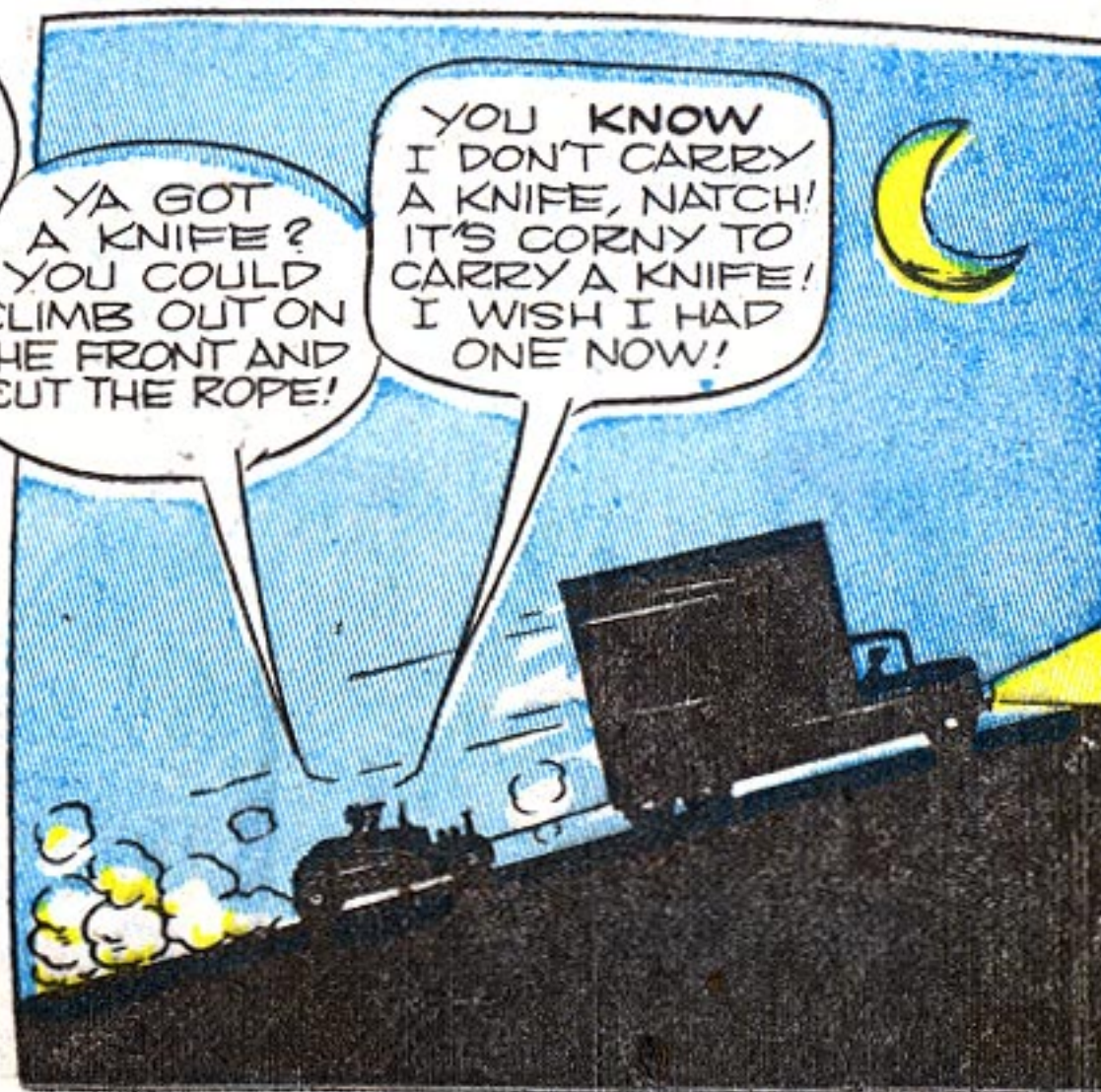
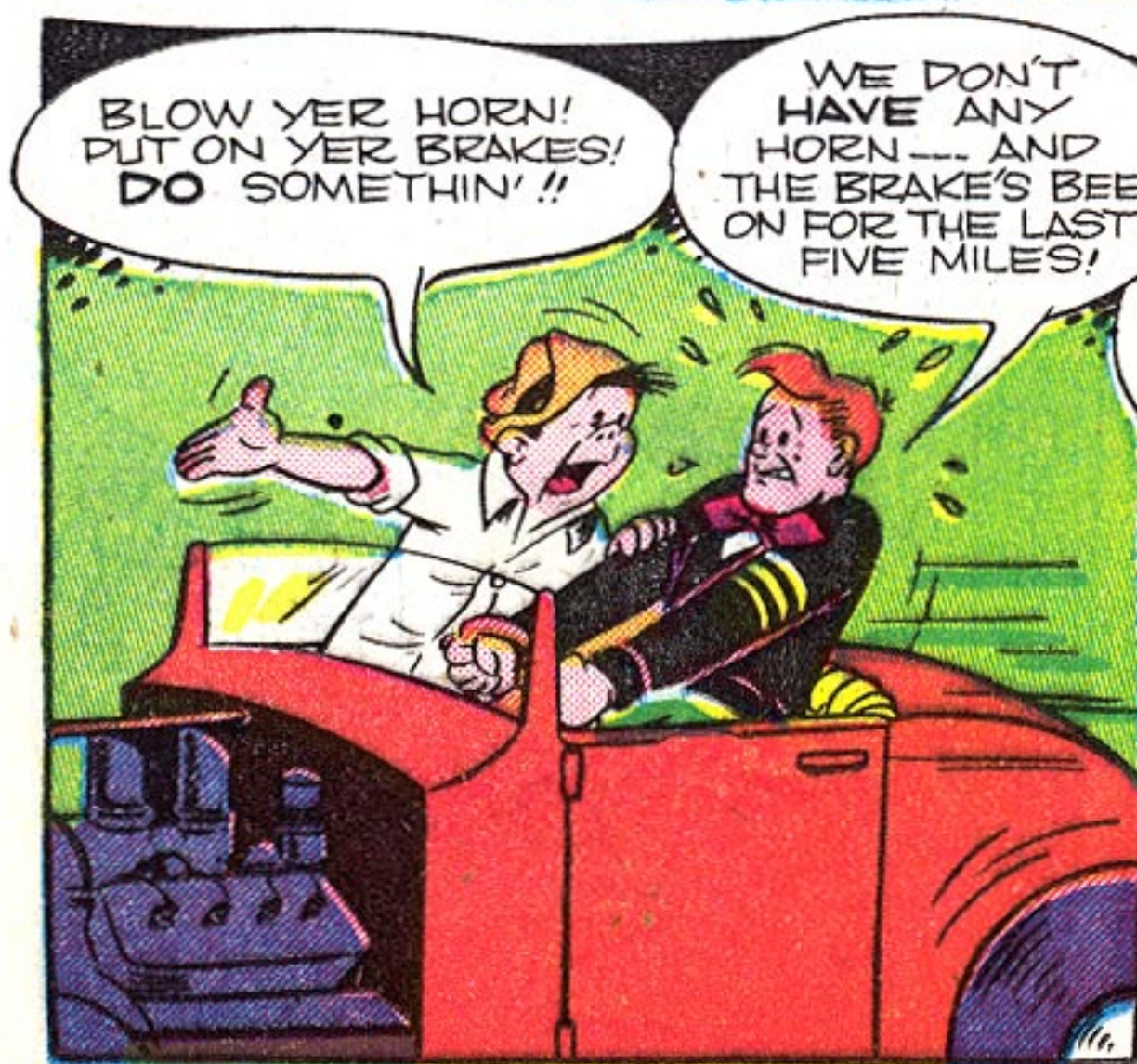
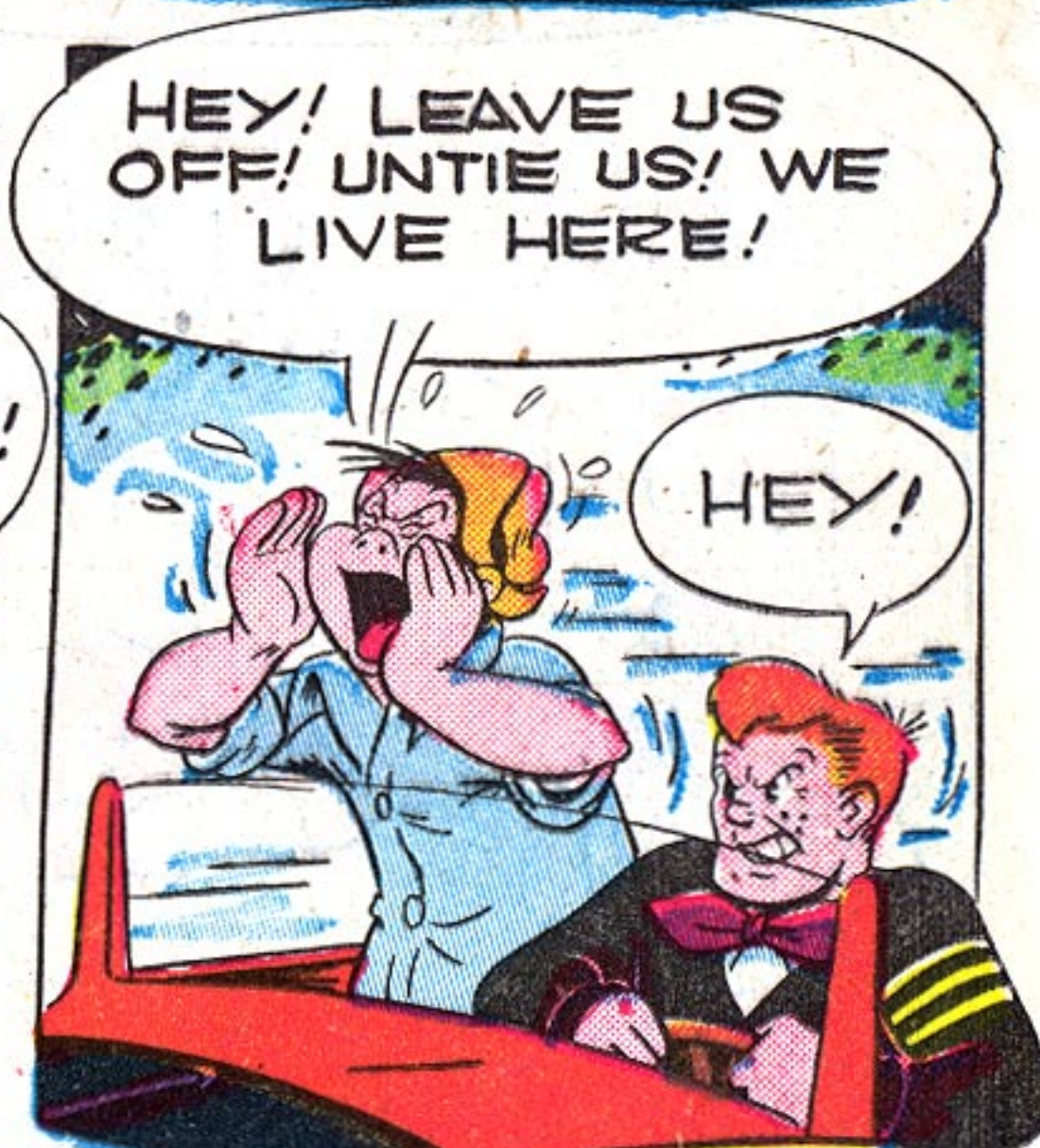
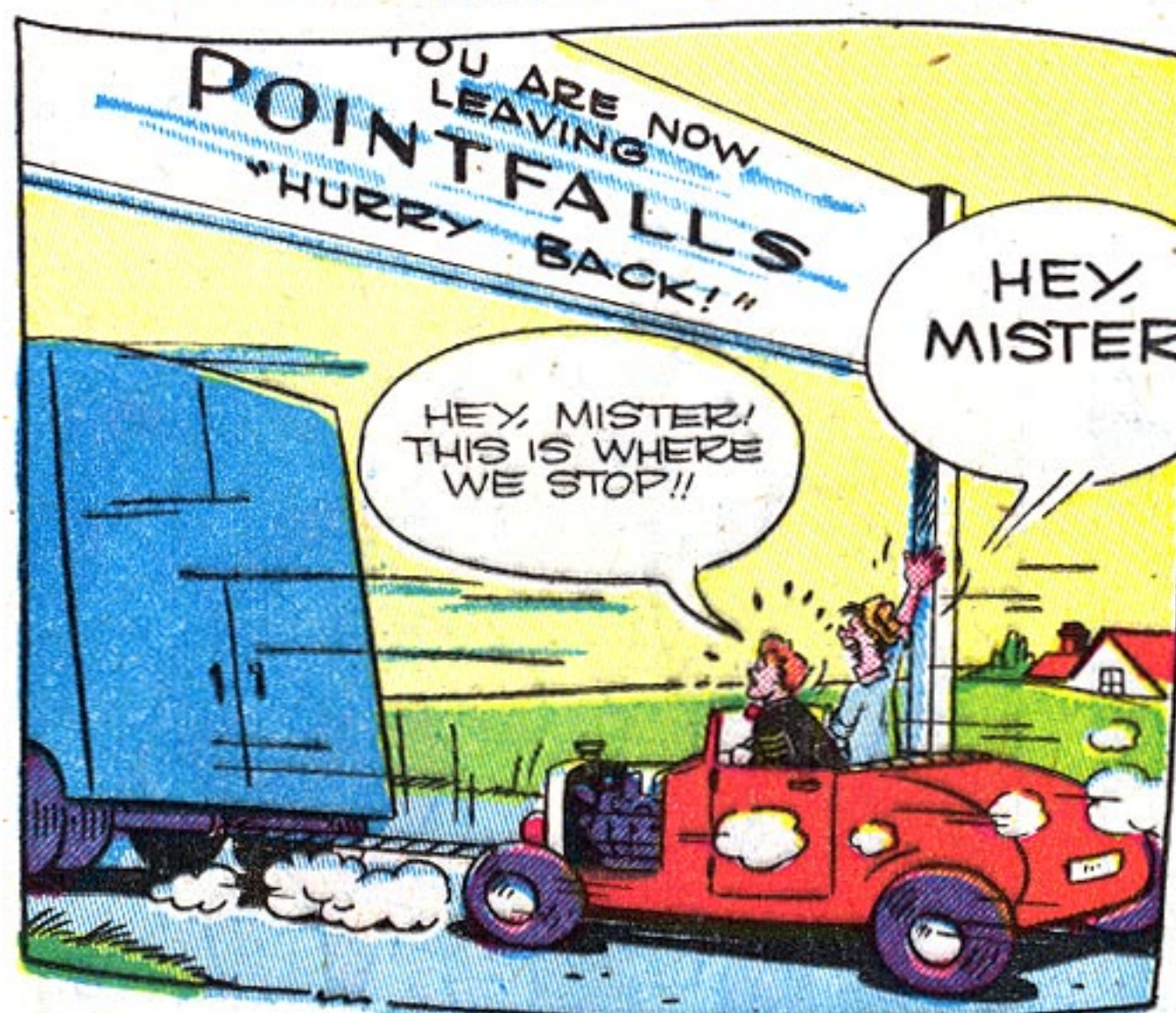
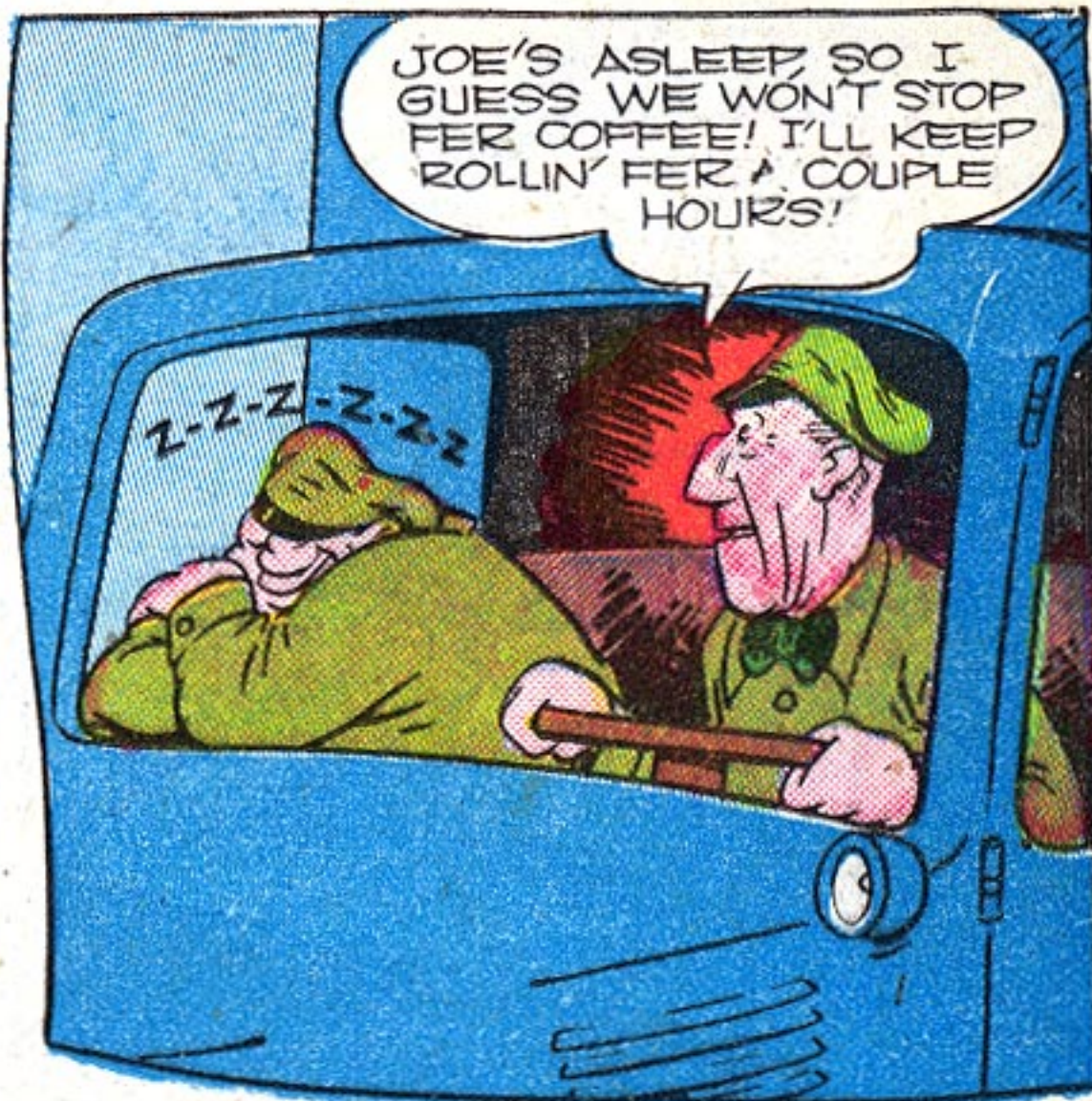
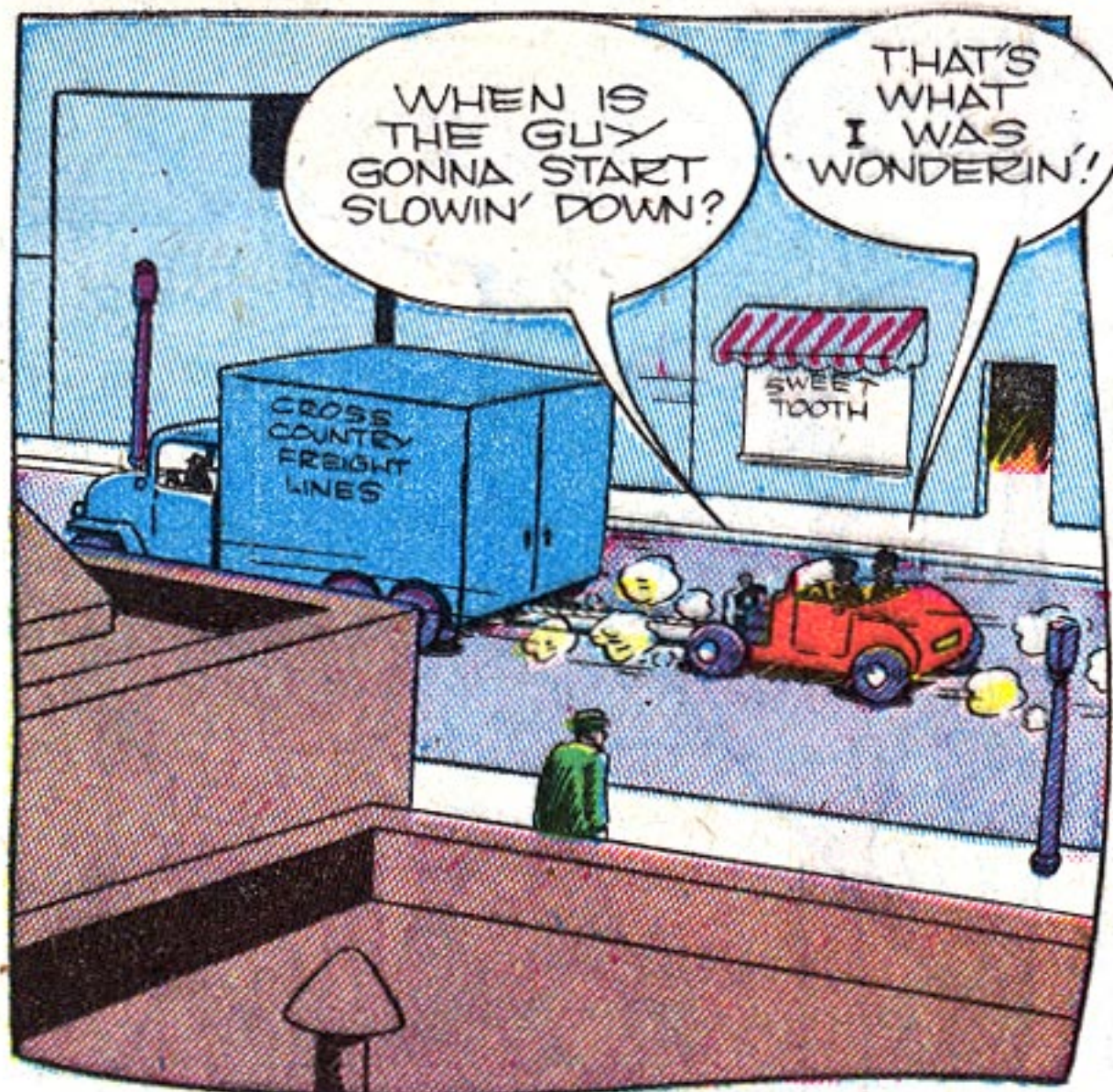




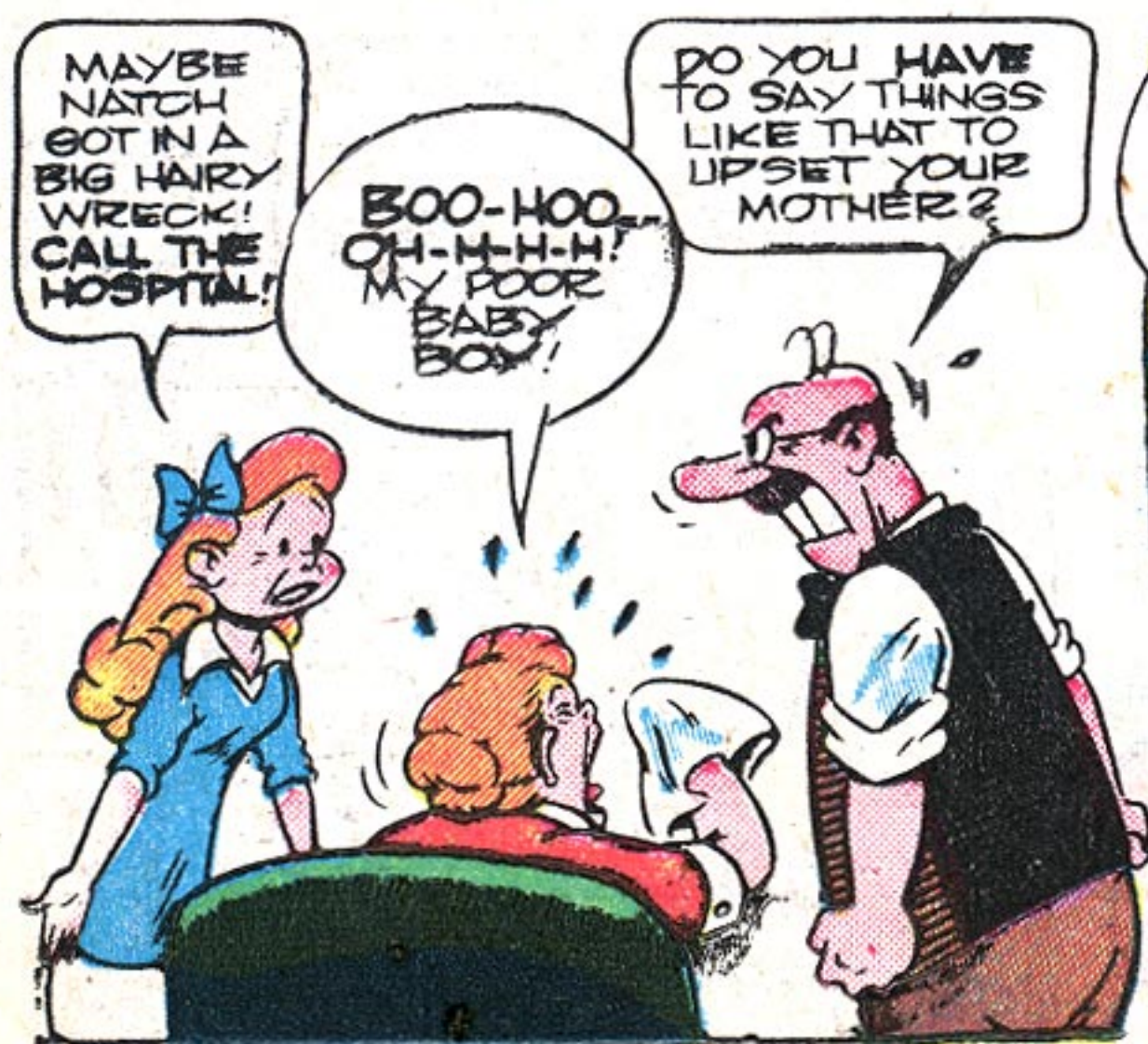
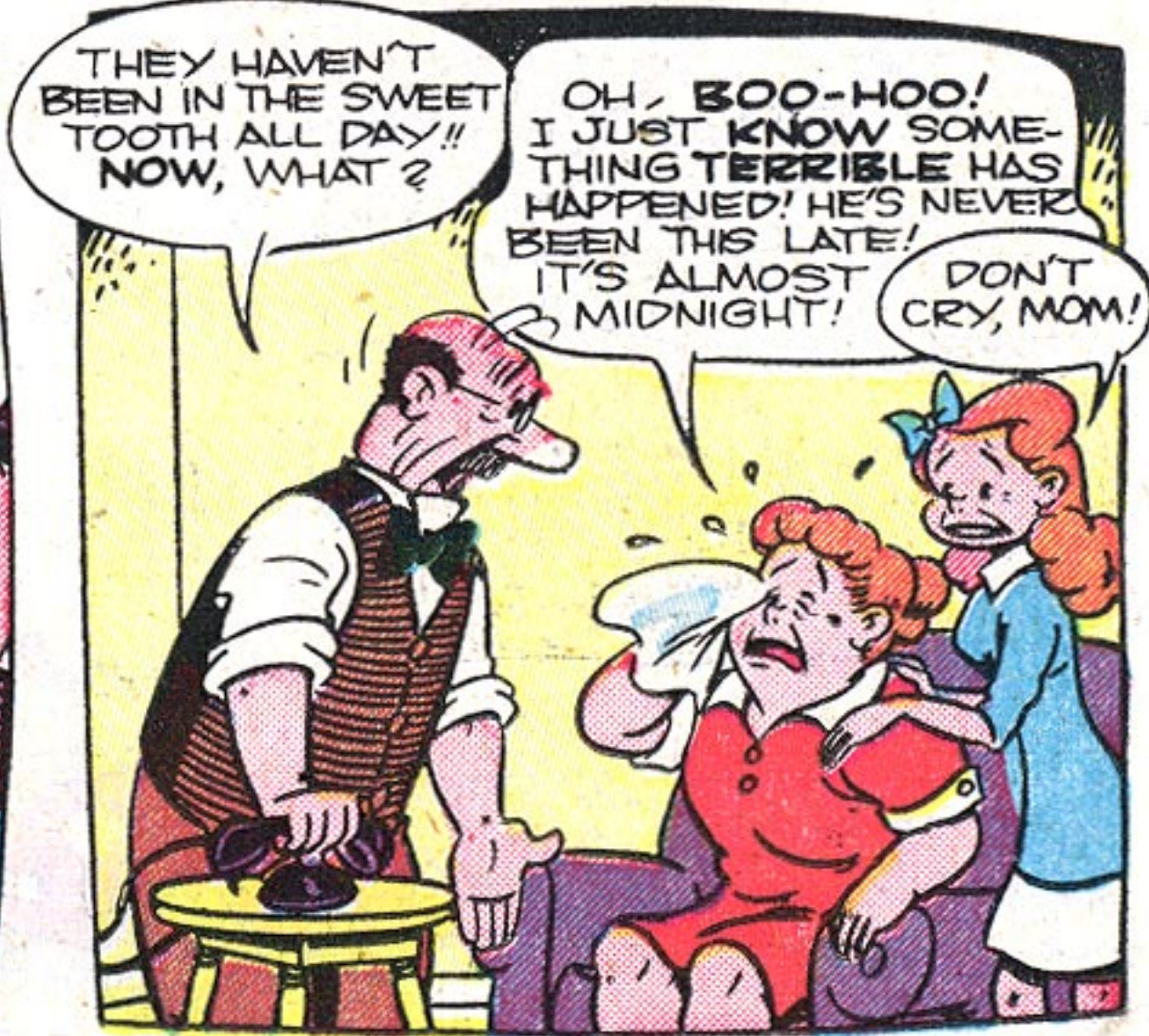
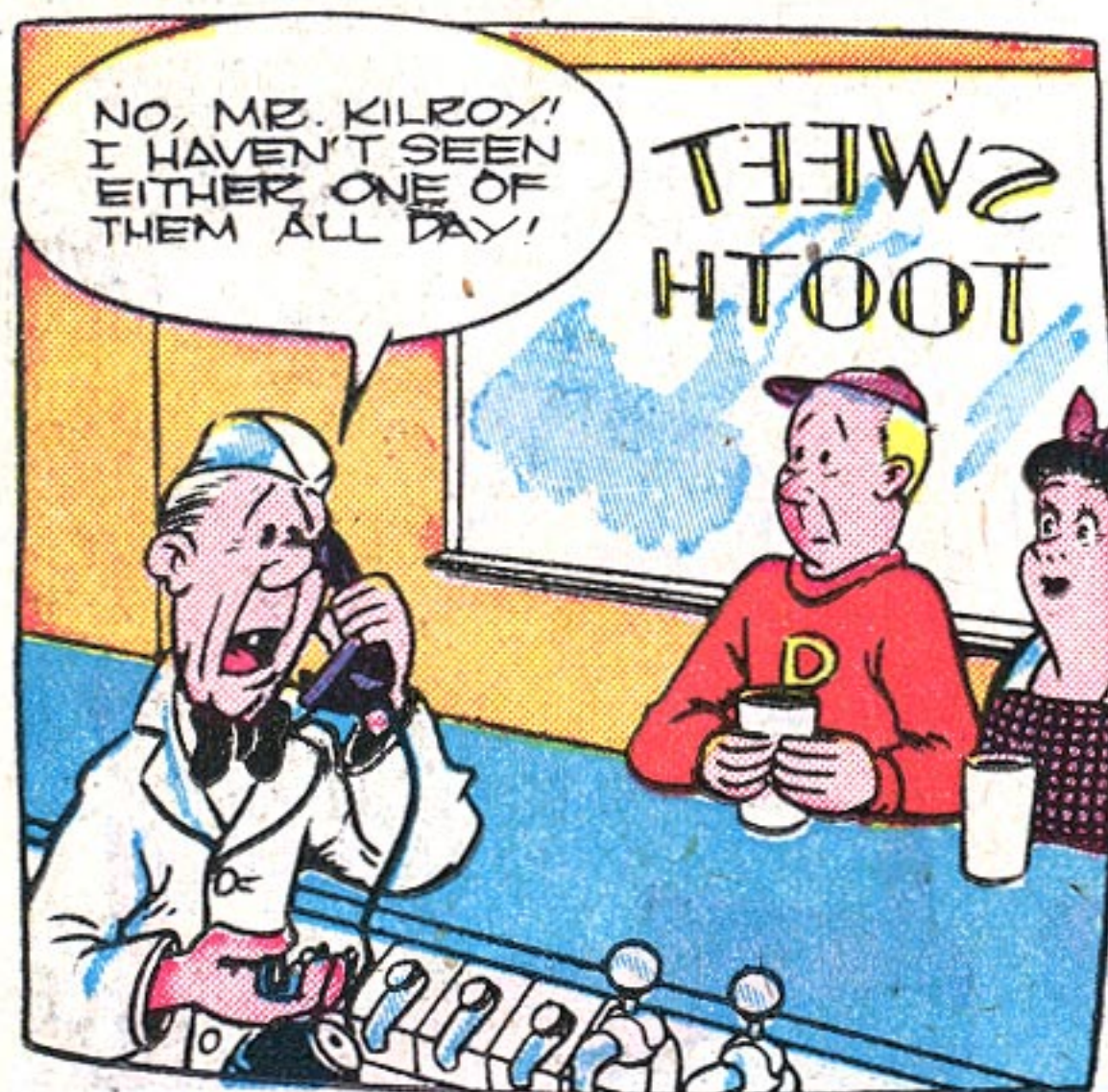
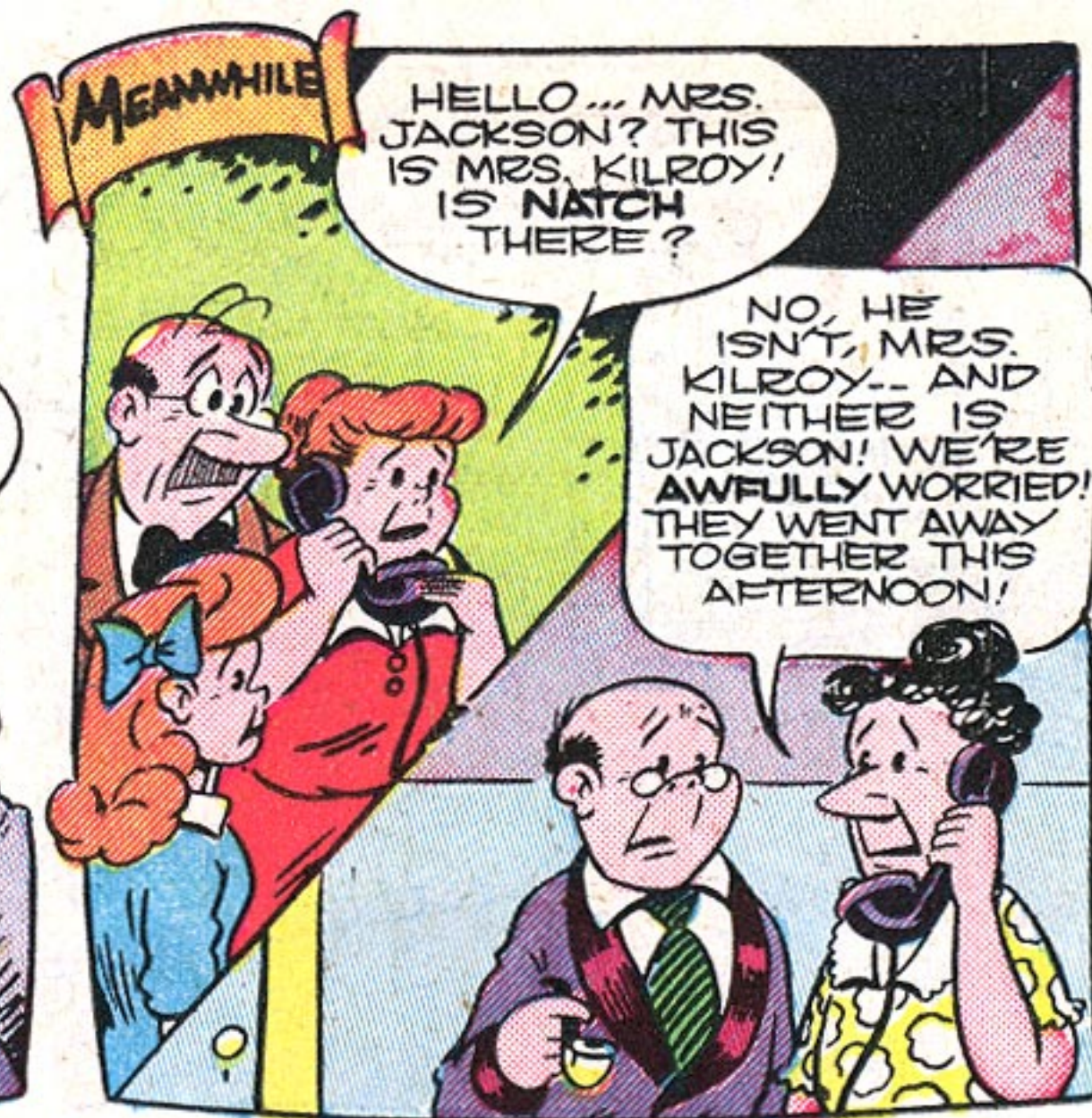
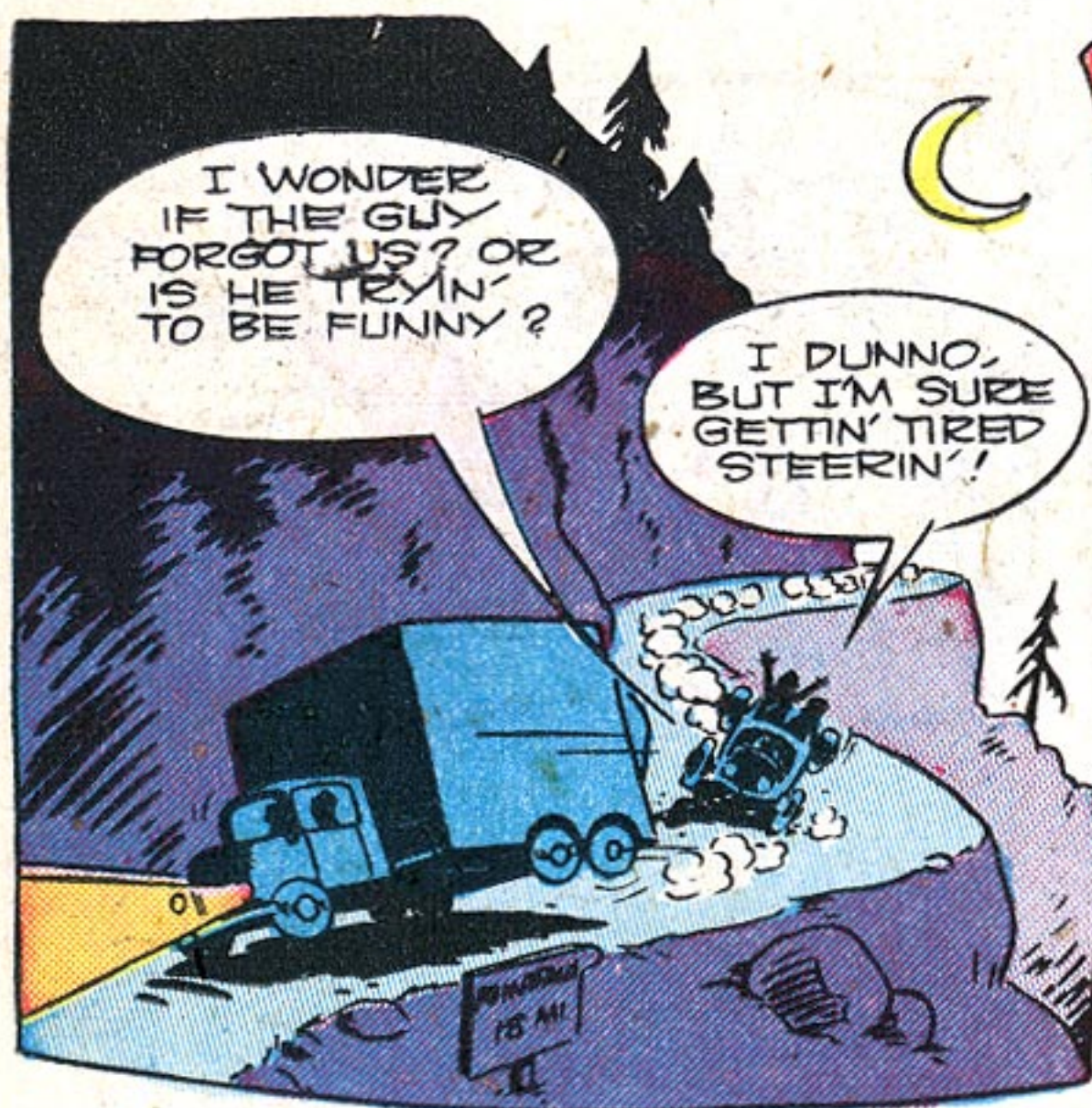




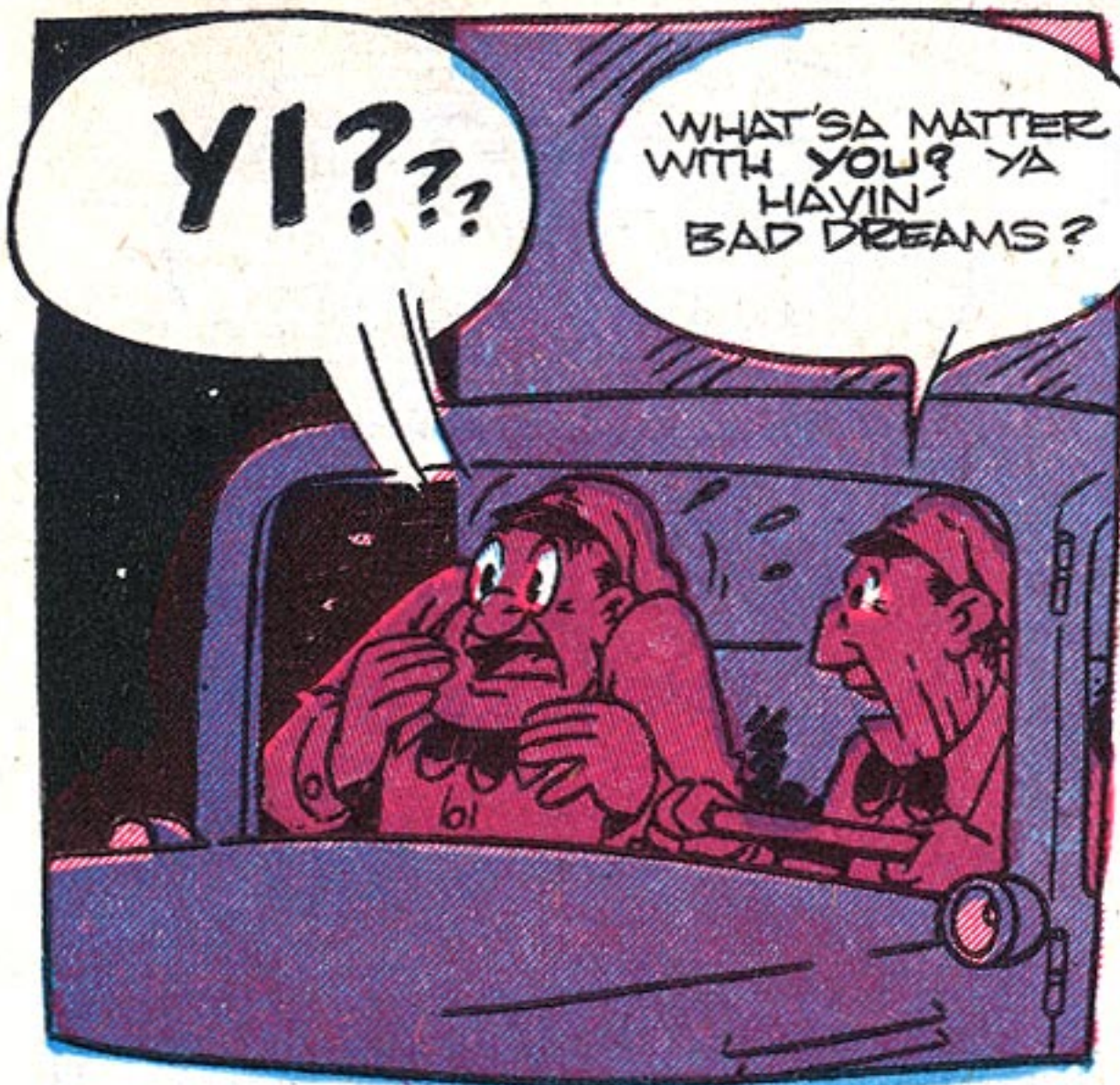












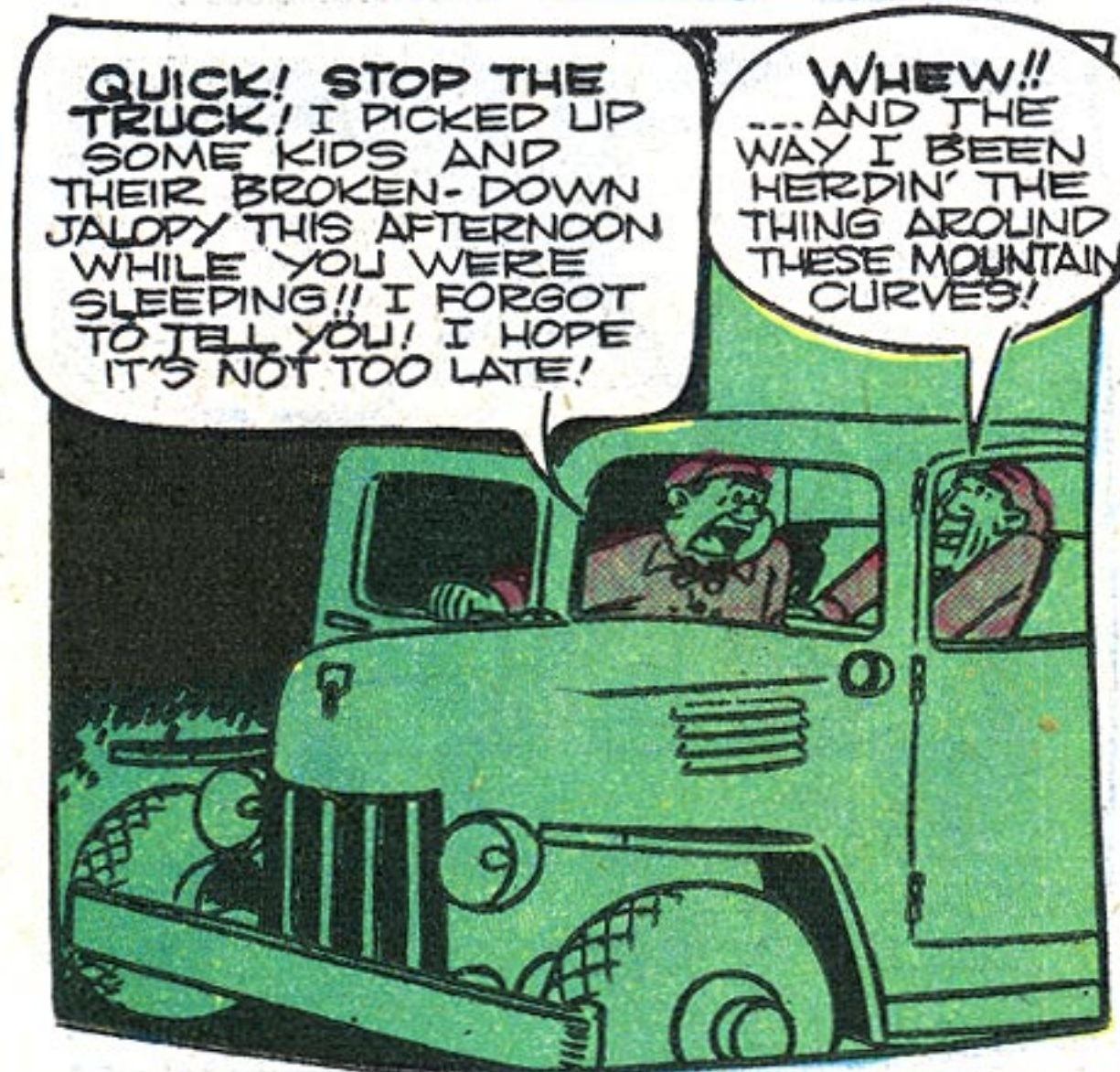
YI???

WHAT'SA MATTER WITH YOU? YA HAVIN' BAD DREAMS?



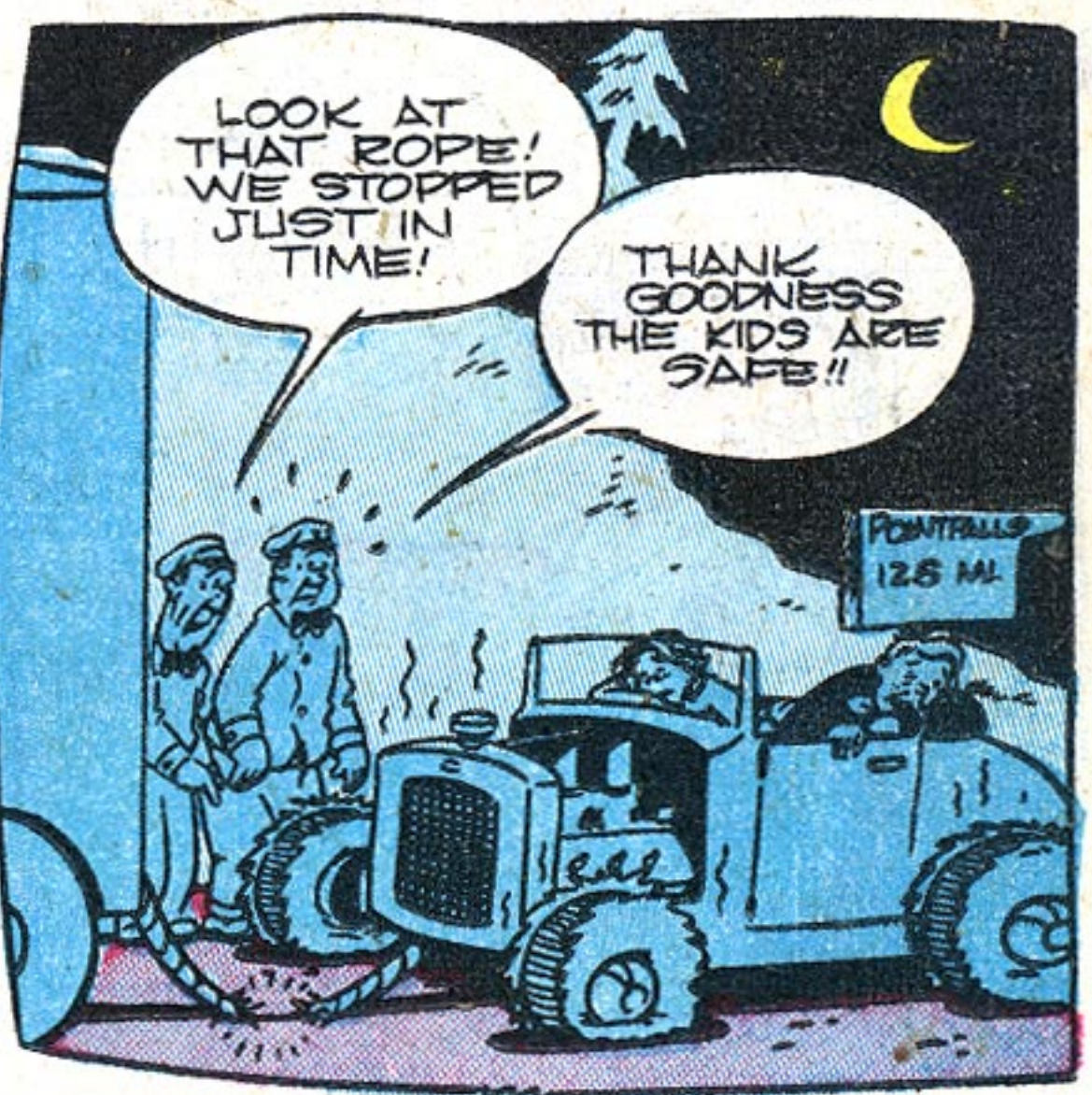
DID YOU UNTIE THE KIDS ON THE BACK OF THE TRUCK?

UNTIE WHAT KIDS? WHO TIED UP SOME KIDS?



QUICK! STOP THE TRUCK! I PICKED UP SOME KIDS AND THEIR BROKEN-DOWN JALOPY THIS AFTERNOON WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING!! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU! I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!

WHEW!! ...AND THE WAY I BEEN HERDIN' THE THING AROUND THESE MOUNTAIN CURVES!



LOOK AT THAT ROPE! WE STOPPED JUST IN TIME!

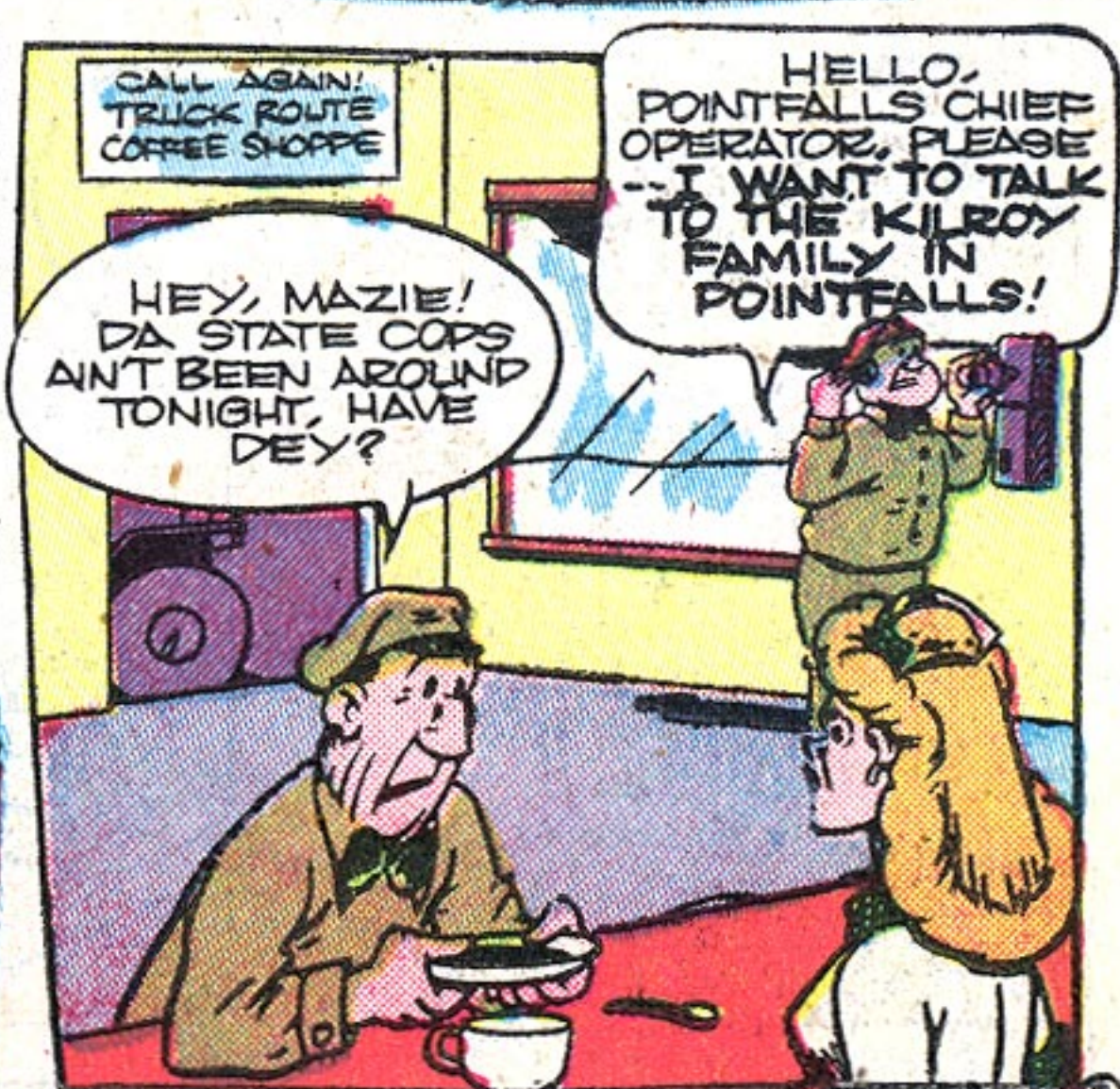
THANK GOODNESS THE KIDS ARE SAFE!!



DON'T WAKE 'EM! I JUST WANT TO GET THIS KID'S NAME OFF OF THE OWNER CERTIFICATE! LET'S SEE - "KILROY"!!

HOLY COW! DA STATE POLICE IS PROBABLY LOOKIN' FER US FER KIDNAPPIN'! WE BETTER PHONE BACK TO POINTFALLS AND EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!

THE WHOLE TOWN IS PROBABLY LOOKIN' FOR 'EM!



CALL AGAIN! TRUCK ROUTE COFFEE SHOPPE

HEY, MAZIE! DA STATE COPS AN'T BEEN AROUND TONIGHT, HAVE DEY?

HELLO, POINTFALLS CHIEF OPERATOR, PLEASE -- I WANT TO TALK TO THE KILROY FAMILY IN POINTFALLS!



HELLO, IS THIS THE KILROY FAMILY? WELL, THIS IS JOE, THE TRUCK DRIVER! I GOT YER KIDS AND THEY'RE BOTH OKAY! THEIR CAR BROKE DOWN AN' I TOWED 'EM TOO FAR! BUT I'LL HAVE 'EM HOME IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!

DID THEY FIND 'EM, MOM?



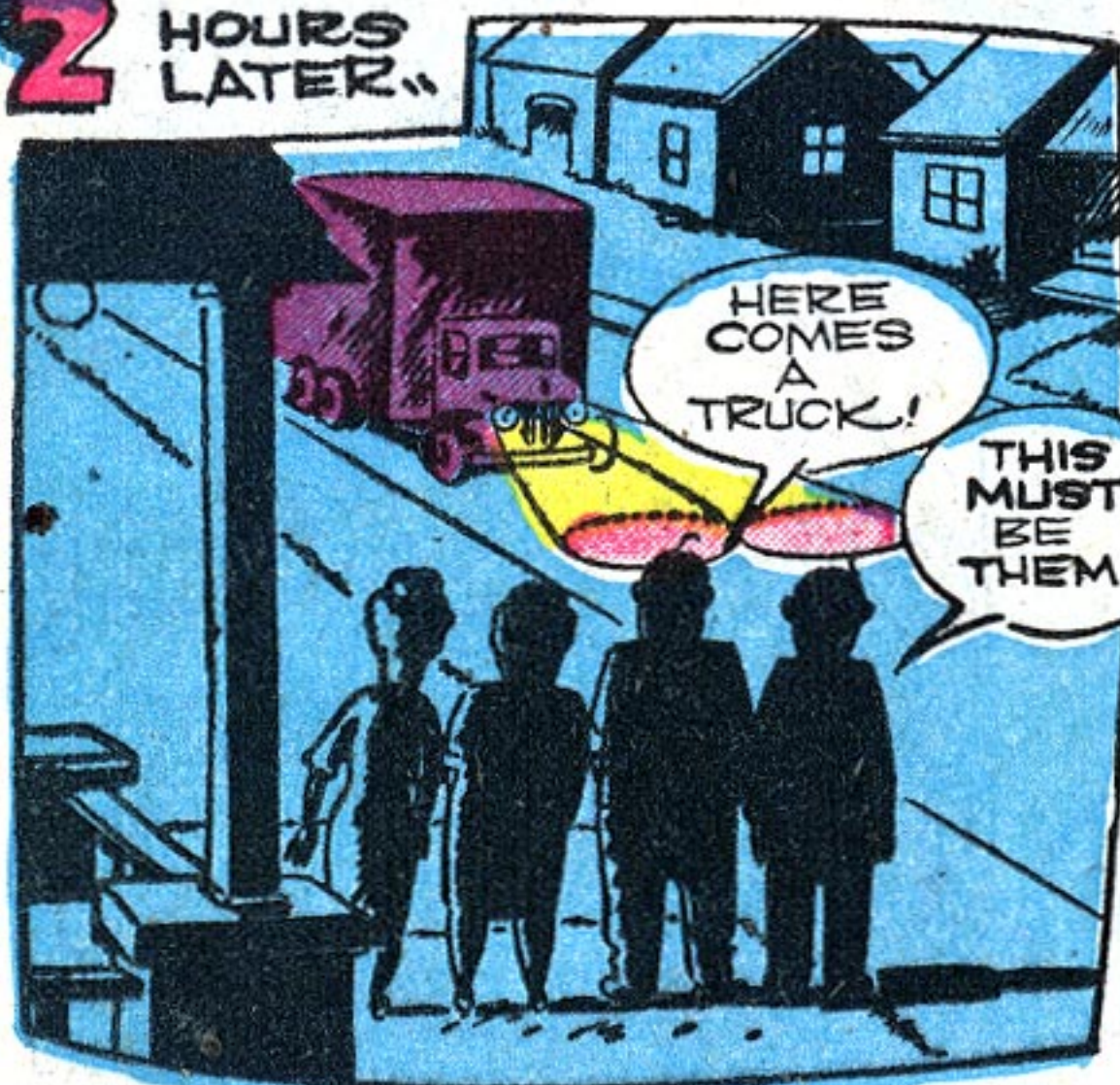
THAT WAS A TRUCK DRIVER CALLING ABOUT THE BOYS... THEY'RE UP IN DODSON CITY! THEIR CAR BROKE DOWN, BUT THEY'LL BE HOME IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!



**2** HOURS LATER..

HERE COMES A TRUCK!

THIS MUST BE THEM!

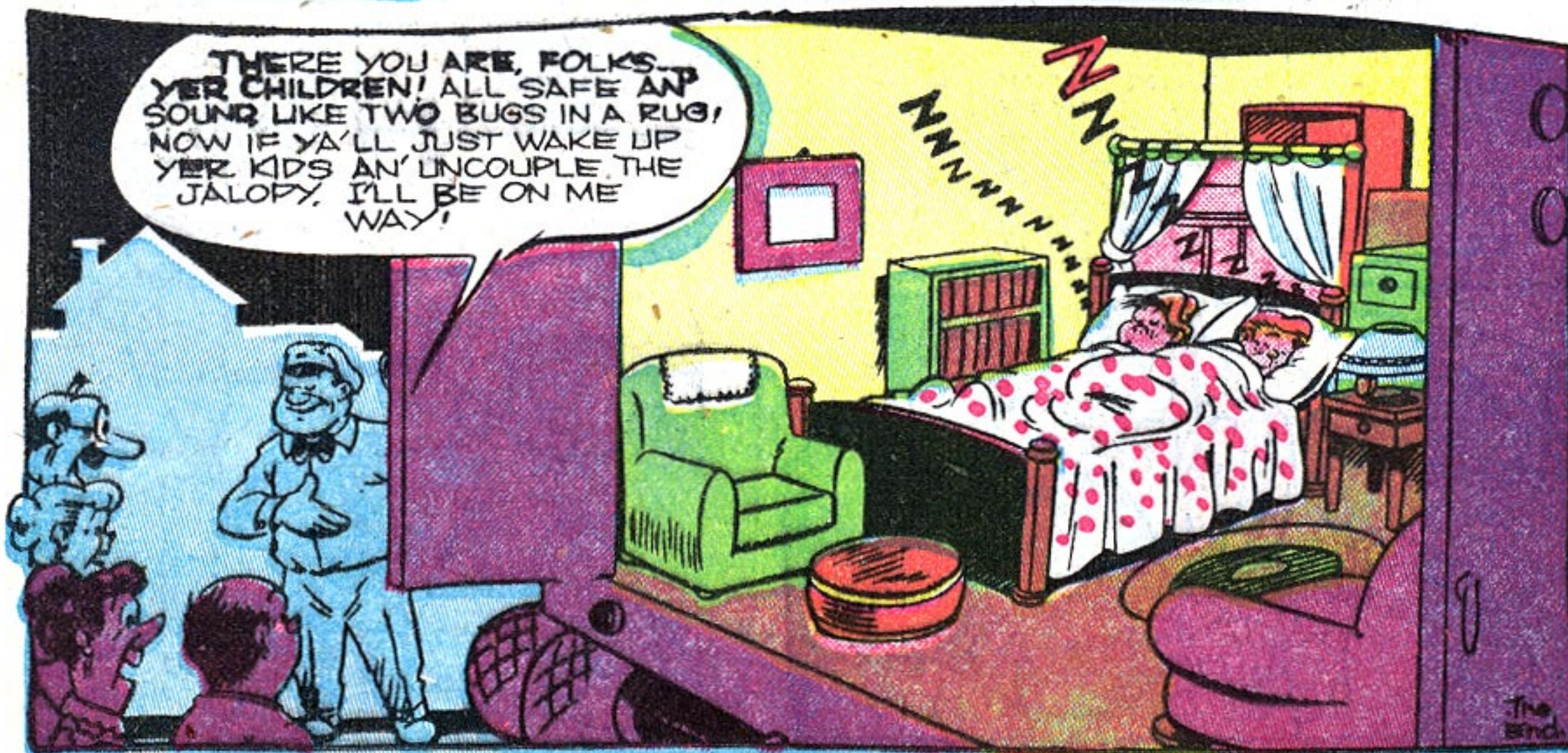


THAT'S NATCH'S JALOPY! BUT WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

IS THIS WHERE THE KILROYS LIVE?



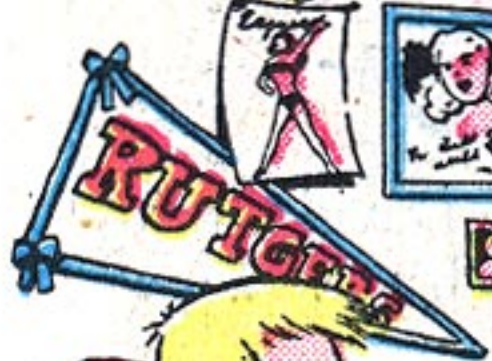
THERE YOU ARE, FOLKS... YER CHILDREN! ALL SAFE AN' SOUND LIKE TWO BUGS IN A RUG! NOW IF YA'LL JUST WAKE UP YER KIDS AN' UNCOUPLE THE JALOPY, I'LL BE ON ME WAY!



The End



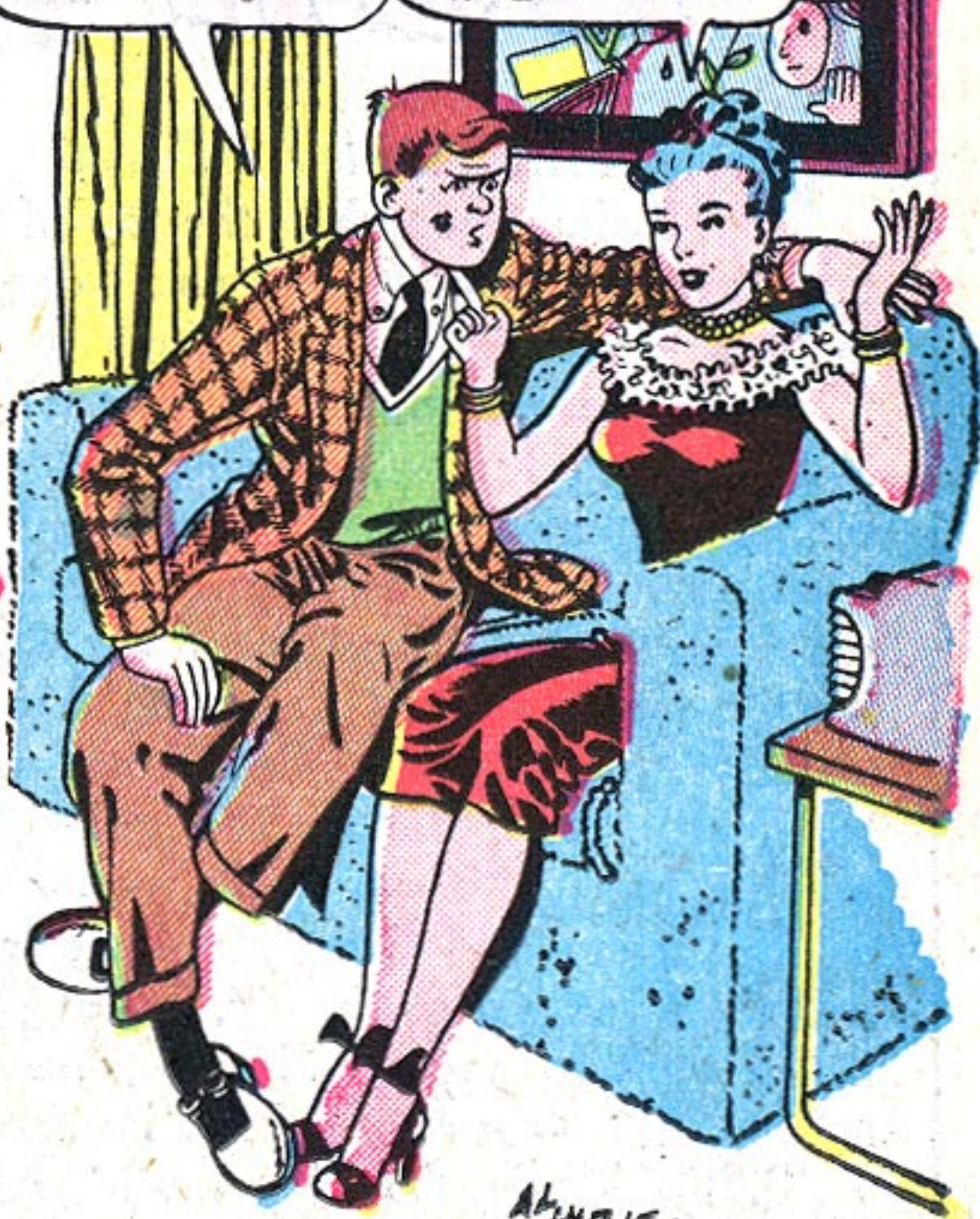
# KOLLEGE KAPERS



I THINK A FELLA SHOULD TAKE AN **INTEREST** IN HIS WORK! I'M GONNA BE A **DISC-JOCKEY**!

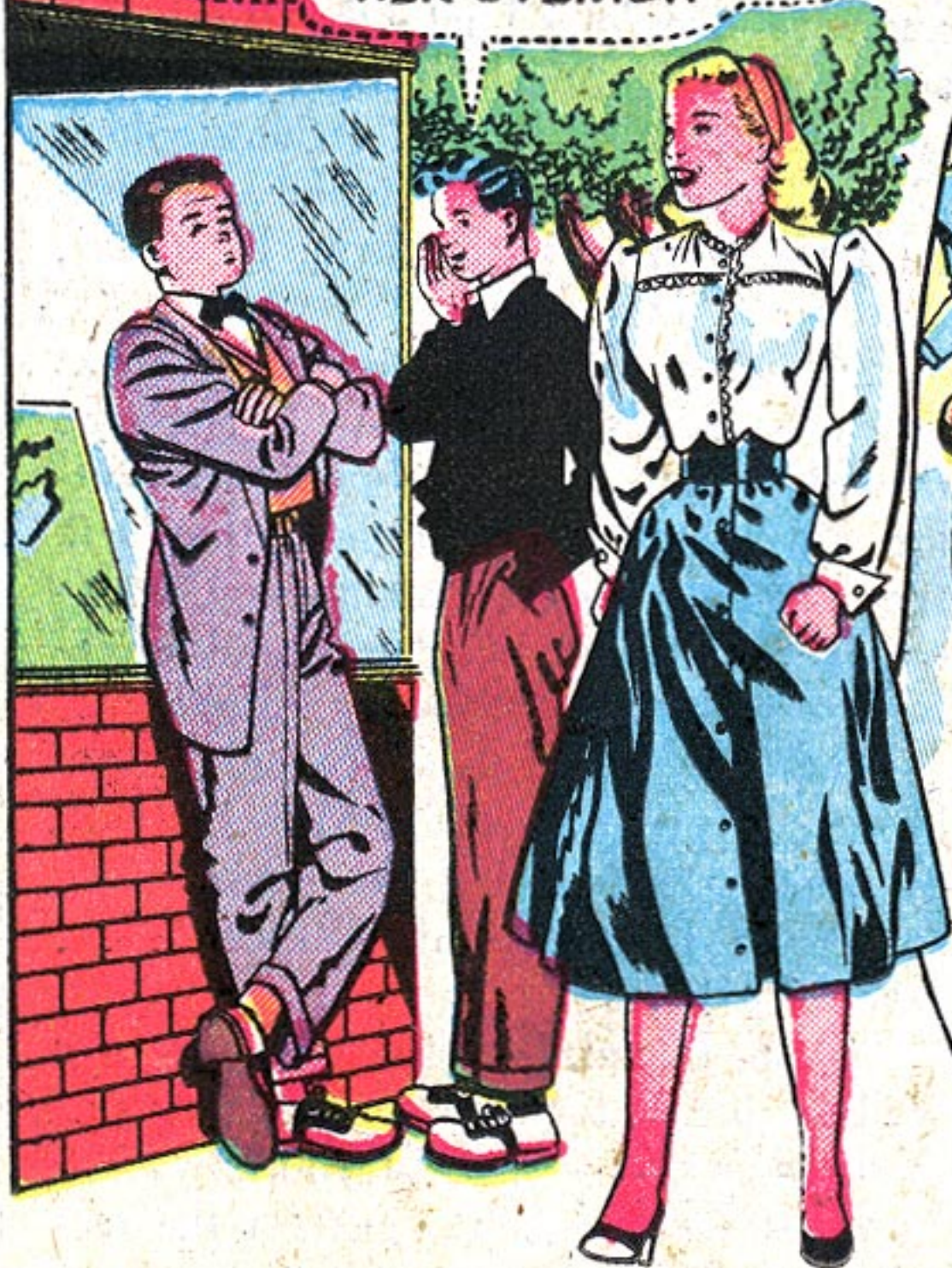
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD-FASHIONED GAL WHO **FAINTED** WHEN A GUY KISSED HER?

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD-FASHIONED **GUY** WHO **MADE** A GAL FAINT WHEN HE KISSED HER!



AL HARLEY

THAT WALLFLOWER WOULD BE POPULAR IF SHE'D **SHED** A FEW PETALS AND SHOW HER **STEMS**!!



EVERYBODY SKATE

PARDON ME. MISS... THE NAME IS TAYLOR!



# LONGHAIR

"BROTHER, it's terrific!" said Dink Marlow, pounding the top of the table so that the malts and cokes danced in their glasses. "We're a cinch to win . . . with me and my drums, that is!"

He was referring, of course, to the big jazz contest to be held at Midville High in two days. Various high schools were participating, and the prize was a week's engagement at a leading theatre.

"Can ya imagine, Ellen?" he asked the pretty, slim, dark-haired girl sitting next to him. "Me, with the hottest set o' skins in town! I'm not like some *long-hairs*," he added scornfully, looking out of the window and pointing to a passing figure. "Like *that* cornball, for instance!"

"Why, that's David Drew!" Ellen Bertram said. "He's not a cornball, Dink! He's just, well . . . just serious, I guess!"

"Go on, he's a longhair! Who ever heard of a *regular* guy passing up cokes an' dances with the gang in favor of making music on a fiddle? Bach, yet! Boy, Midville High is lucky there's somebody like *me* around!"

Ellen said nothing. She did, however, look a bit uncertain as she and Dink rose, paid for their drinks and left the ice cream parlor. Dink was still talking about his certain triumph in the jazz contest as they walked down the street.

"I'll knock 'em off their feet!" he boasted. "I'll . . ." he stopped short. "Y'know somethin', Ellen?" Dink Marlow asked suddenly. "I don't feel very good. I feel sorta funny!"

"You *look* sorta funny too, Dink," Ellen peered at him closely. "You seem to have spots all over your face!"

There was no doubt about it. Dink Marlow had the measles! "This is what I get for baby-sitting," he moaned. "And here's where Midville High loses the jazz contest . . . ooooooh!"

"What's wrong, Dink?" David Drew called from the porch of his house. "Lose something?"

Dink would not condescend to answer, but Ellen told David what had happened. "So you see," she concluded, "Dink can't drum and we'll lose!"

"Not necessarily," David remarked thoughtfully. "I could represent Midville High! Would you lend me your drums, Dink?"

"You!" the stricken boy sneered. "What do you know about drummin'?"

"I've studied elementary primitive rhythms," David answered. "The repetitive pagan beat . . . the monotonous thumping . . . the wild frenzy of cacaphony . . . the . . ."

"That's enough!" Dink shouted despairingly. "You might as well take the drums. With your attitude, we'll lose anyway!"

On the day of the contest, the school audience overflowed into the street outside the auditorium. When the curtain rose and revealed intense, serious-looking David Drew, everyone laughed and wished Dink Marlow were there. Everyone, that is . . . but Ellen!

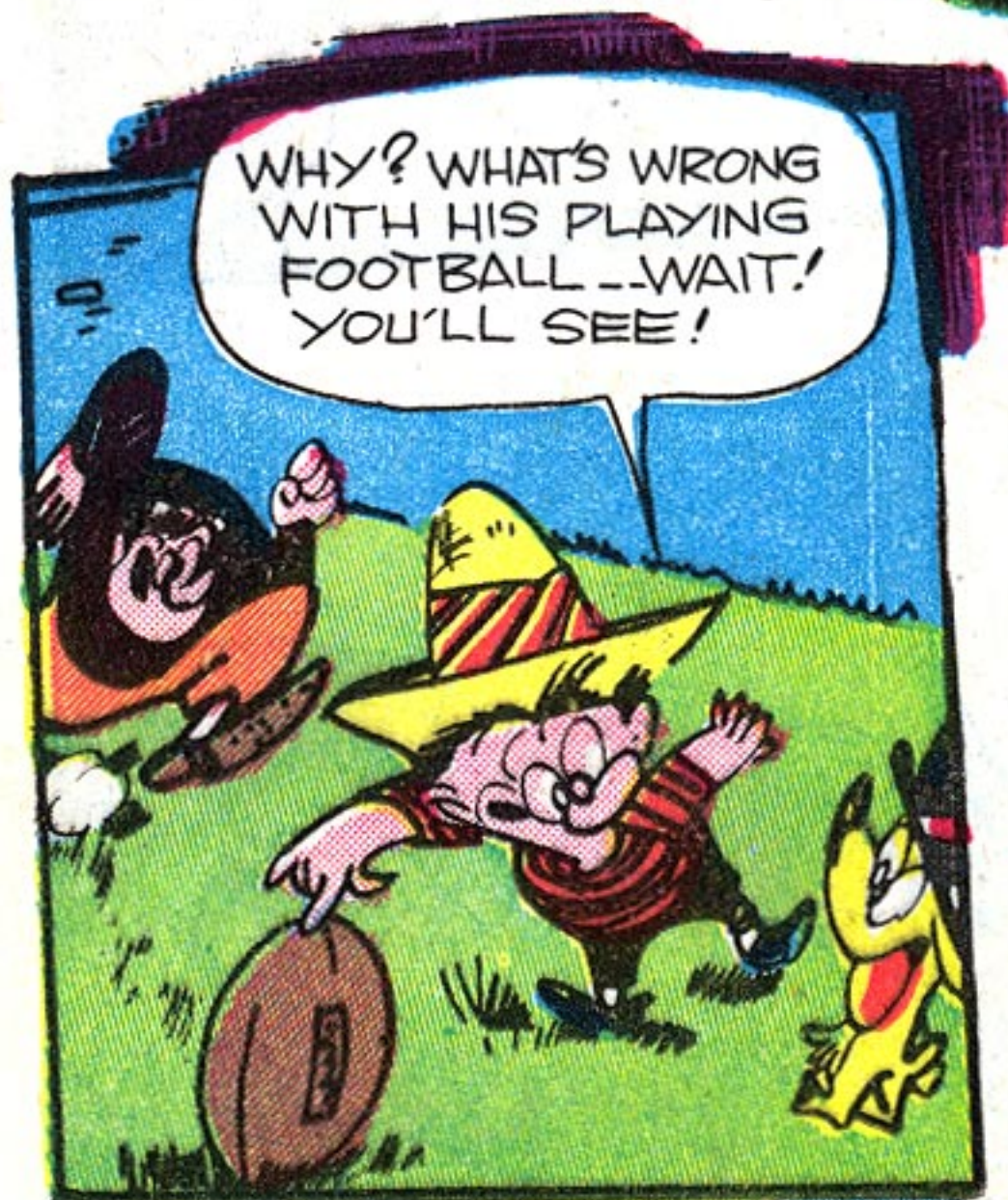
But when David brought the sticks down skillfully, expertly, hitting the drumskins with fervor and precision, beating out complicated rhythms that sent feet stamping and hands clapping, everyone laughed again, delightedly, admiringly. Everyone . . . including Ellen!

And when longhair David Drew brought honor and glory to Midville High by winning the contest, he won the respect and friendship of everyone . . . especially Ellen!

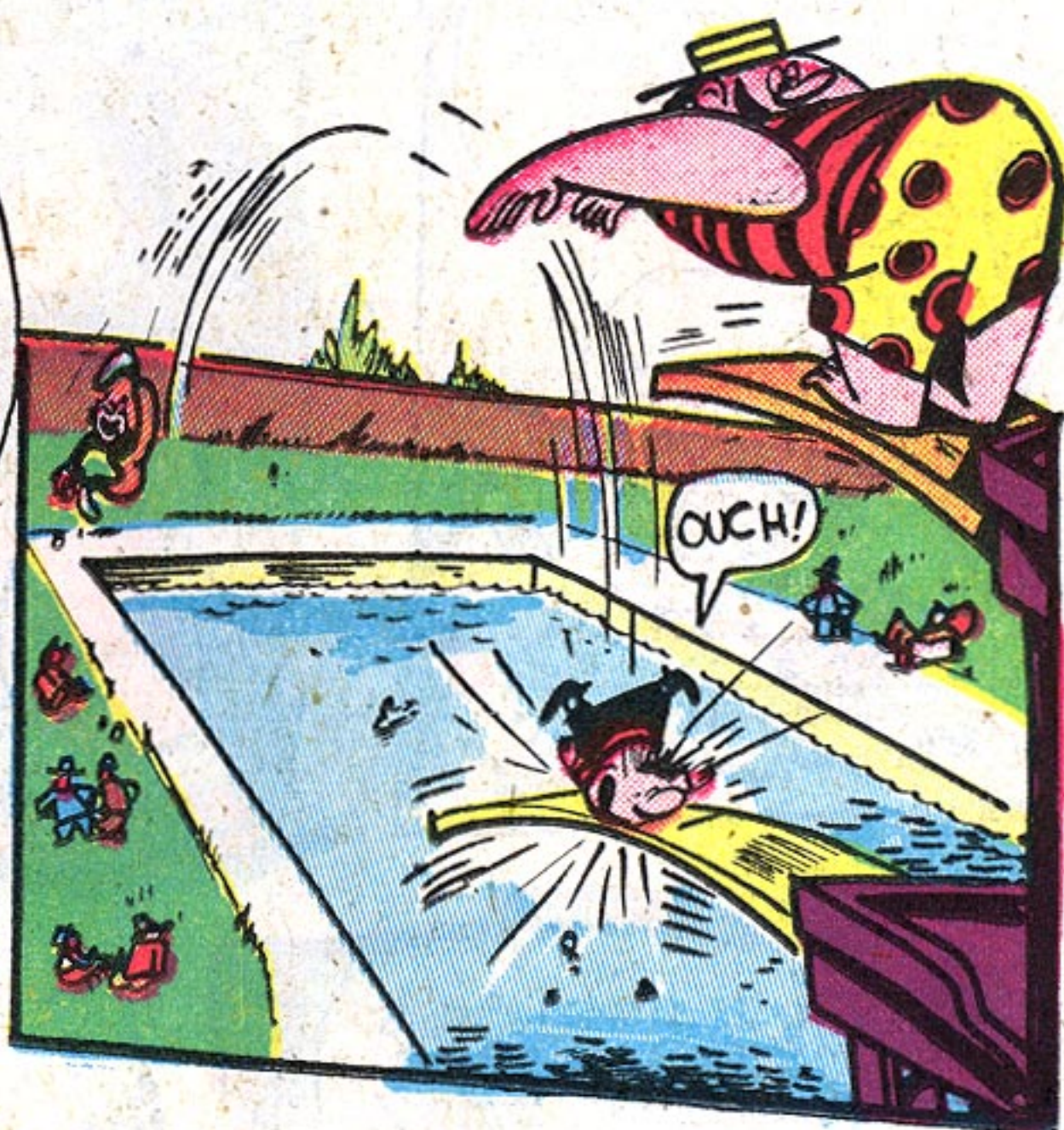
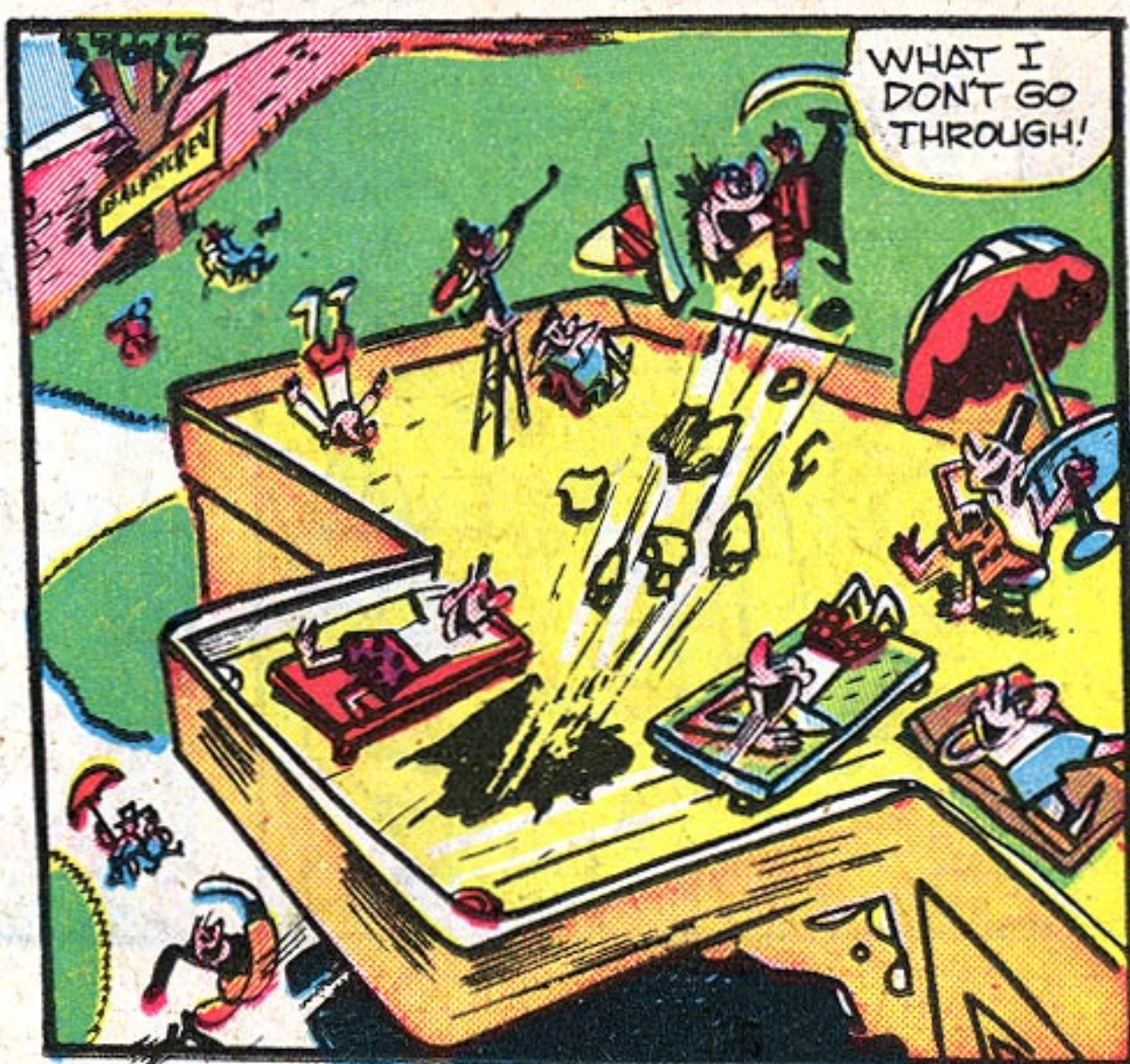
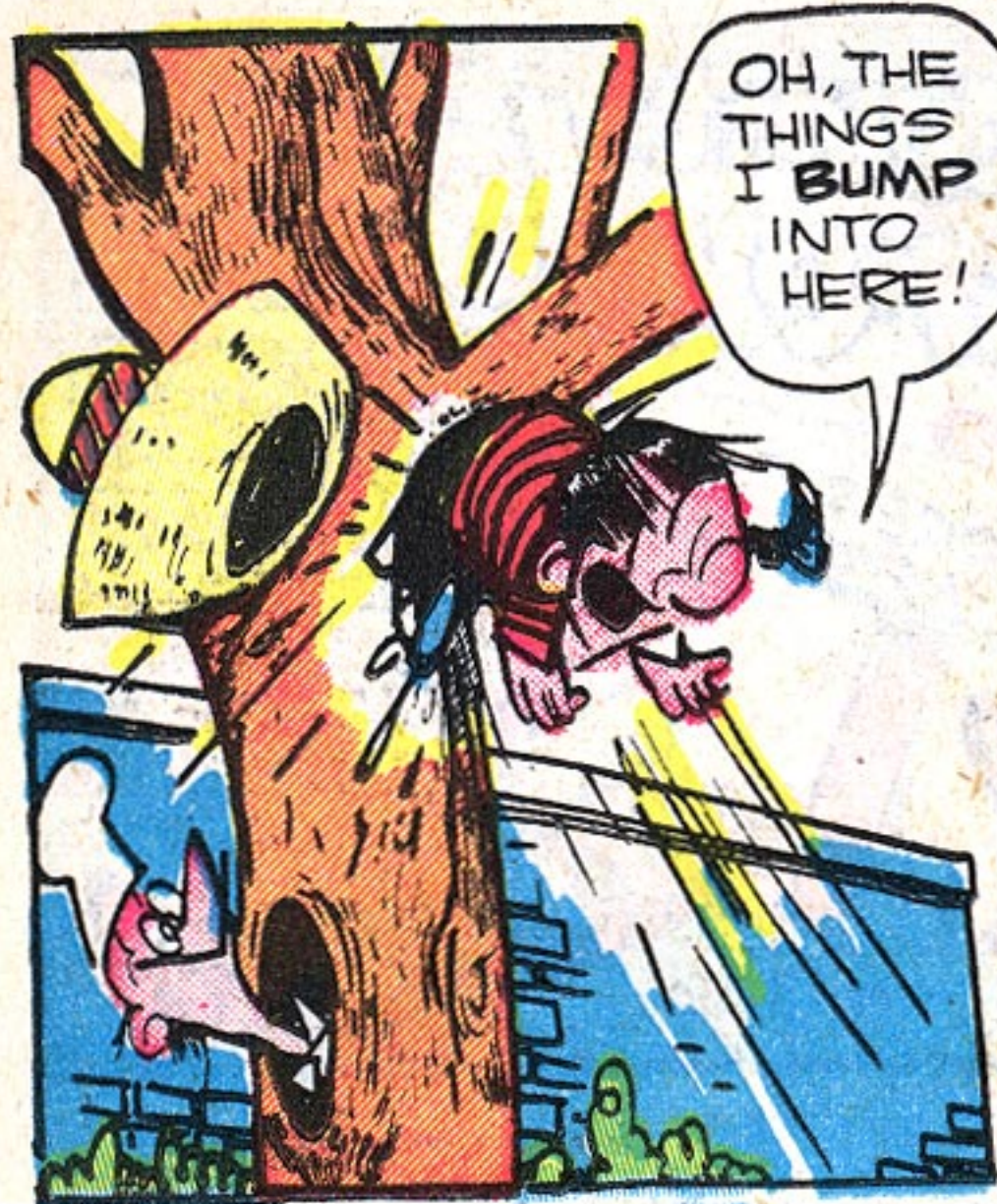
"Gosh, David," she smiled, as the two walked home together, "what do you think Dink will say about you now?"

What Dink *did* say, just for the record, was, "Gosh!"

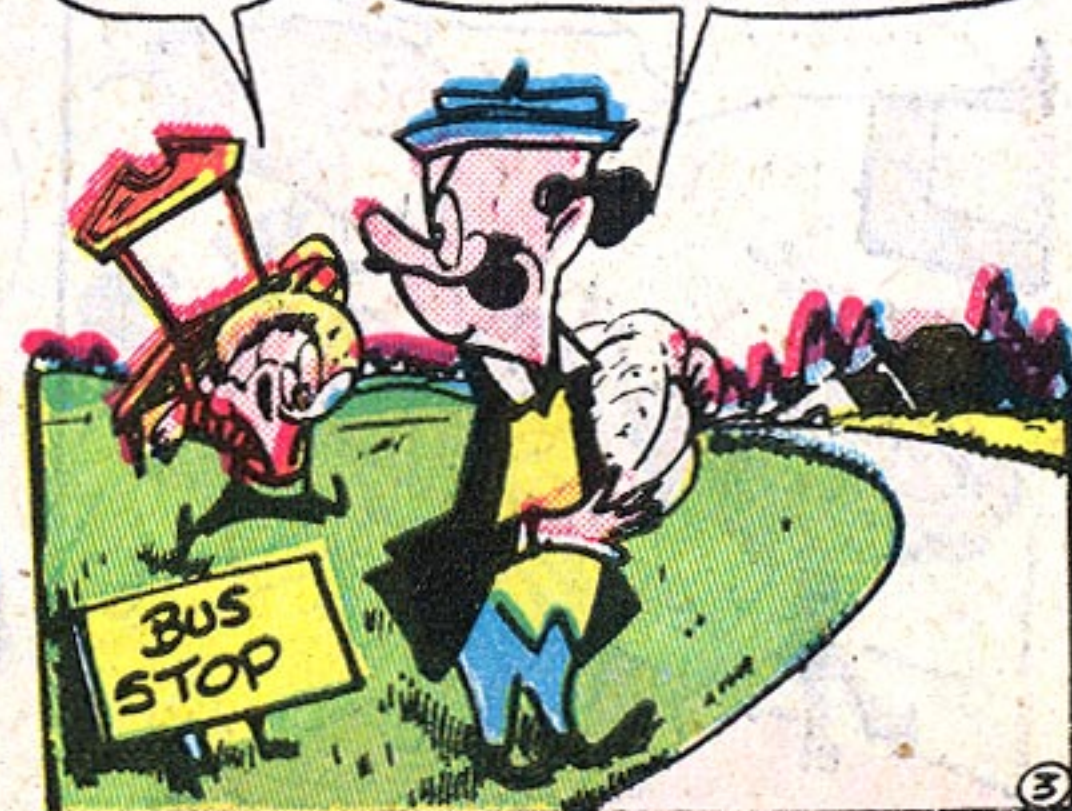
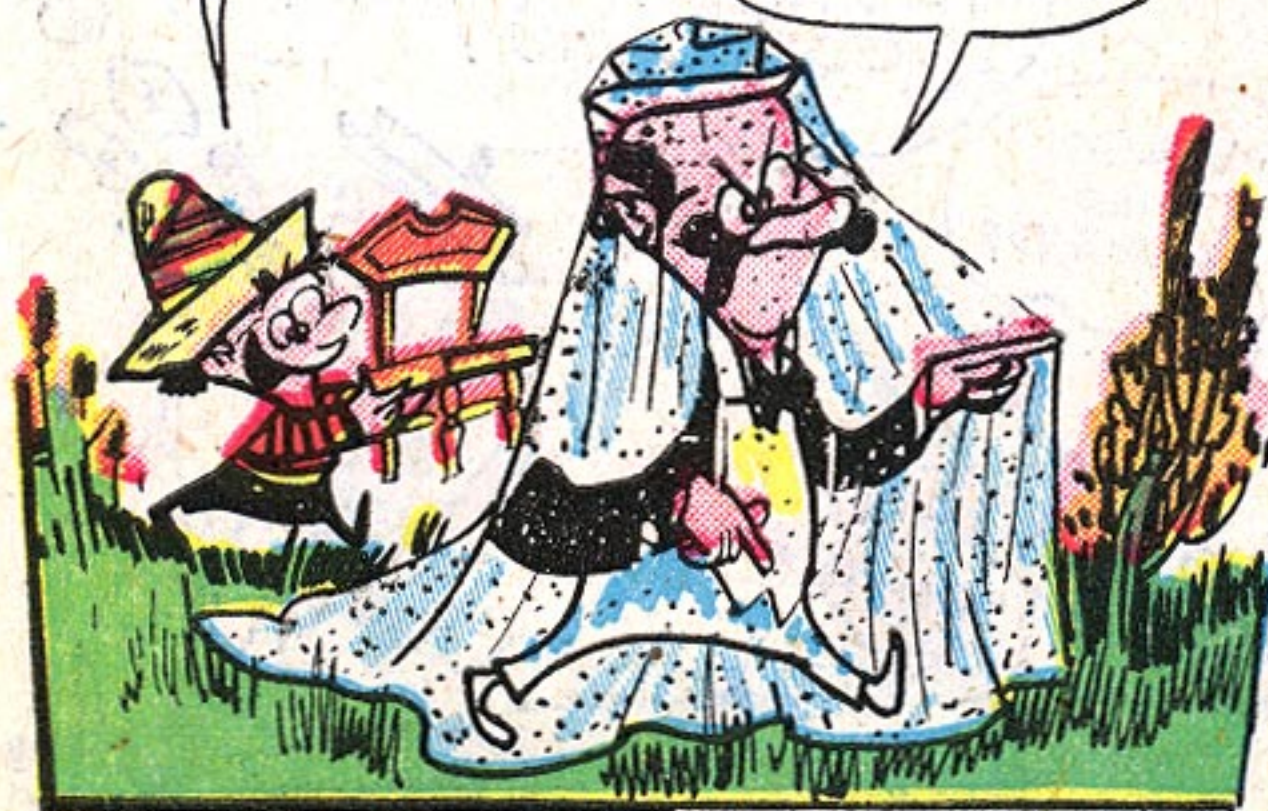
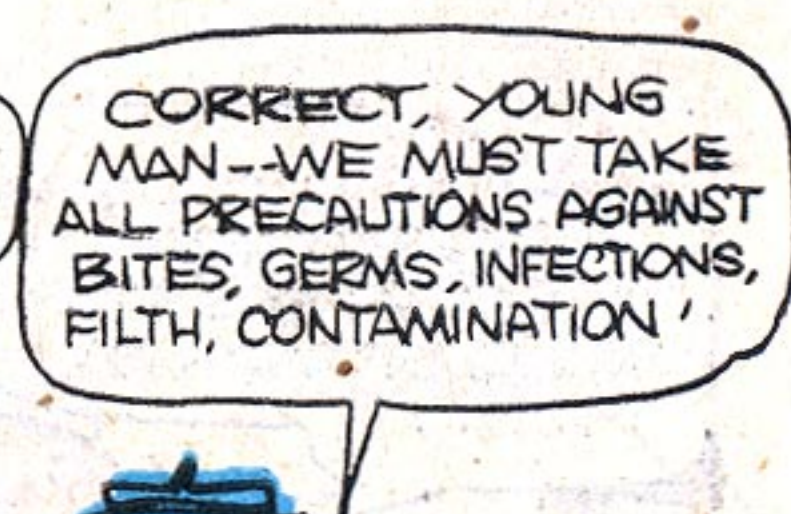
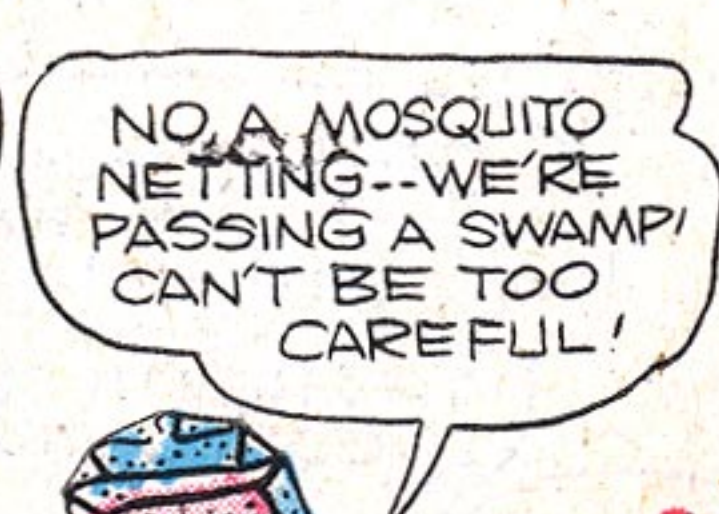
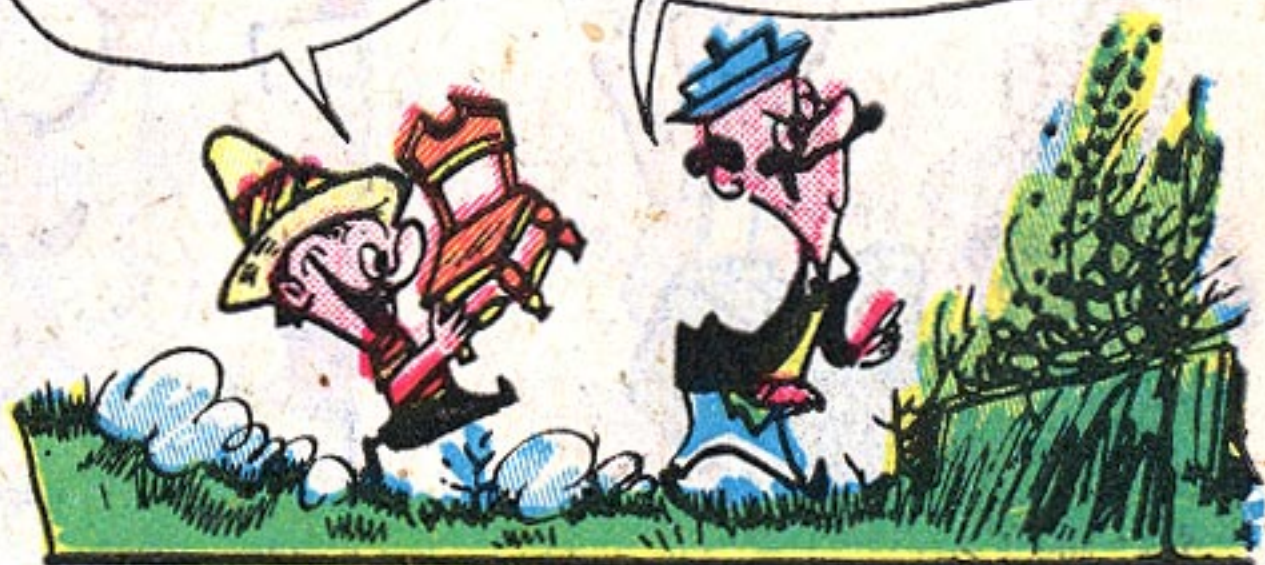
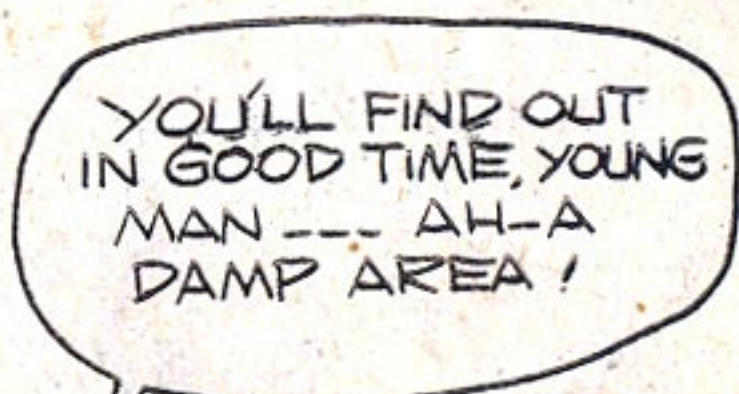
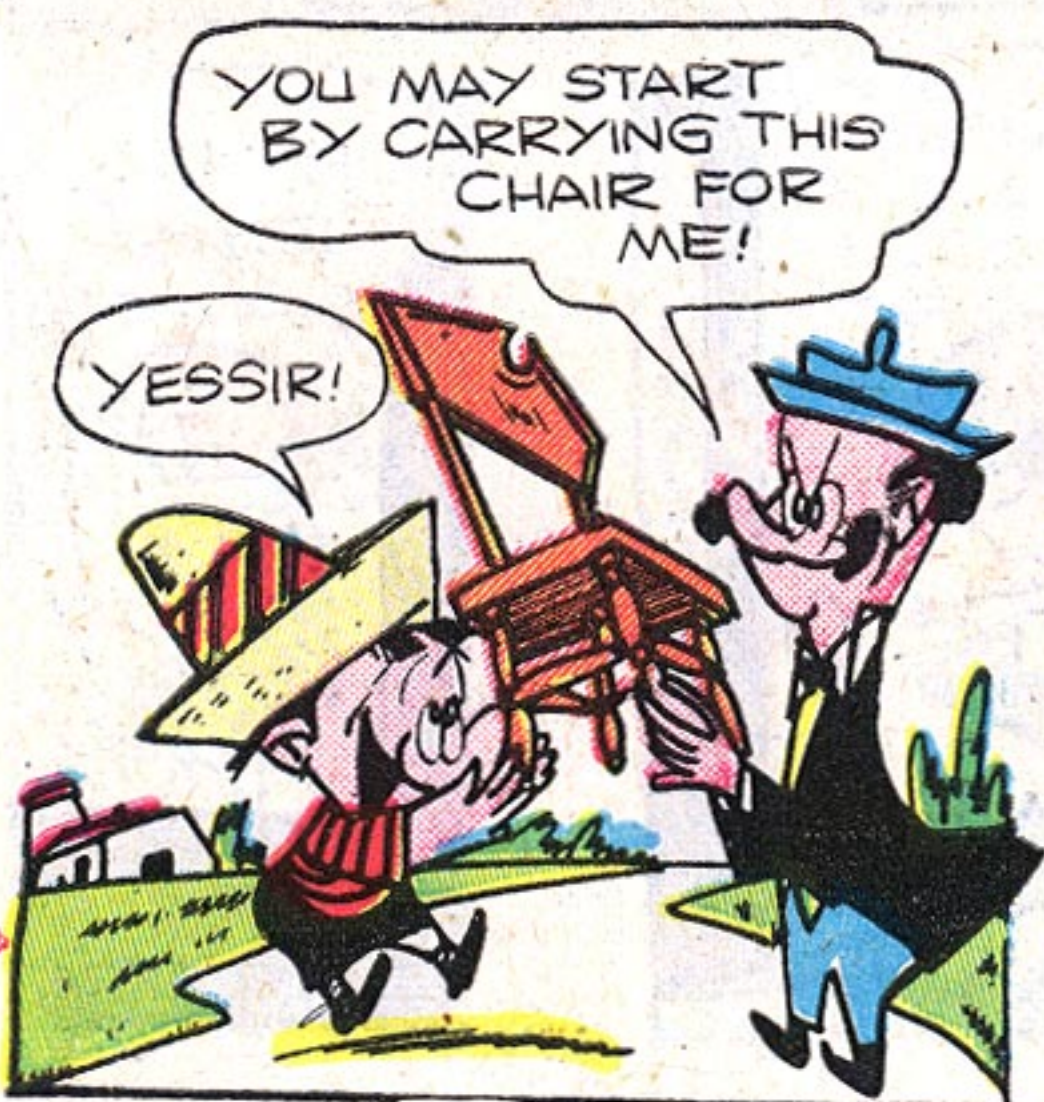
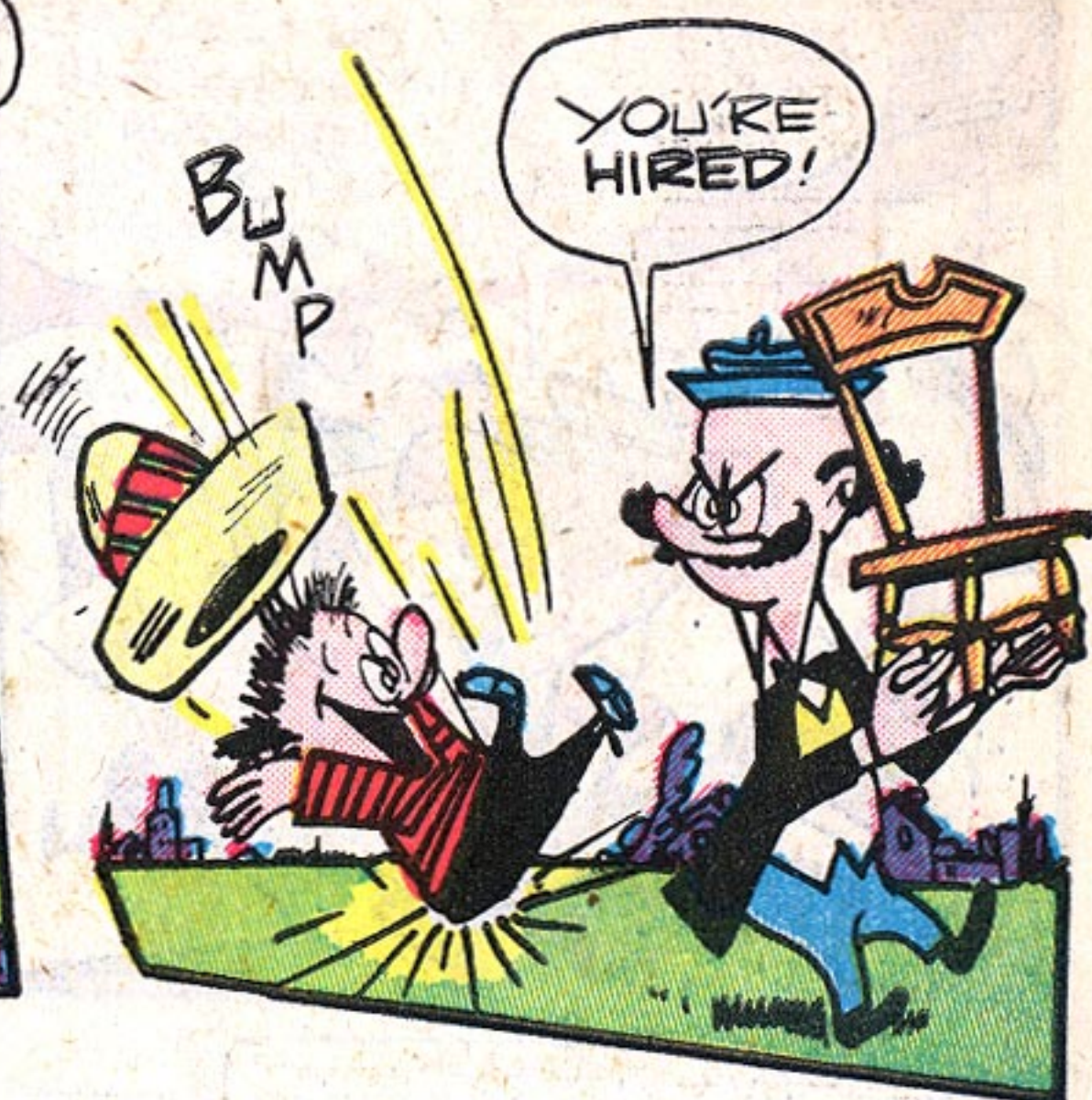
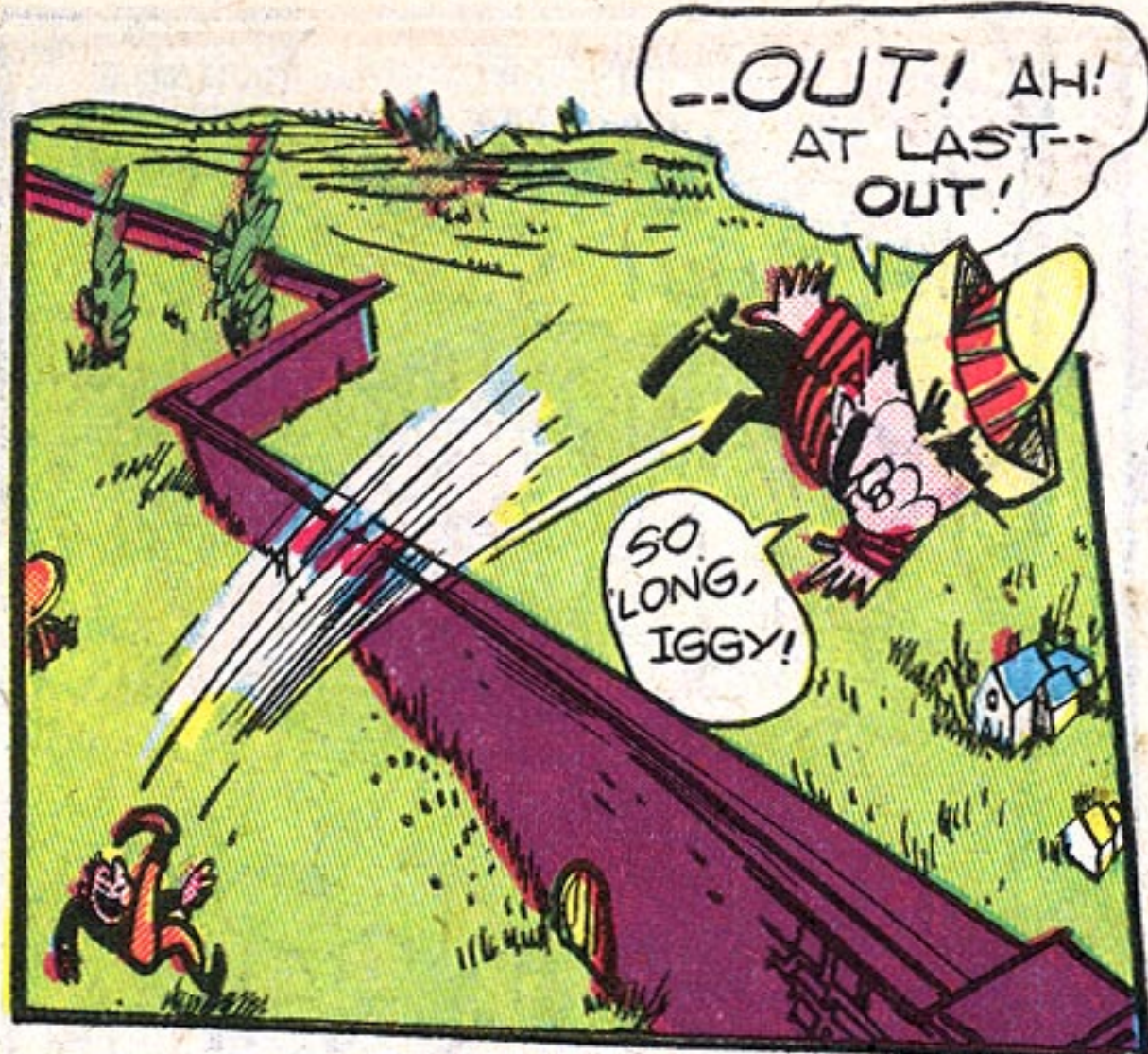




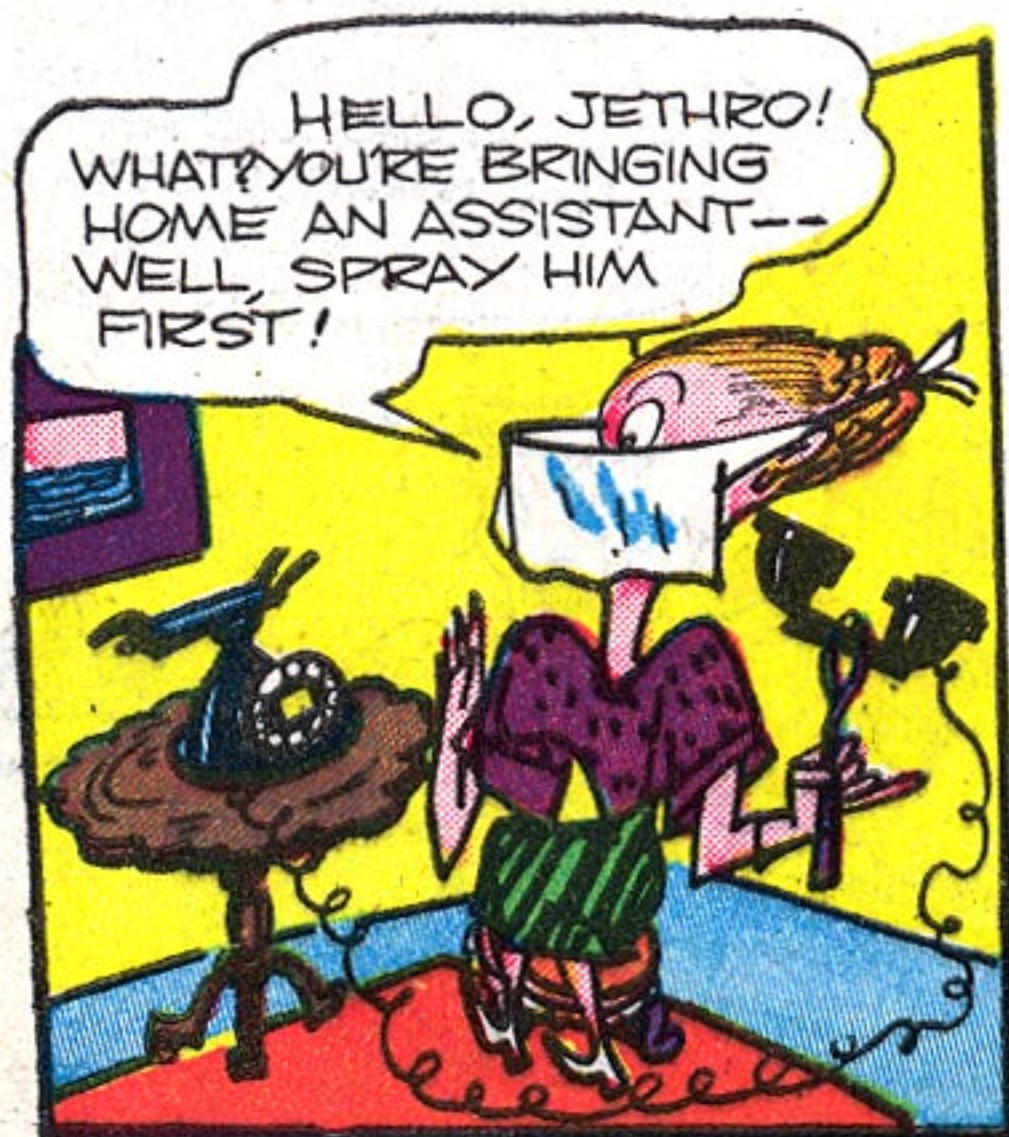
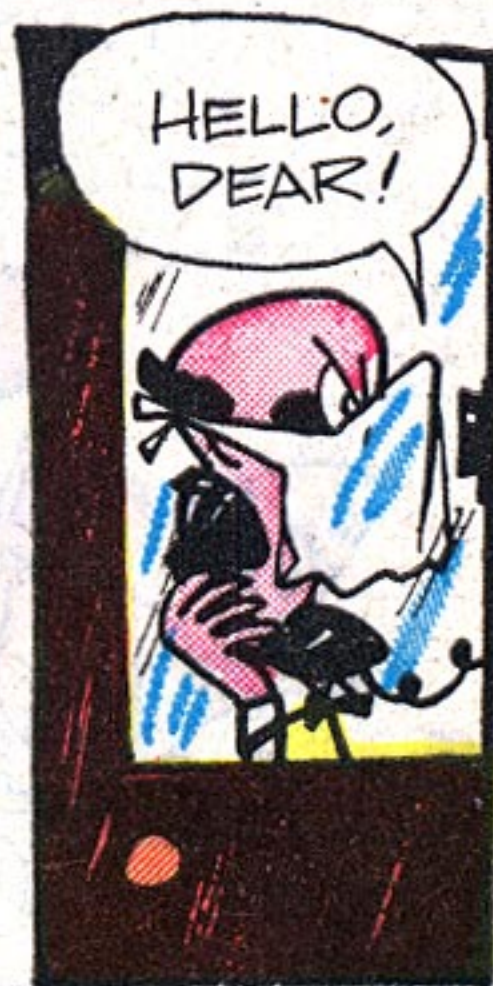
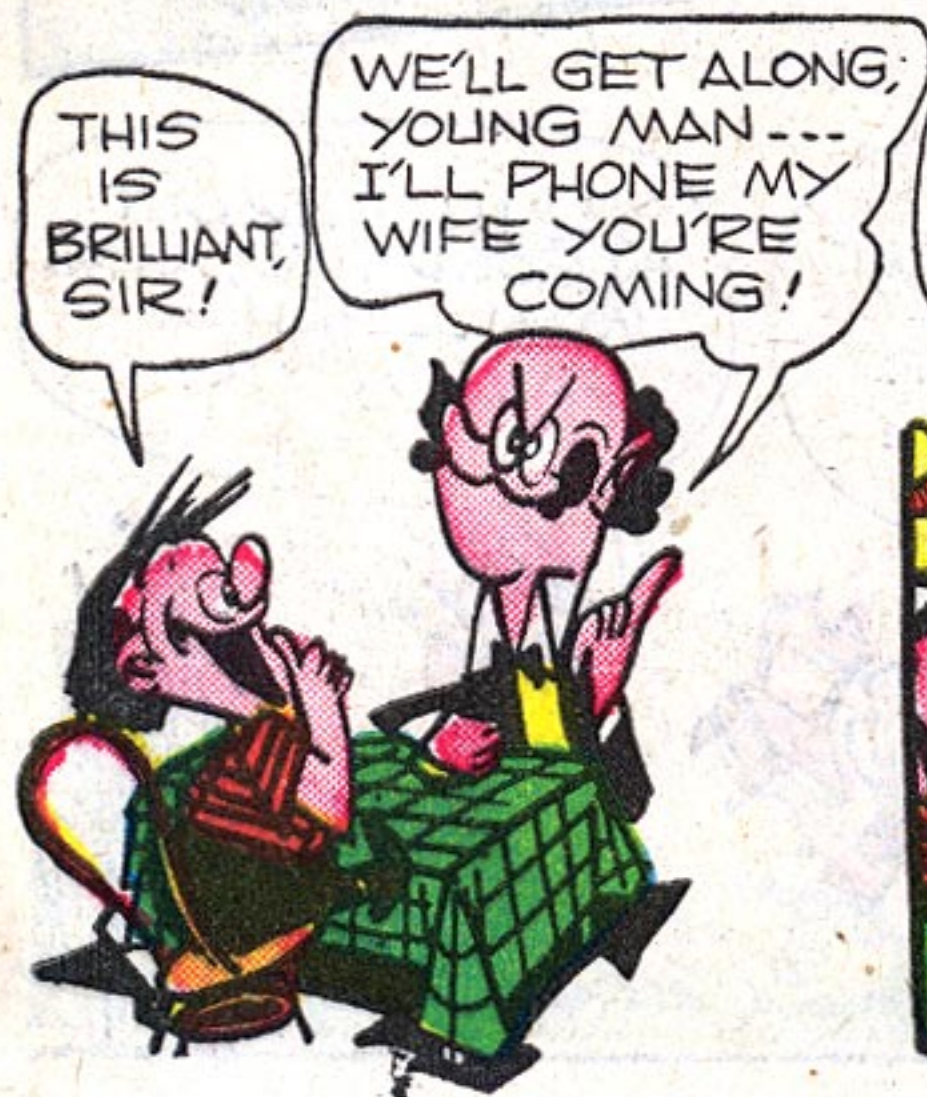
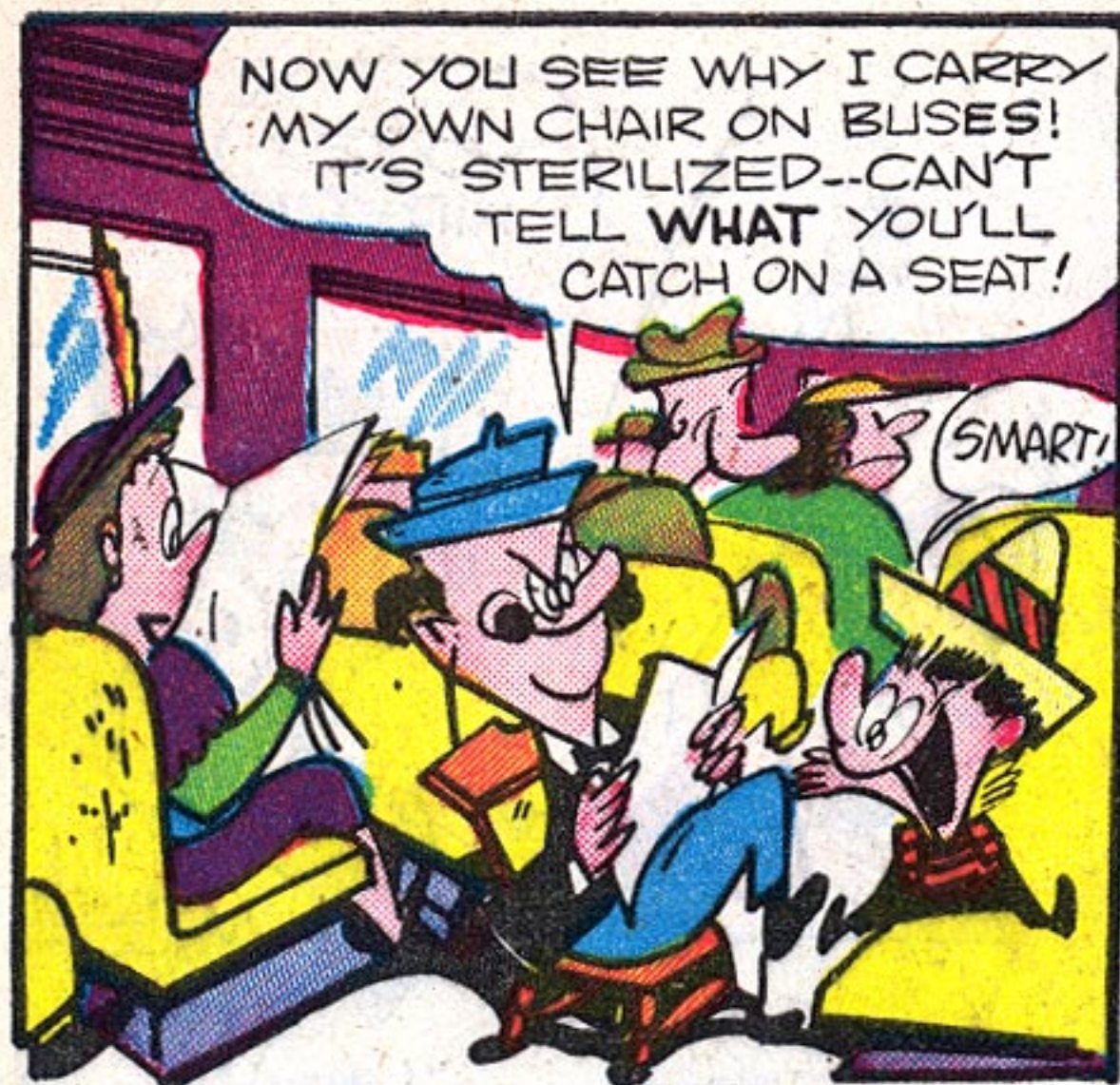




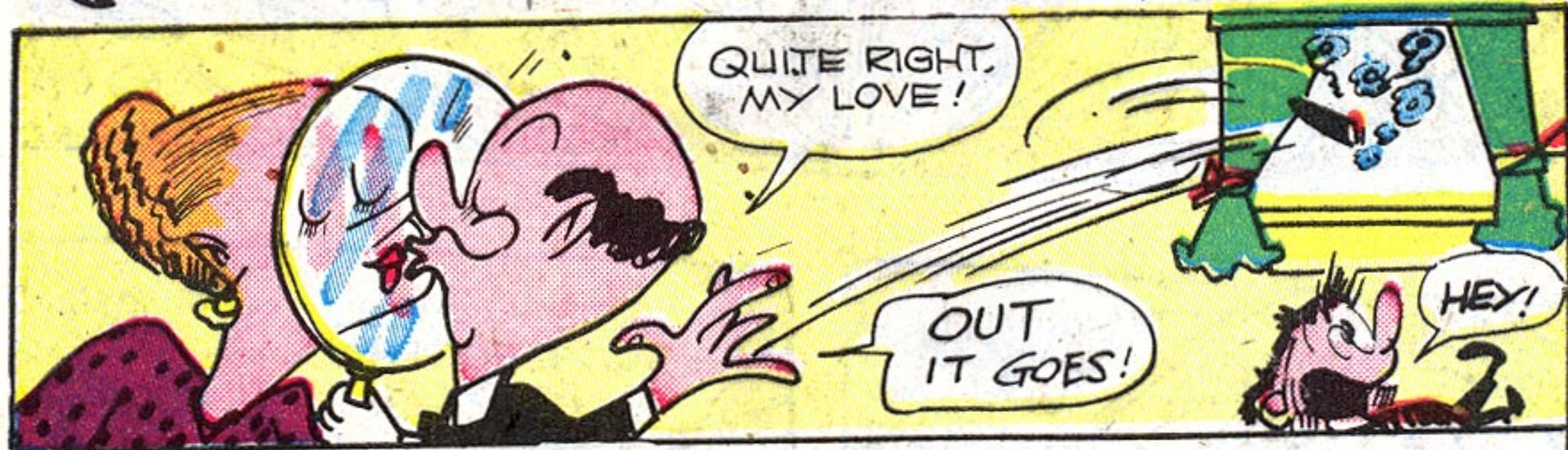
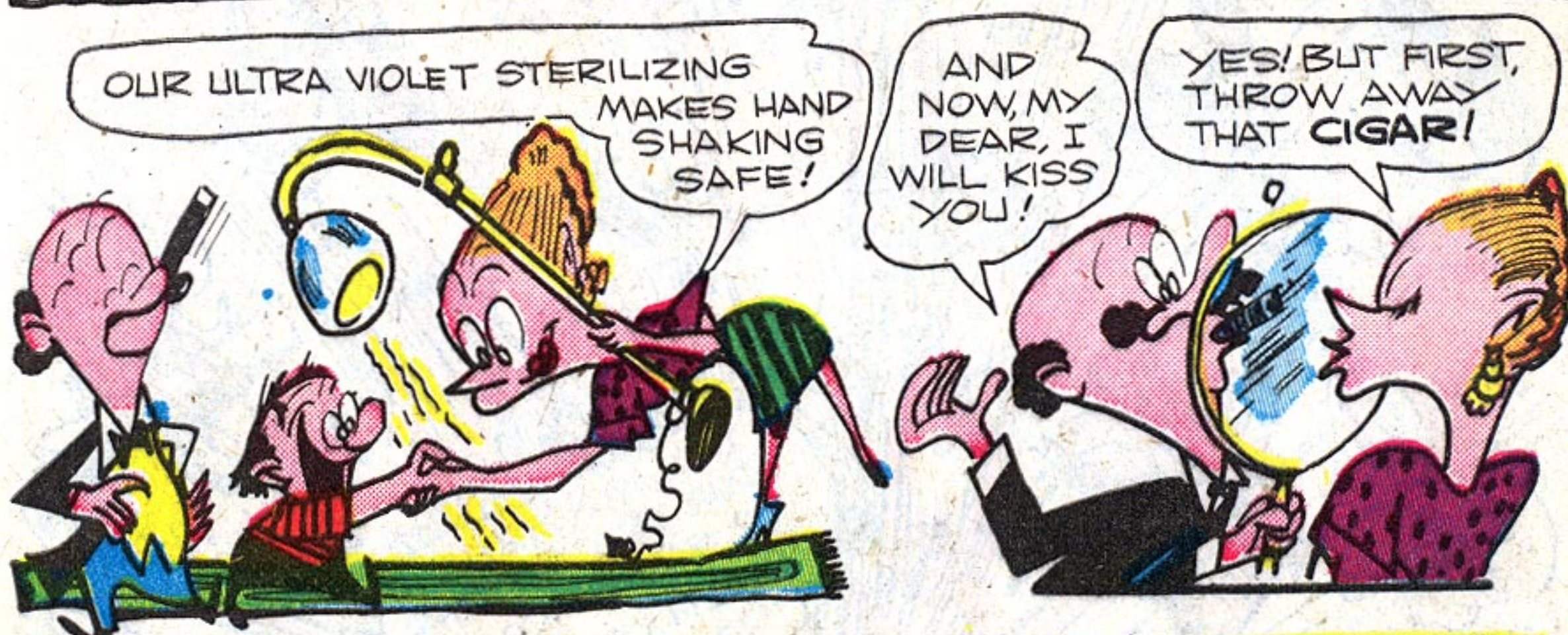
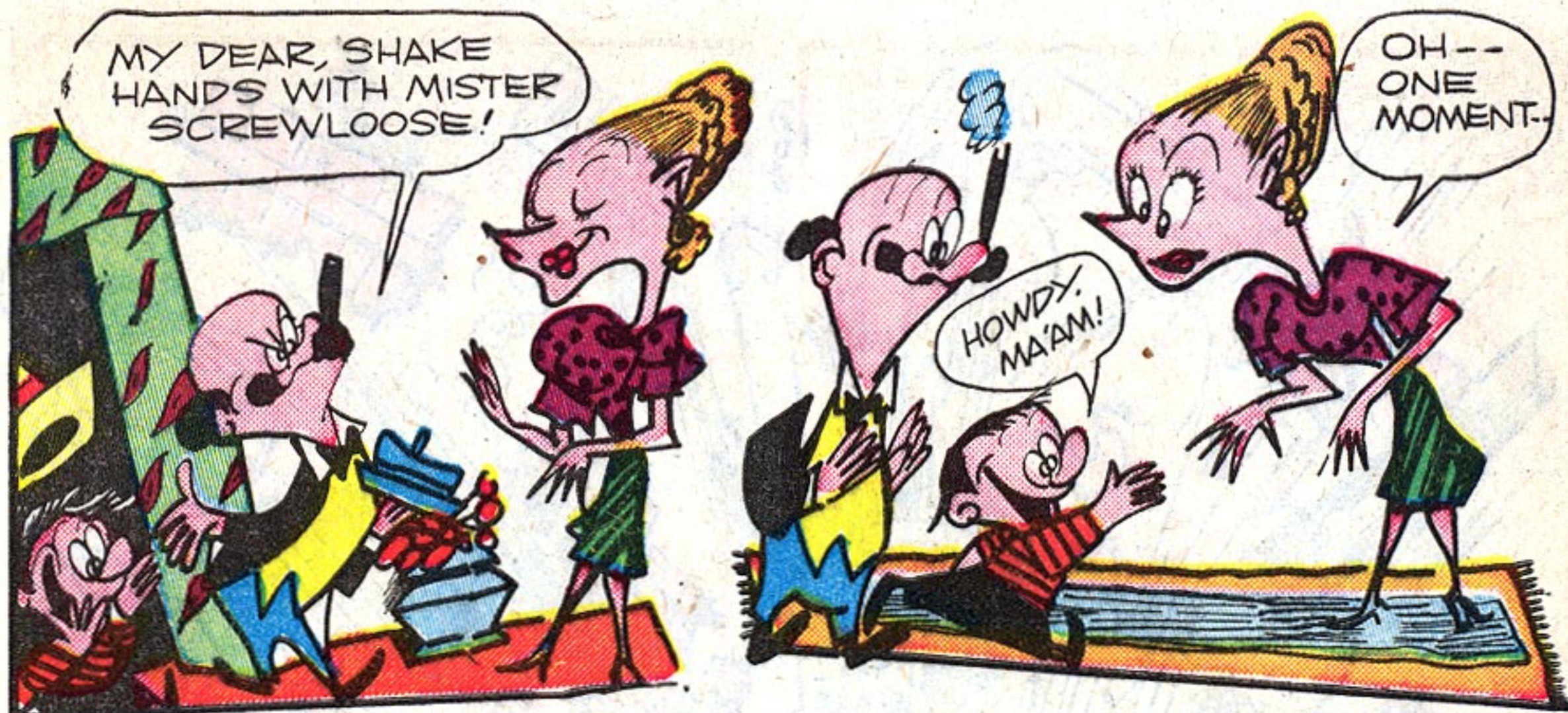




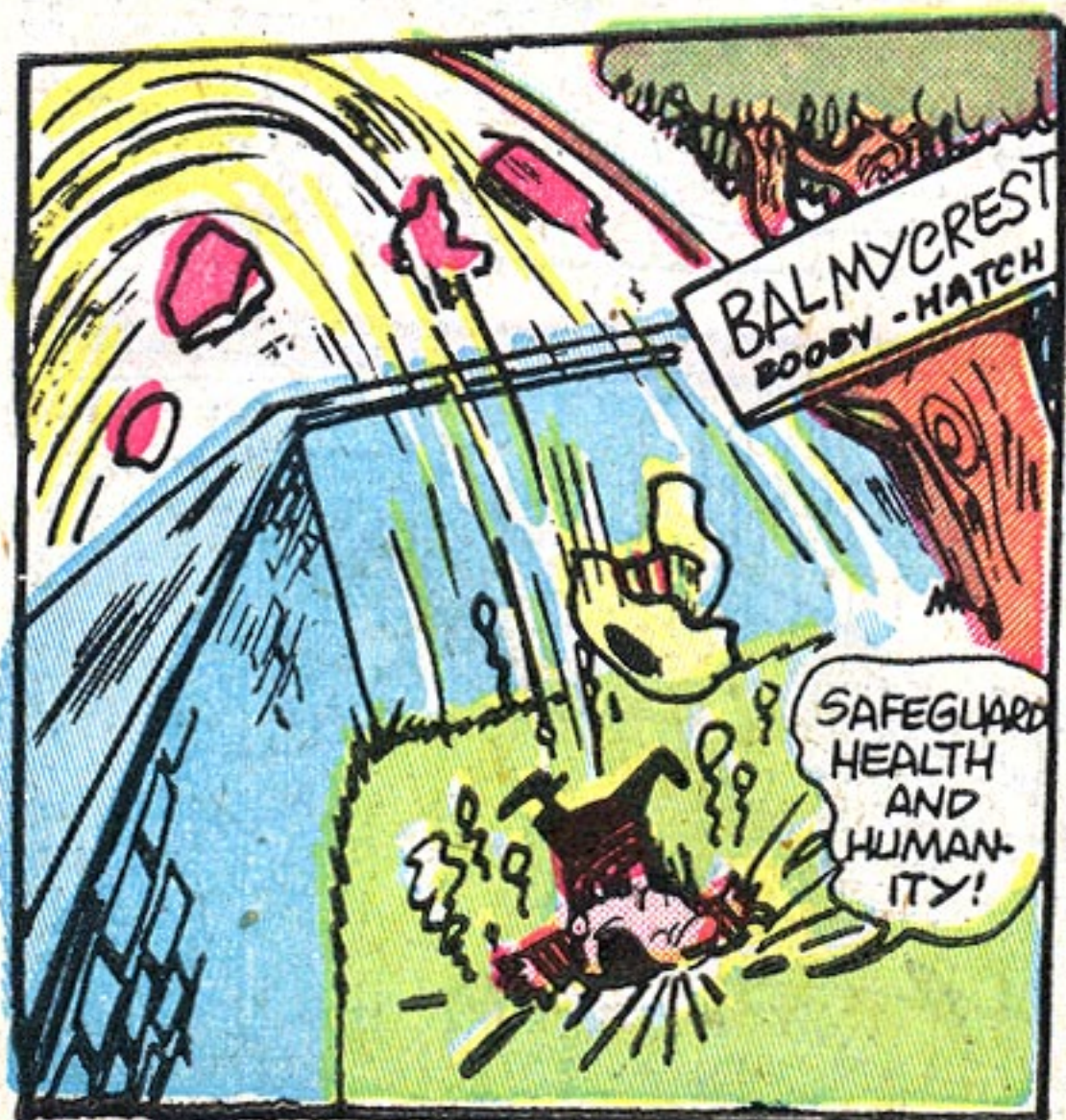














# "Solid Jackson"

PROF. J. EDGAR KILROY  
SCHOOL  
of SMOOCHING

GOOD  
MORNING,  
PROFESSOR!

YOUR  
OLD MAN  
THINKS OF  
EVERYTHING,  
NATCH!

YEH,  
JACKSON--  
BUT WHY  
DIDN'T I  
THINK OF  
IT FIRST?

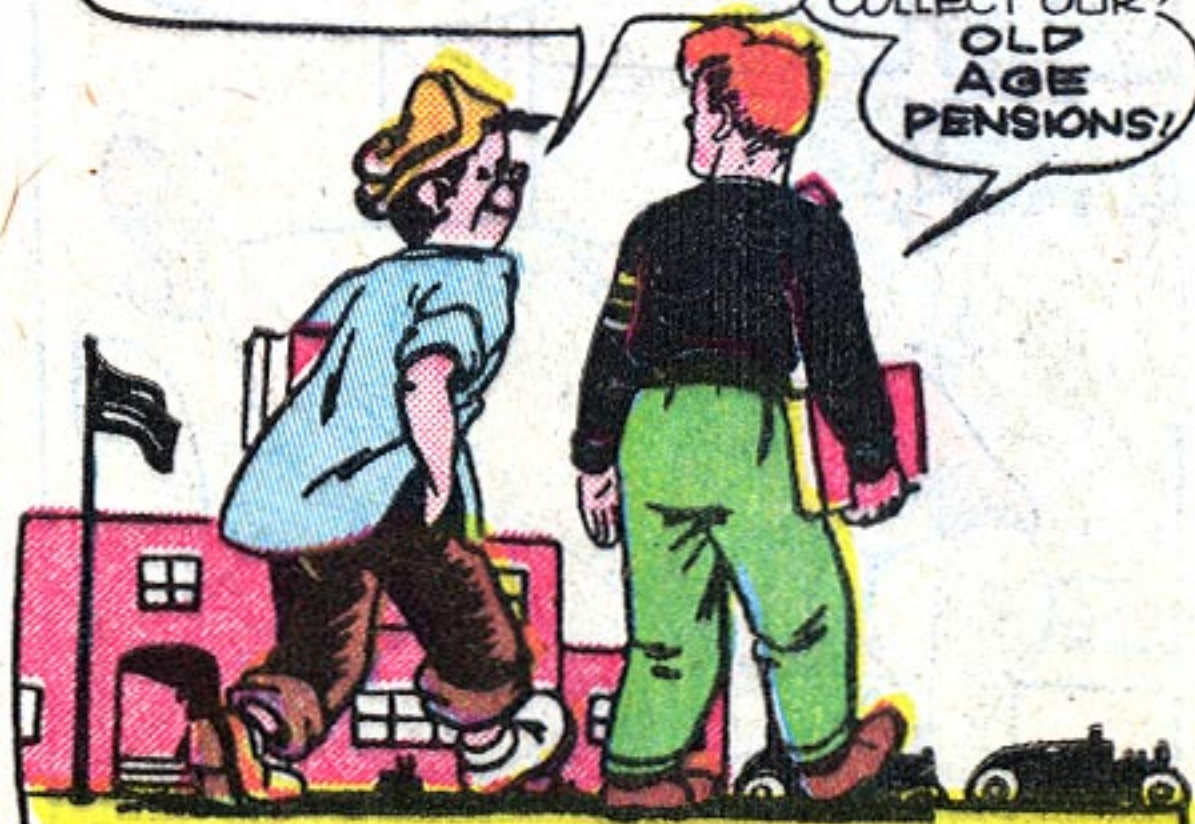
HOT DOG!  
FRIDAY! NO  
SCHOOL TOMOR.  
ROW! HOW ABOUT  
TAKIN' IN A BIG  
HAIRY PICTURE  
SHOW TONIGHT?

INT 'HIGH  
SCHOOL

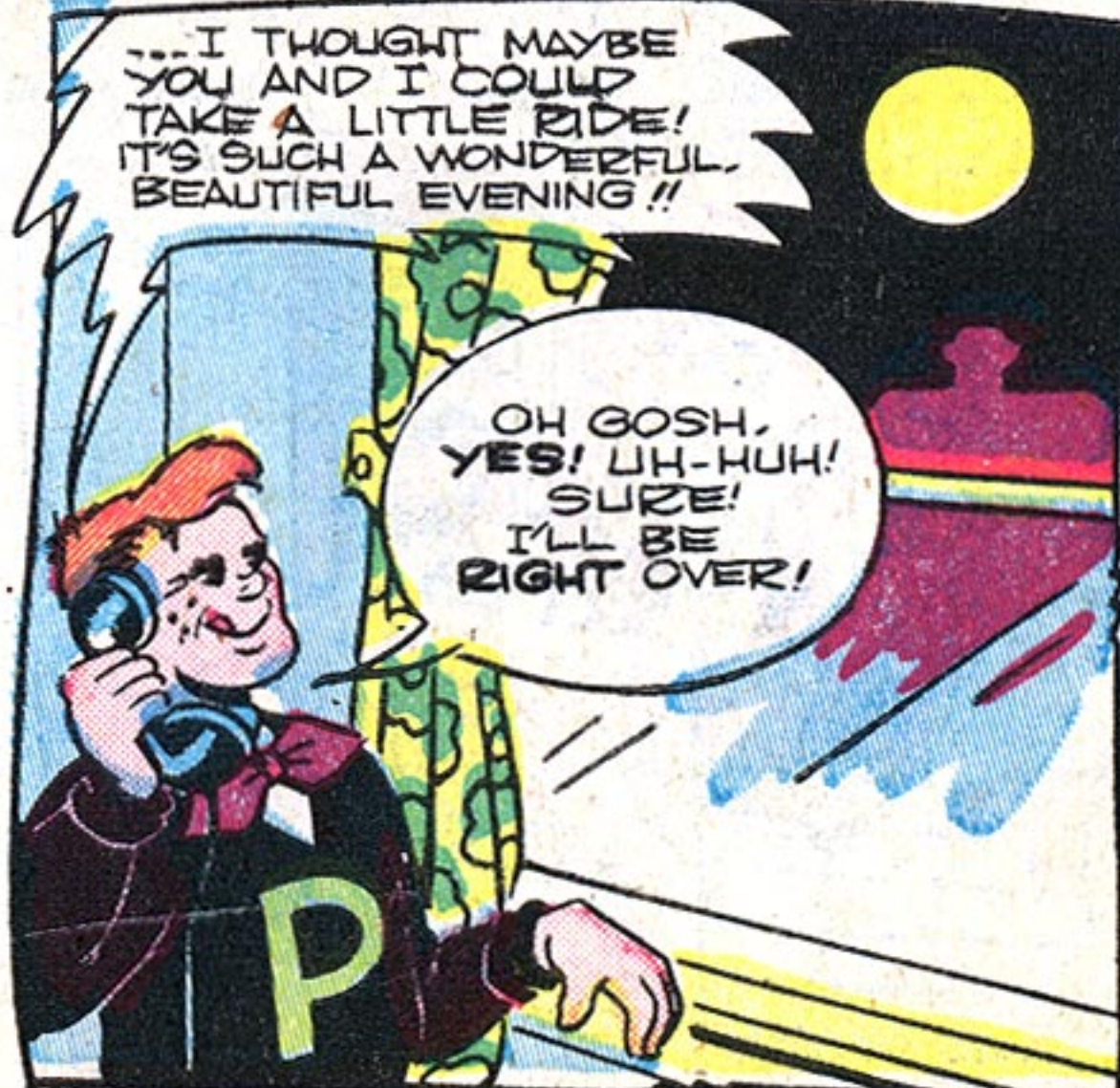
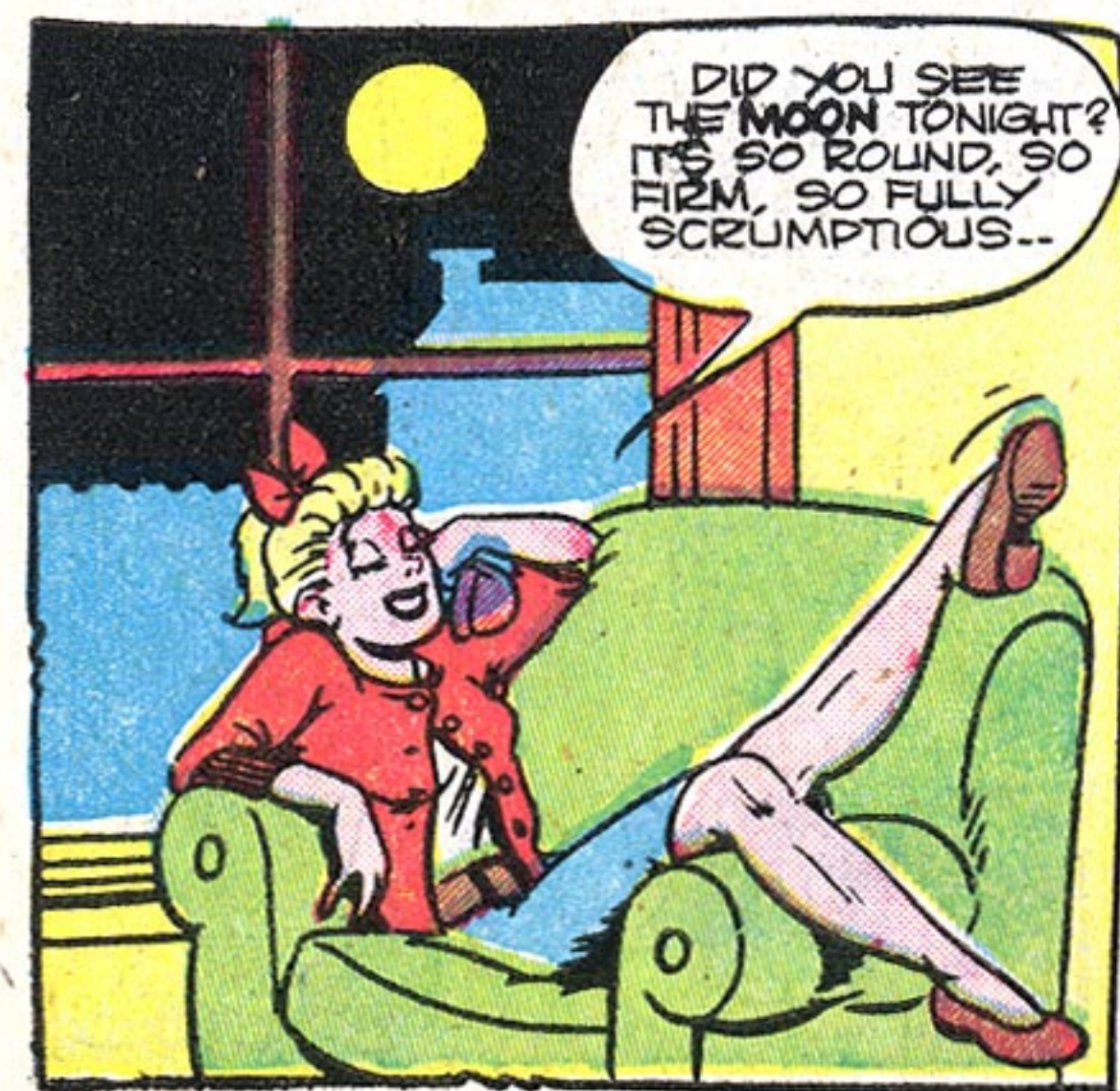
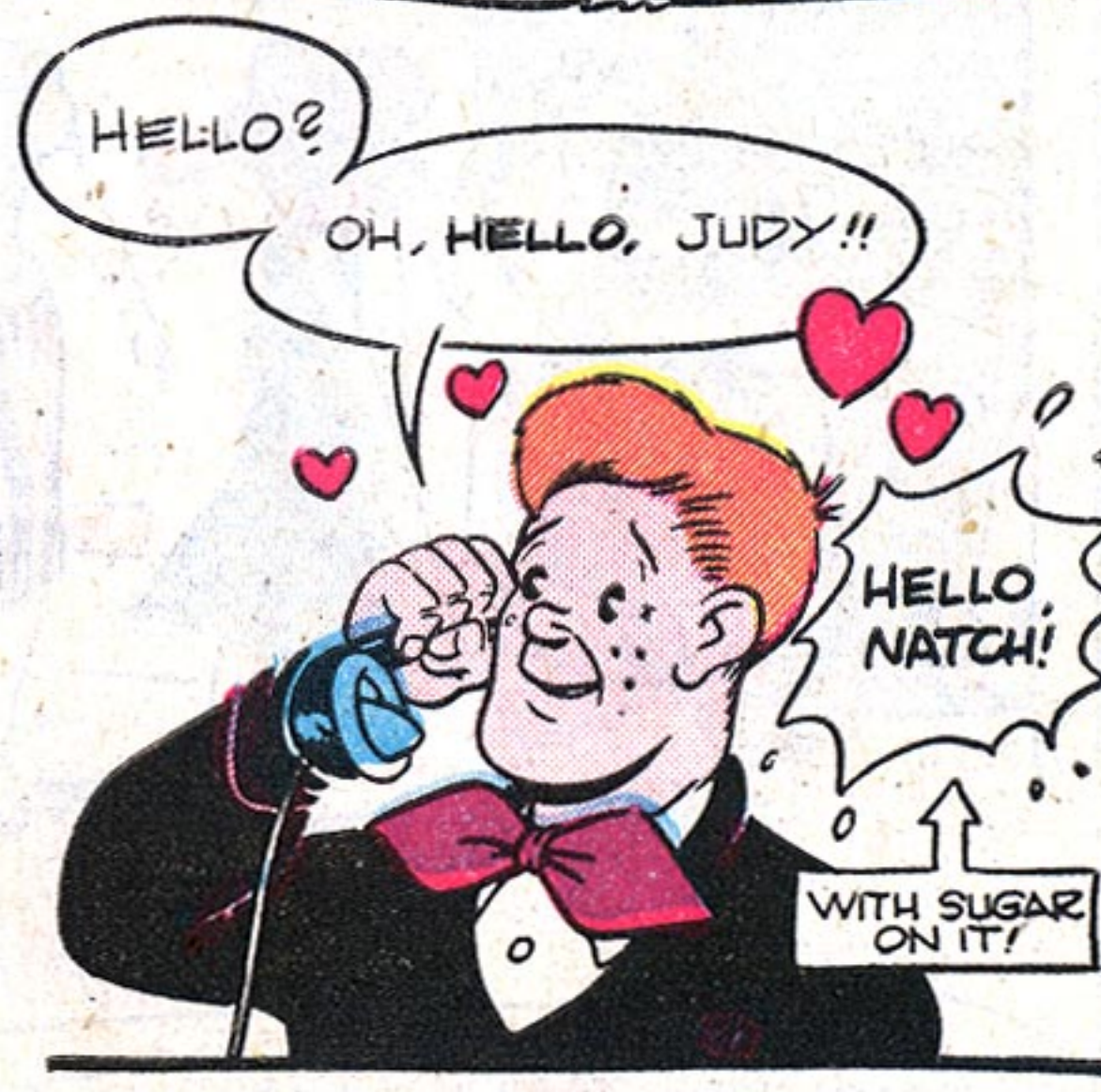
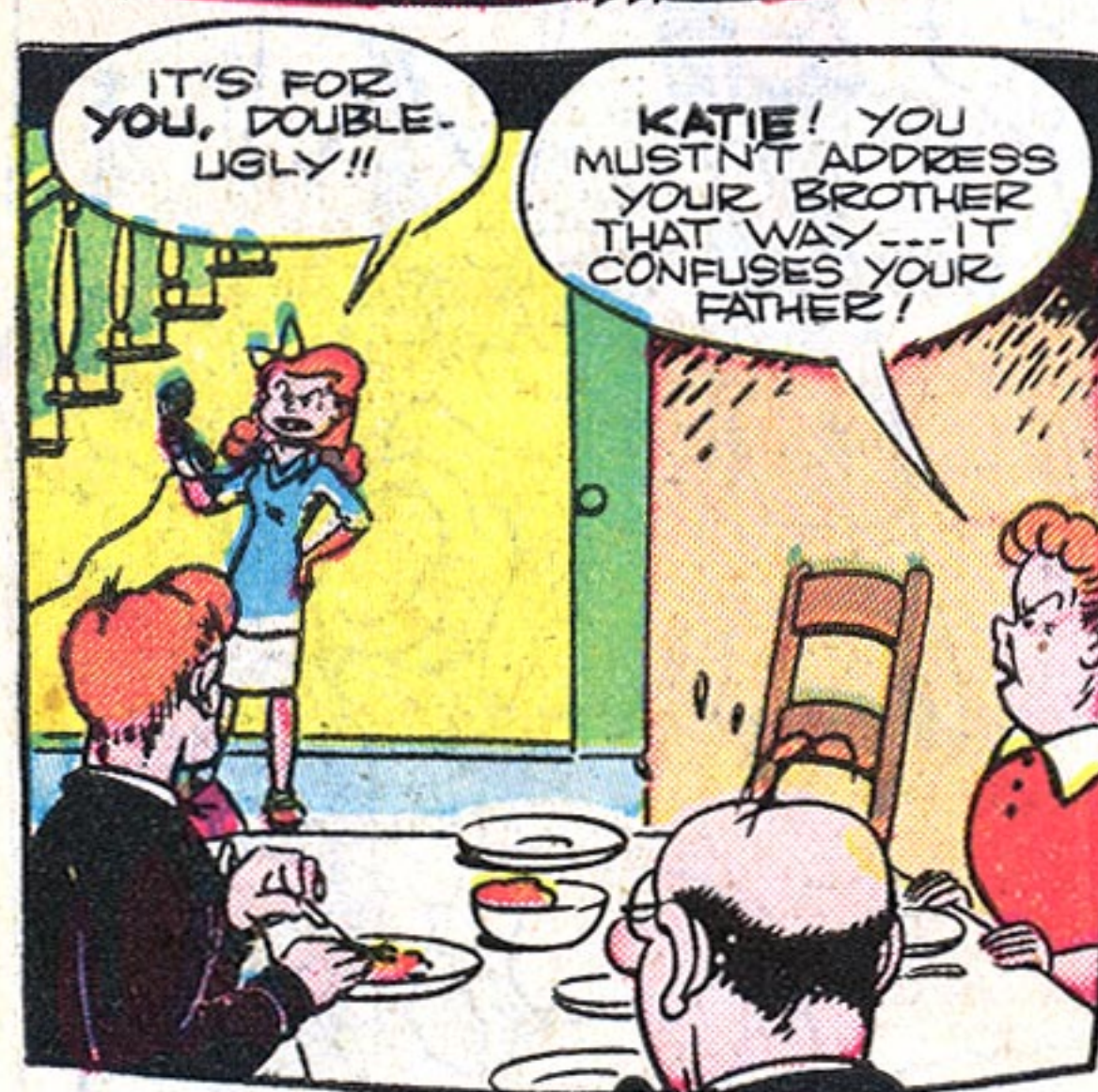
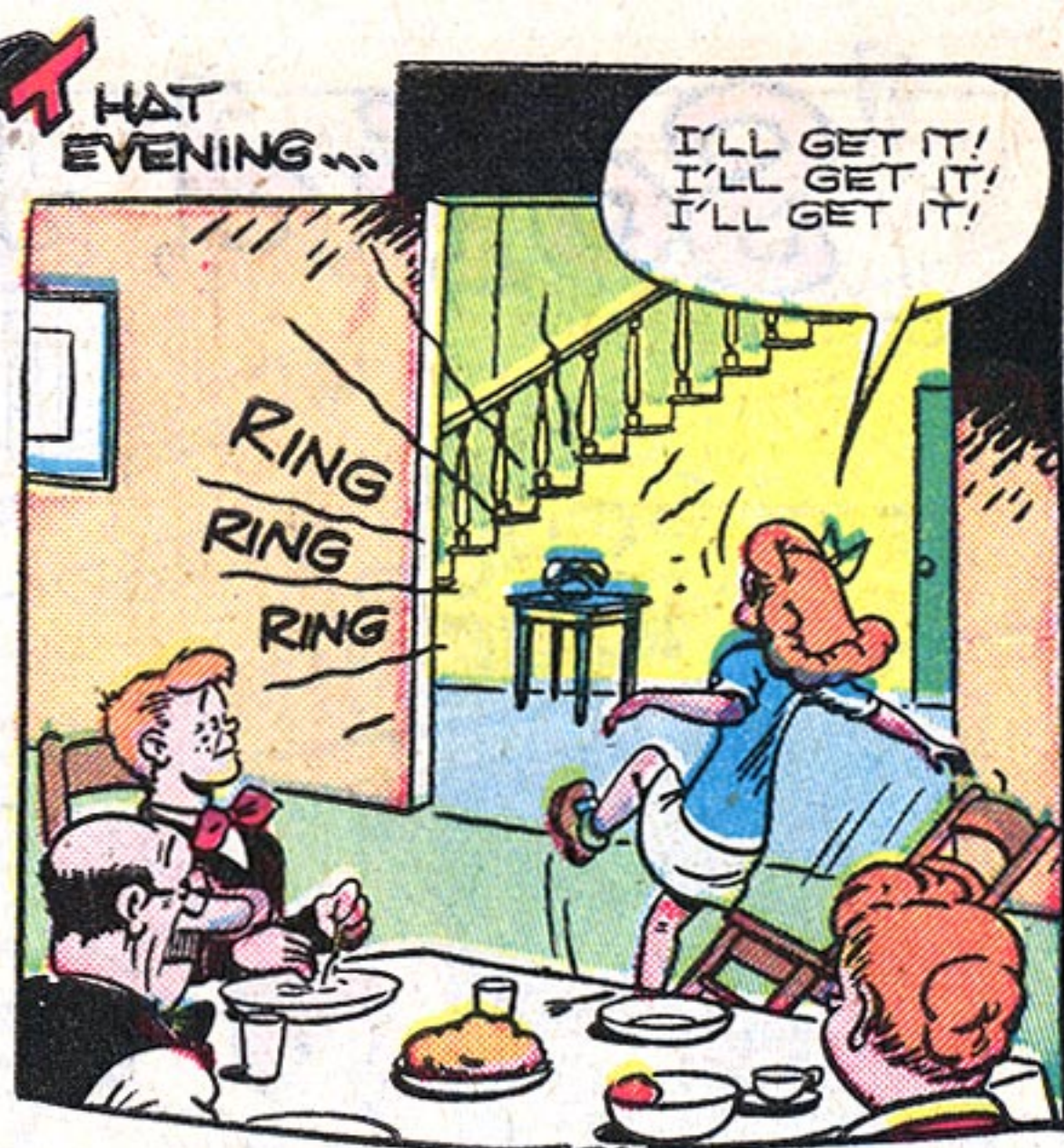
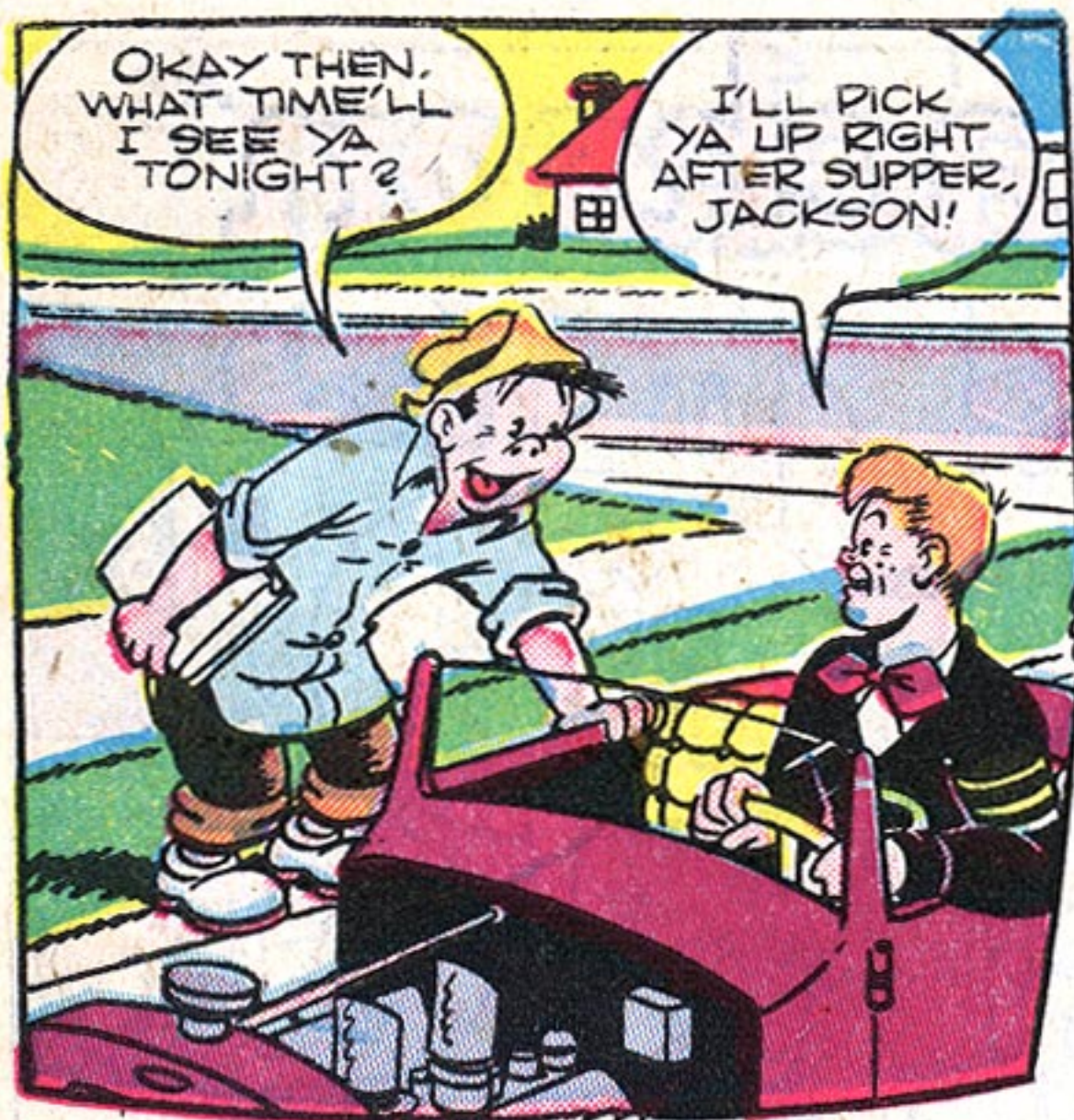
SUITS ME!  
WHAT'S  
PLAYIN'?

THE STARLAND HAS FOUR  
FEATURES, NINE CARTOONS,  
A NEWS REEL, TWO COM-  
EDIES, BANK NIGHT AND  
A NEW POPCORN MACHINE!

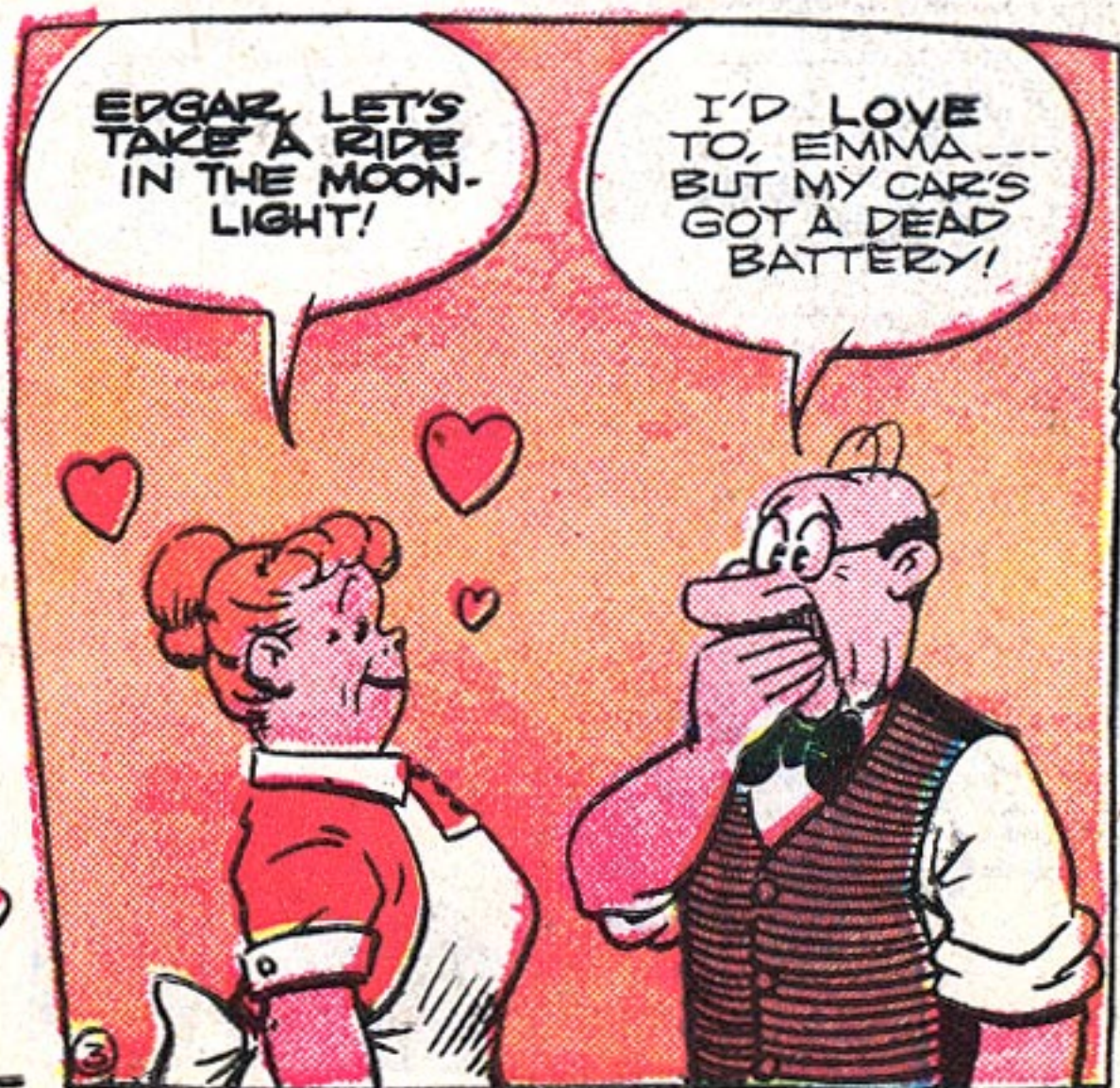
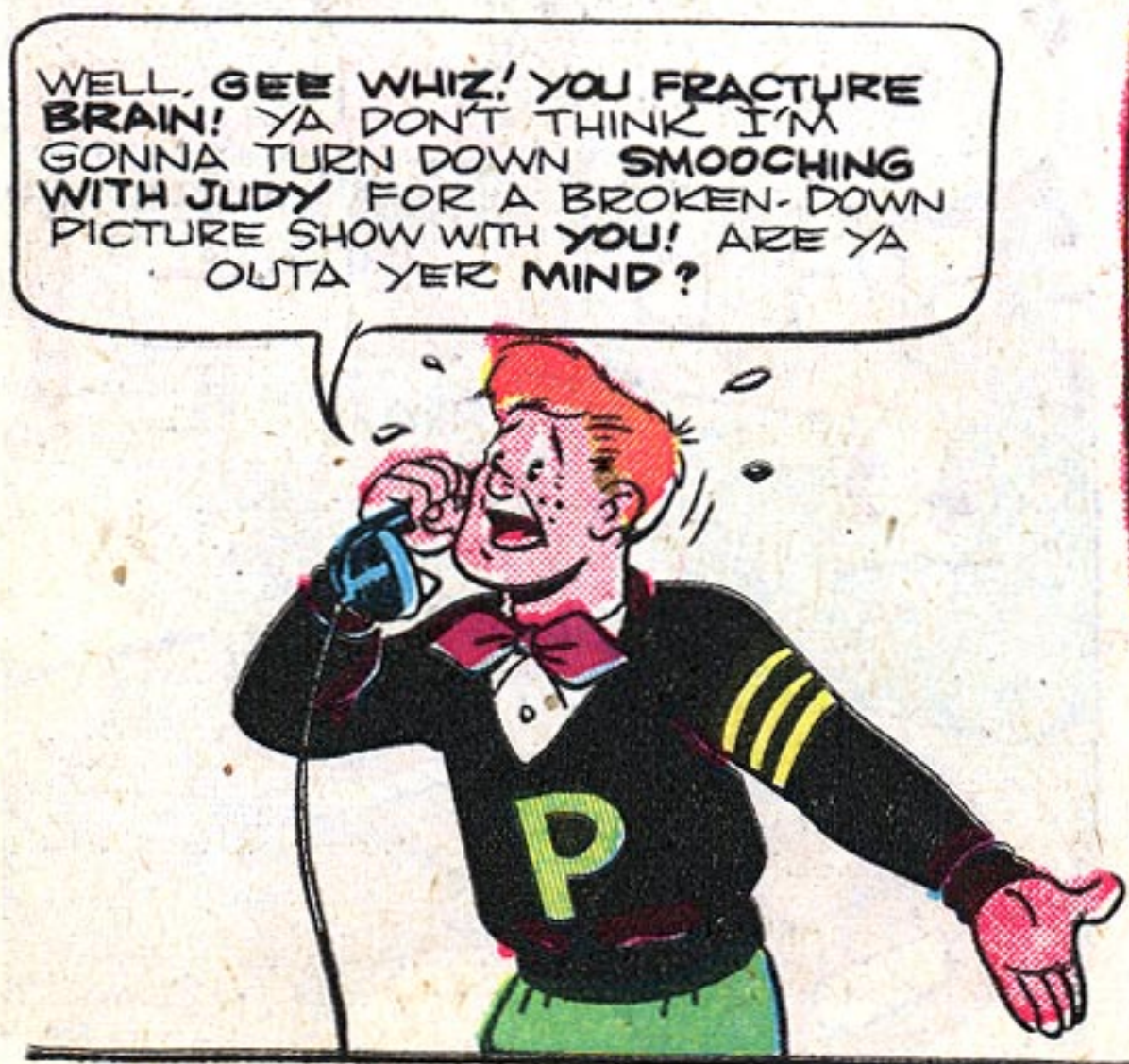
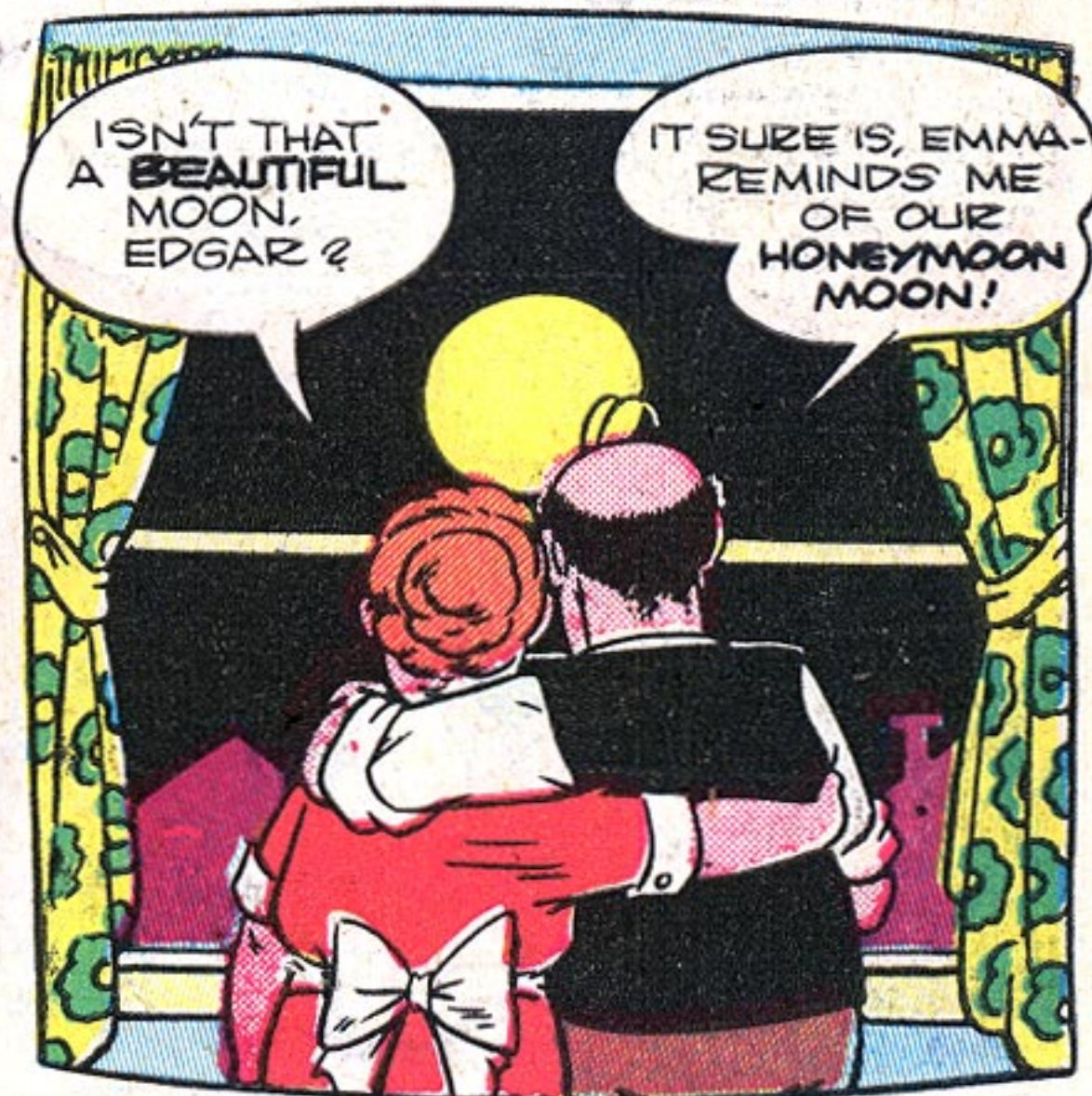
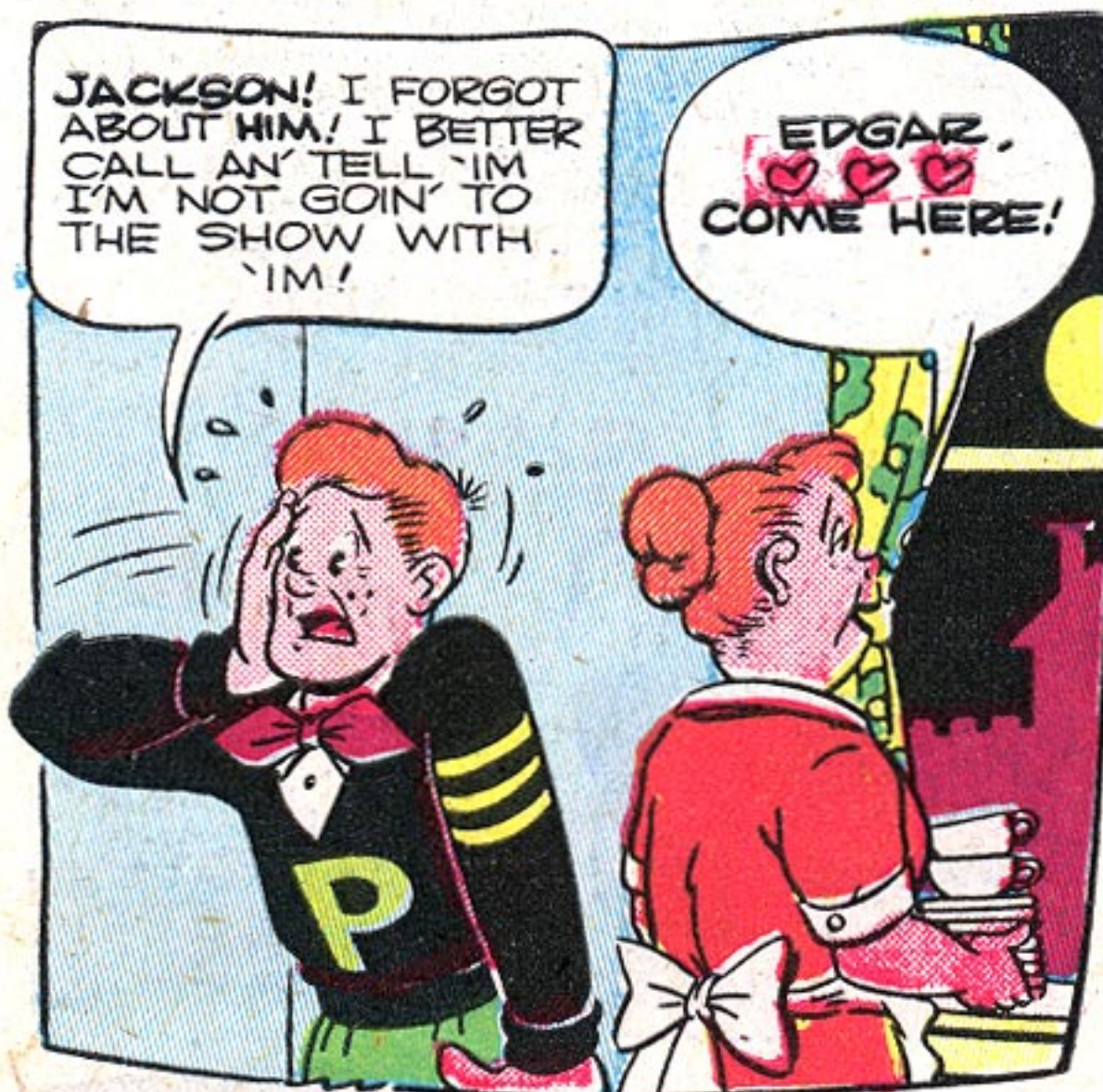
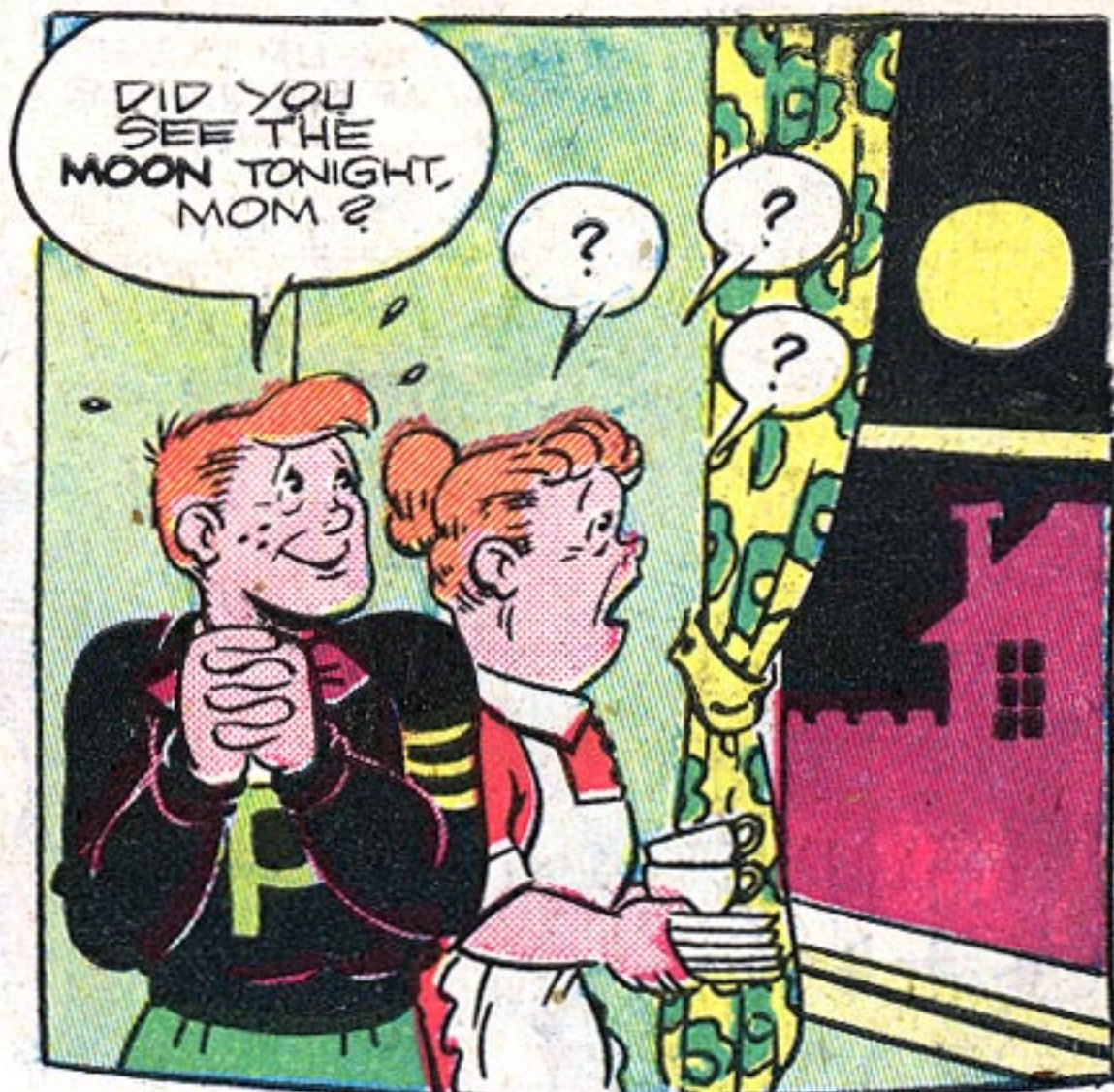
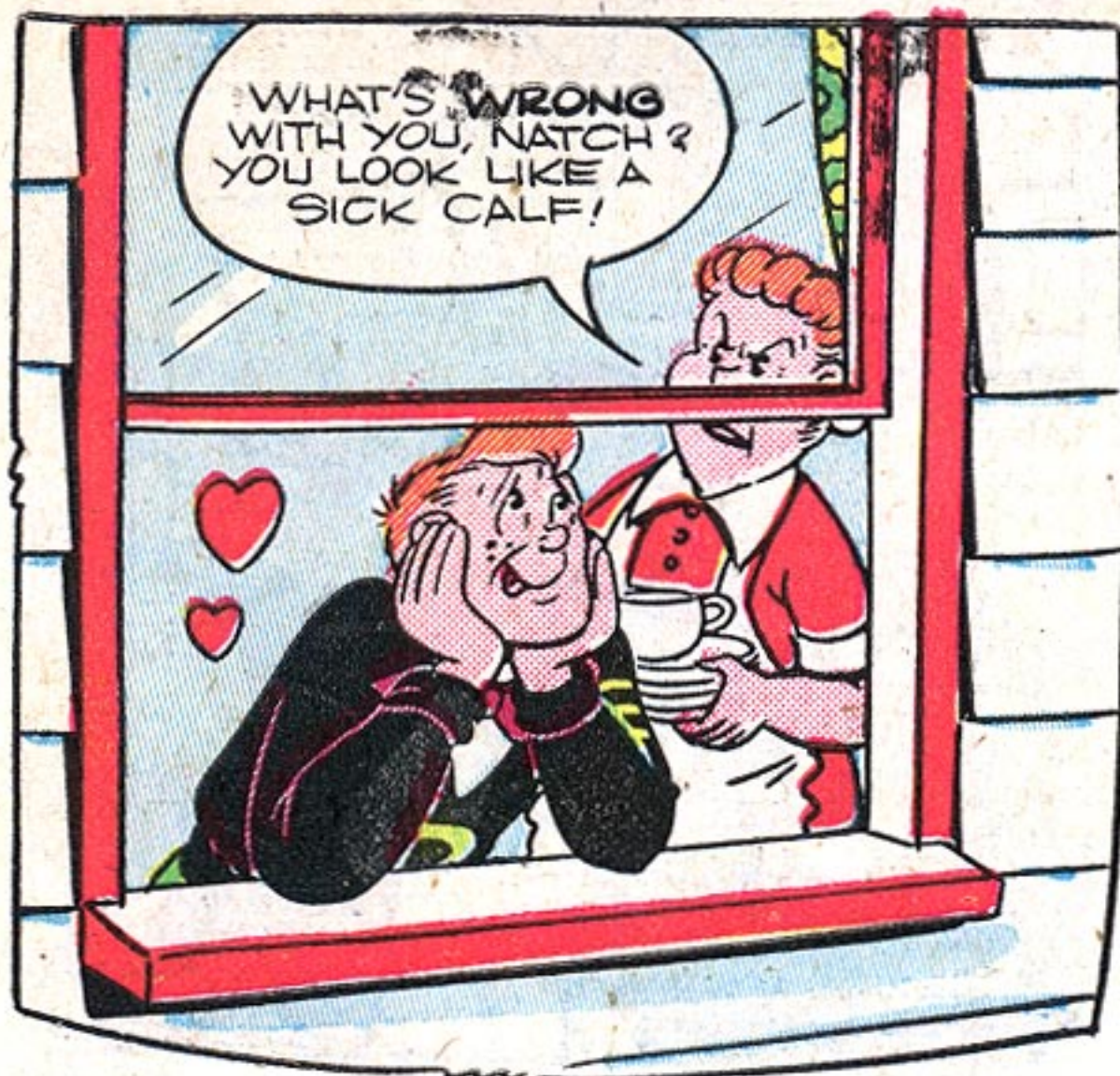
OH, KEEN!  
WHEN WE  
GET OUT, WE  
CAN GO RIGHT  
DOWN AND  
COLLECT OUR  
OLD  
AGE  
PENSIONS!



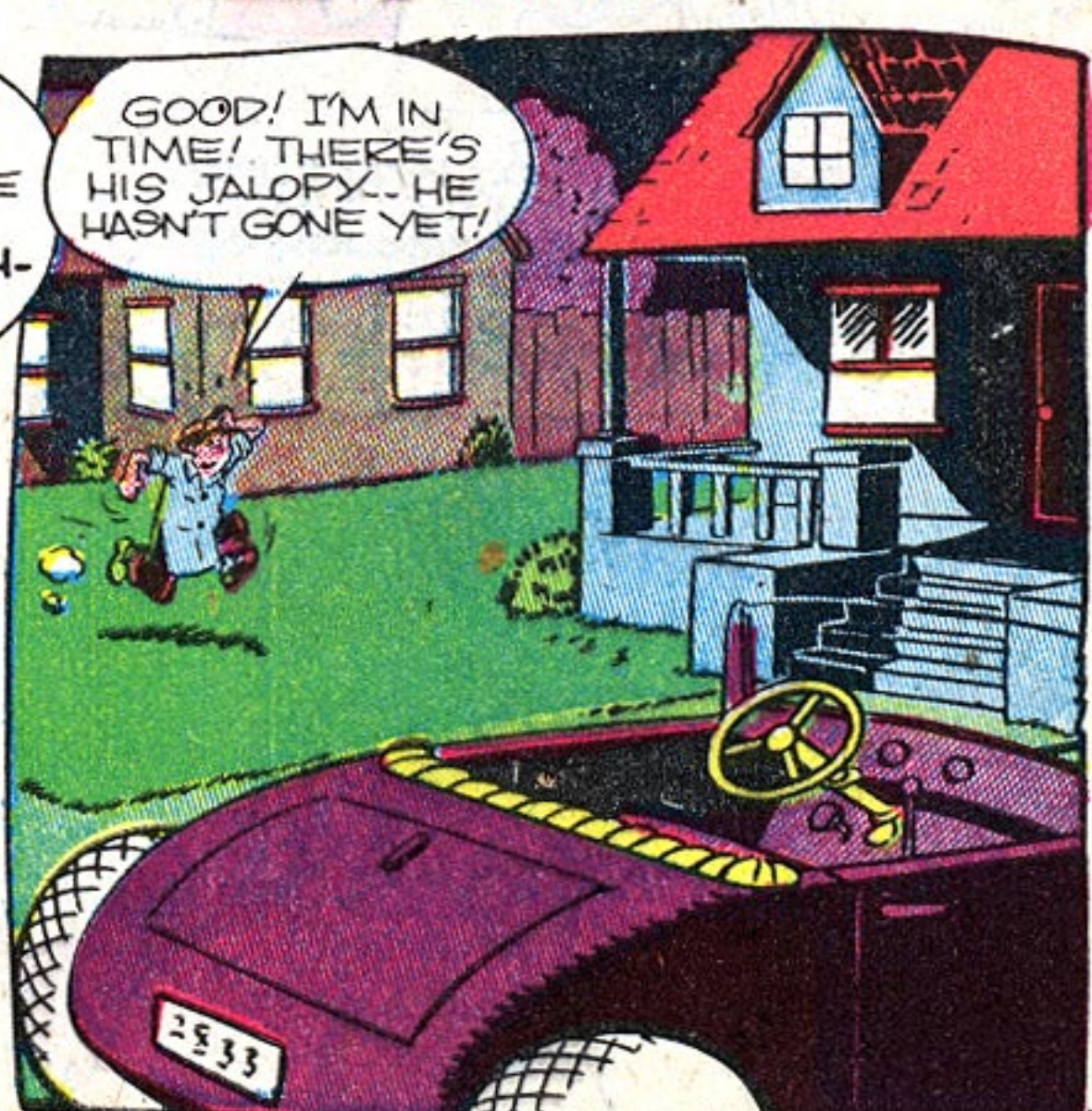
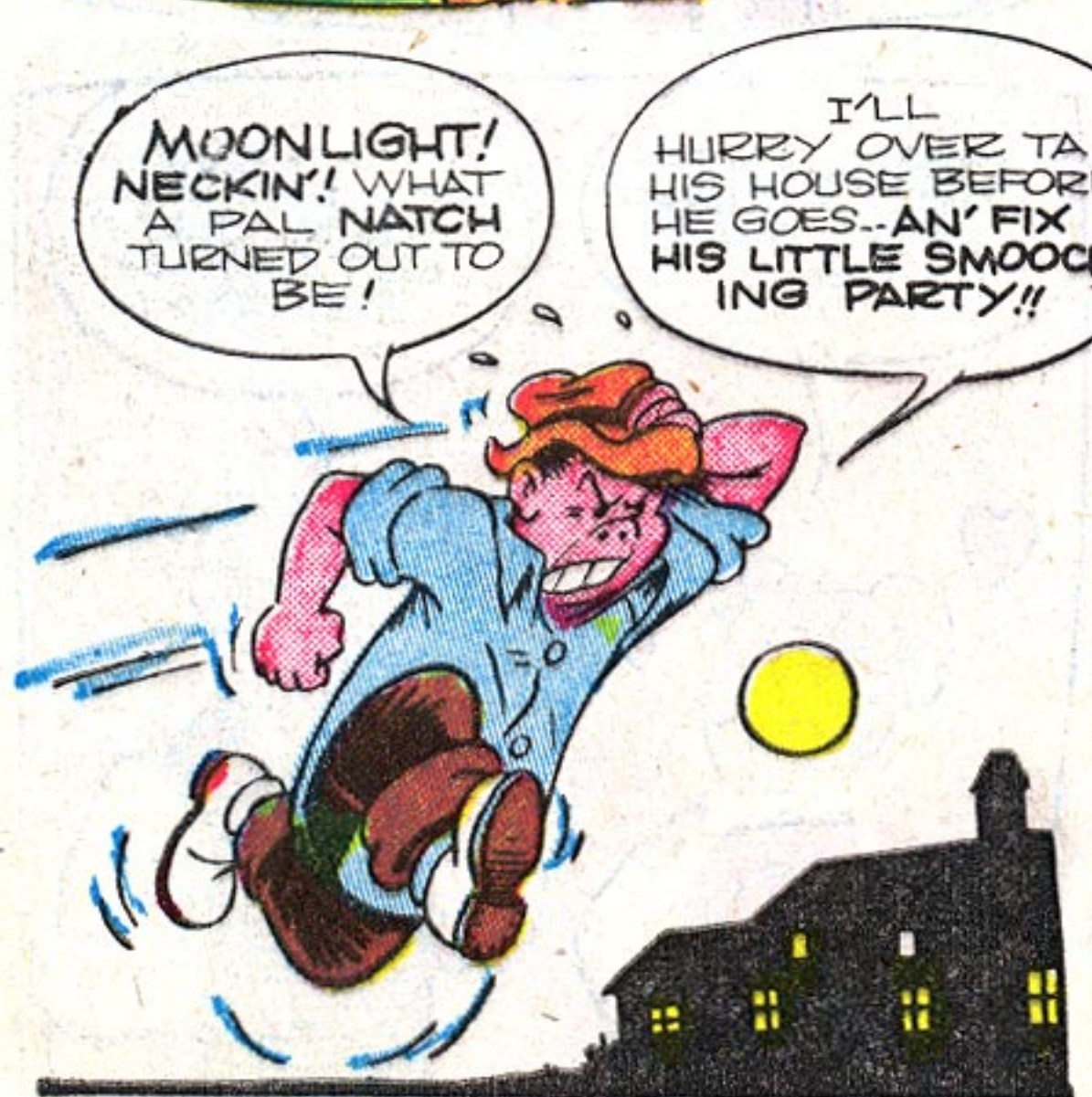
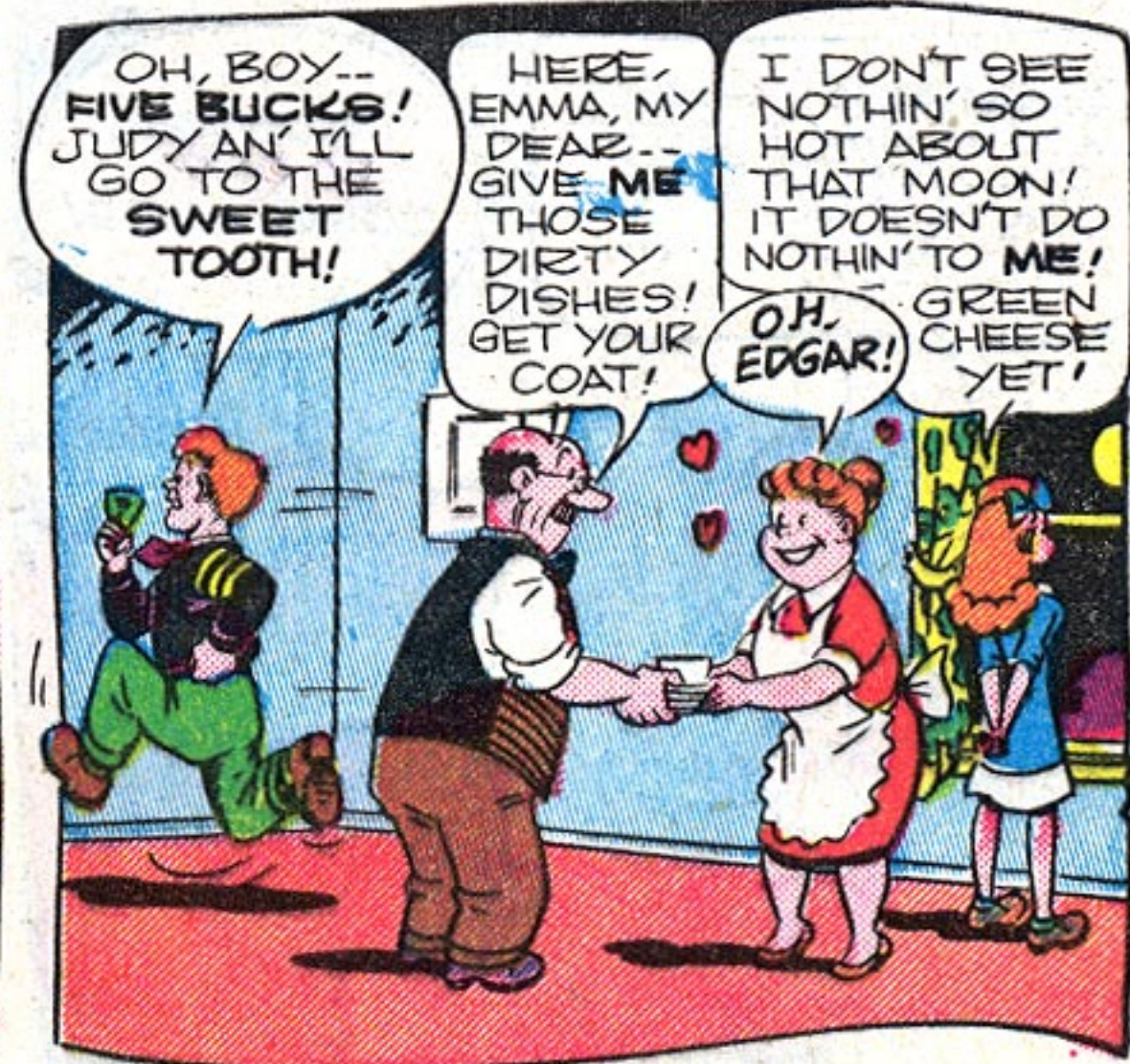
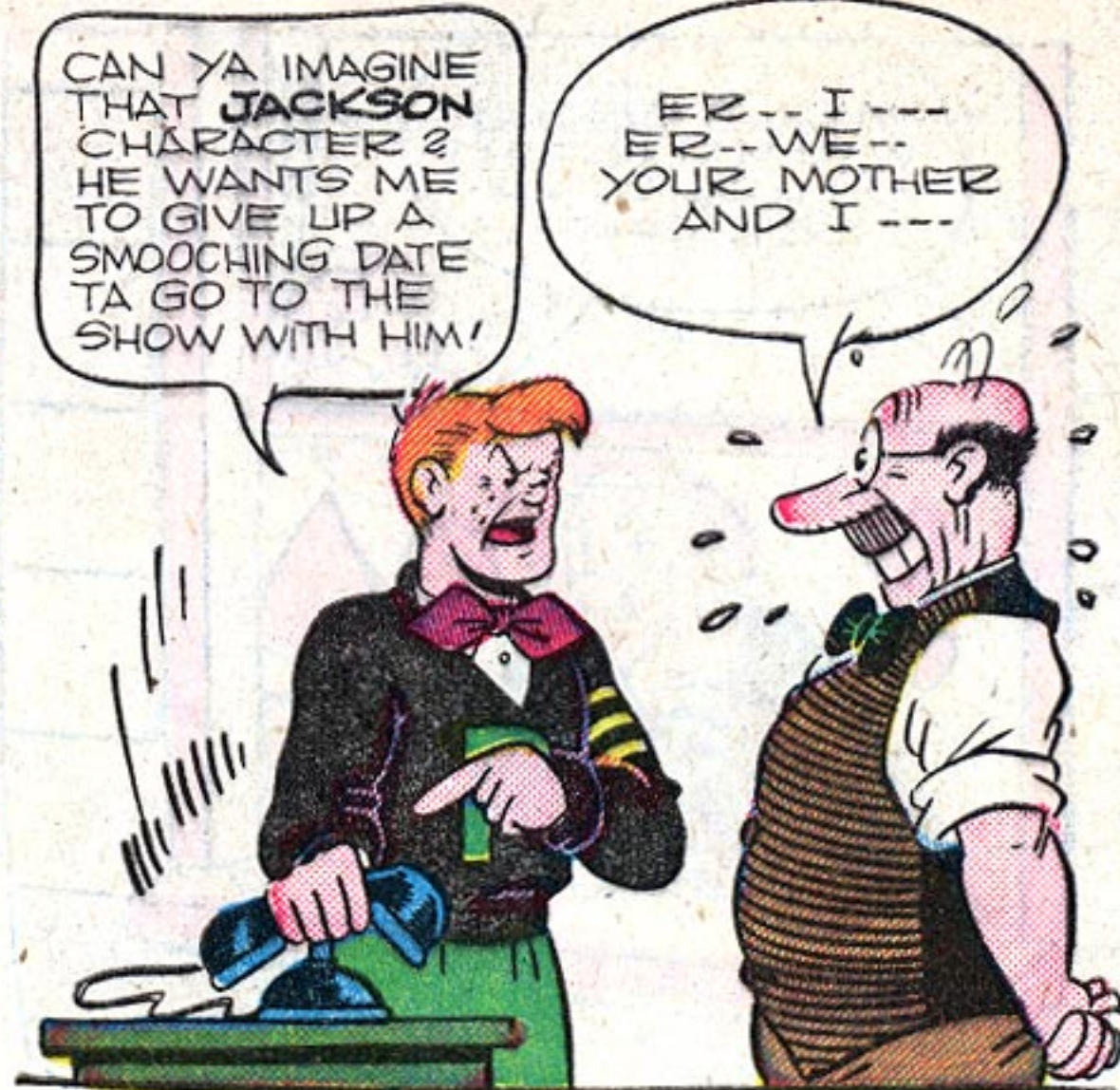
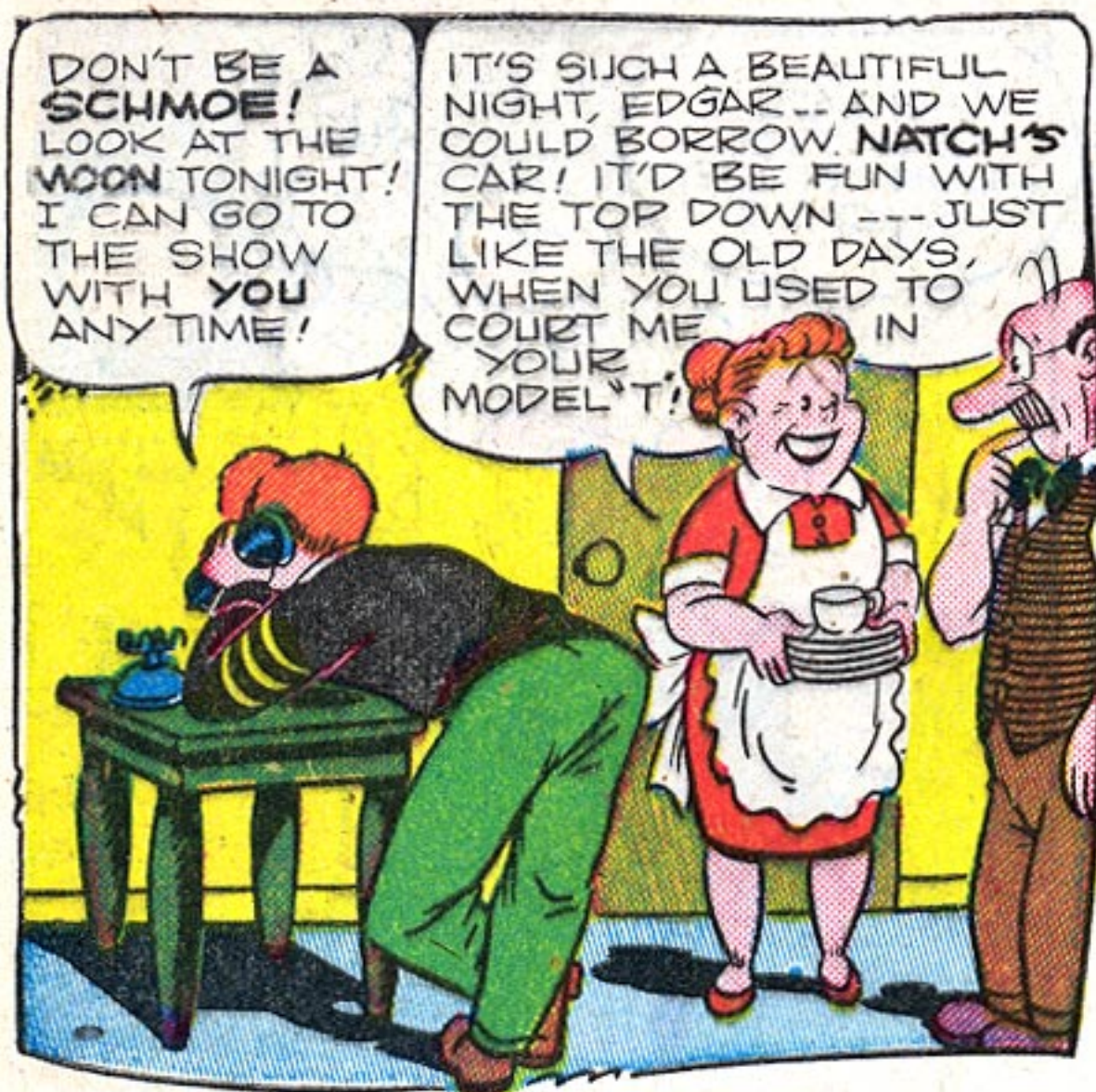




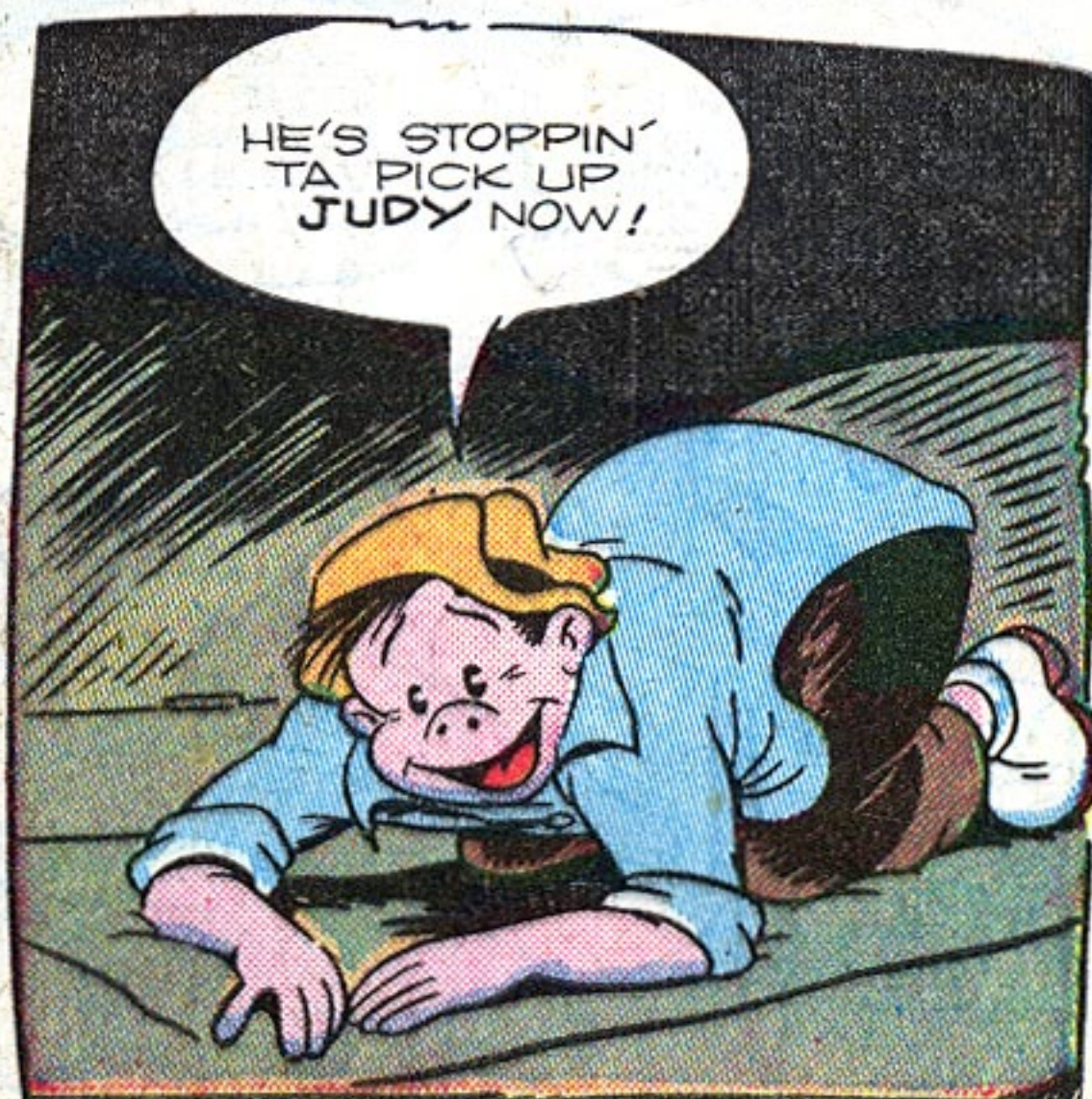
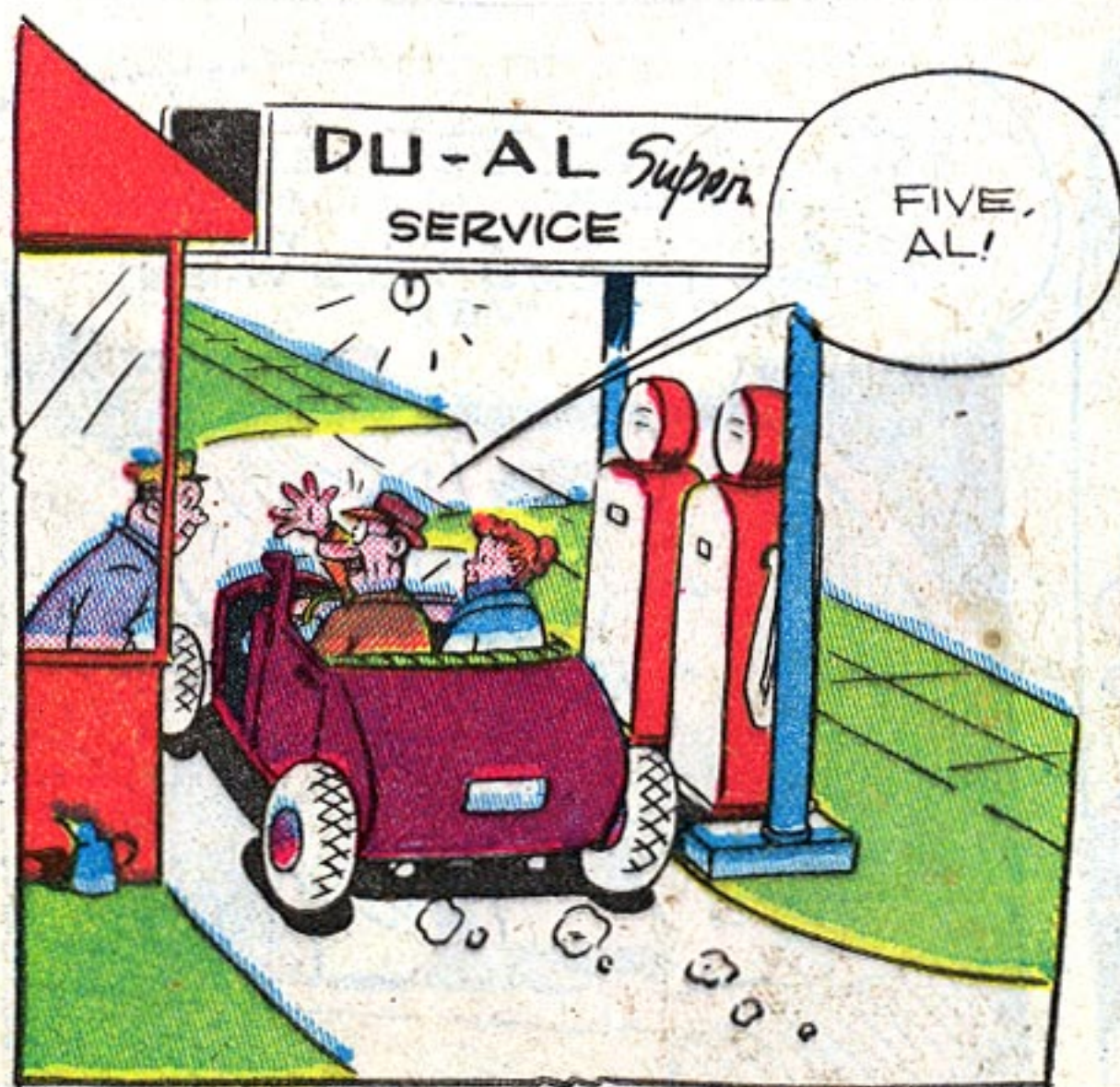
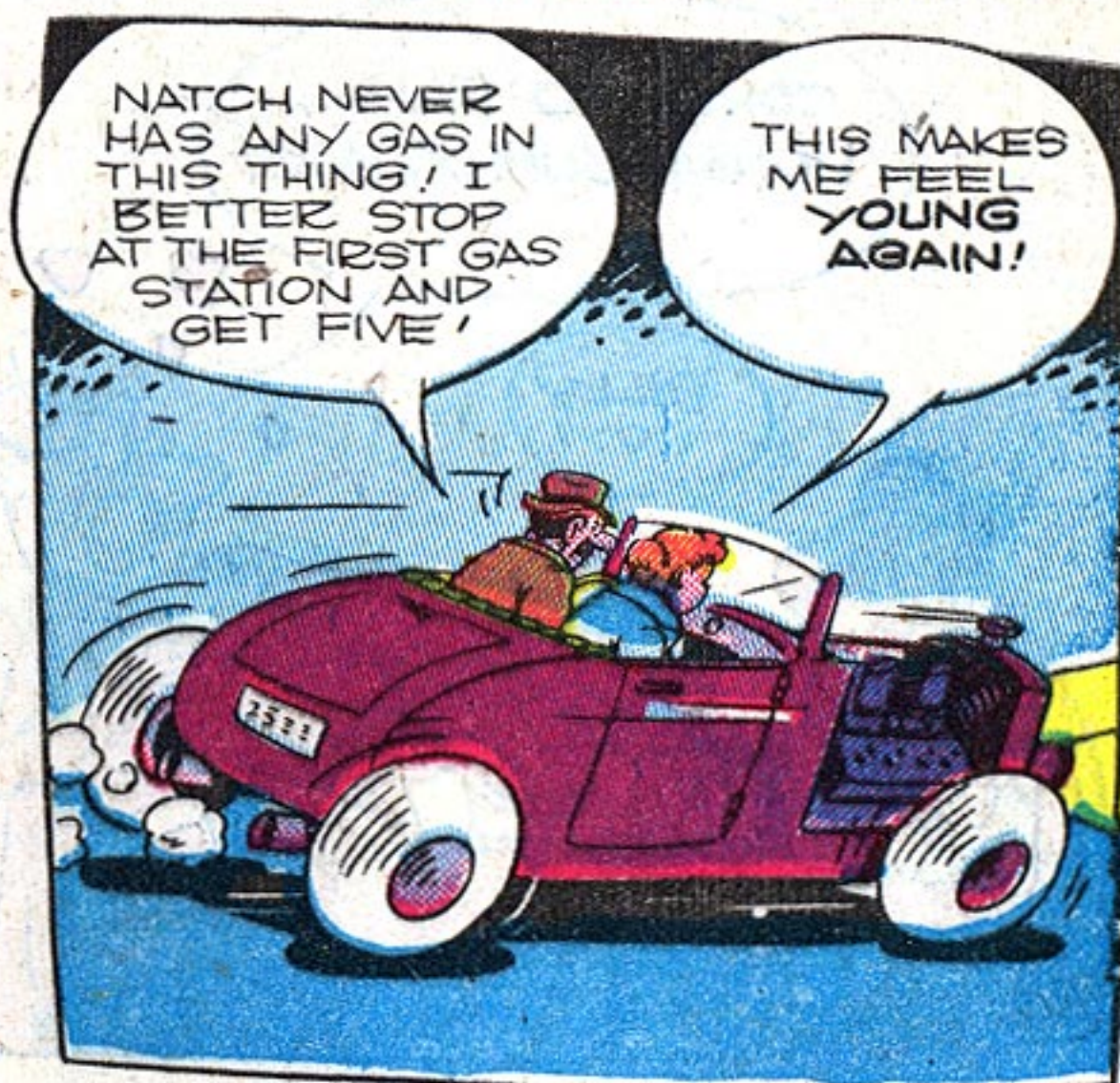
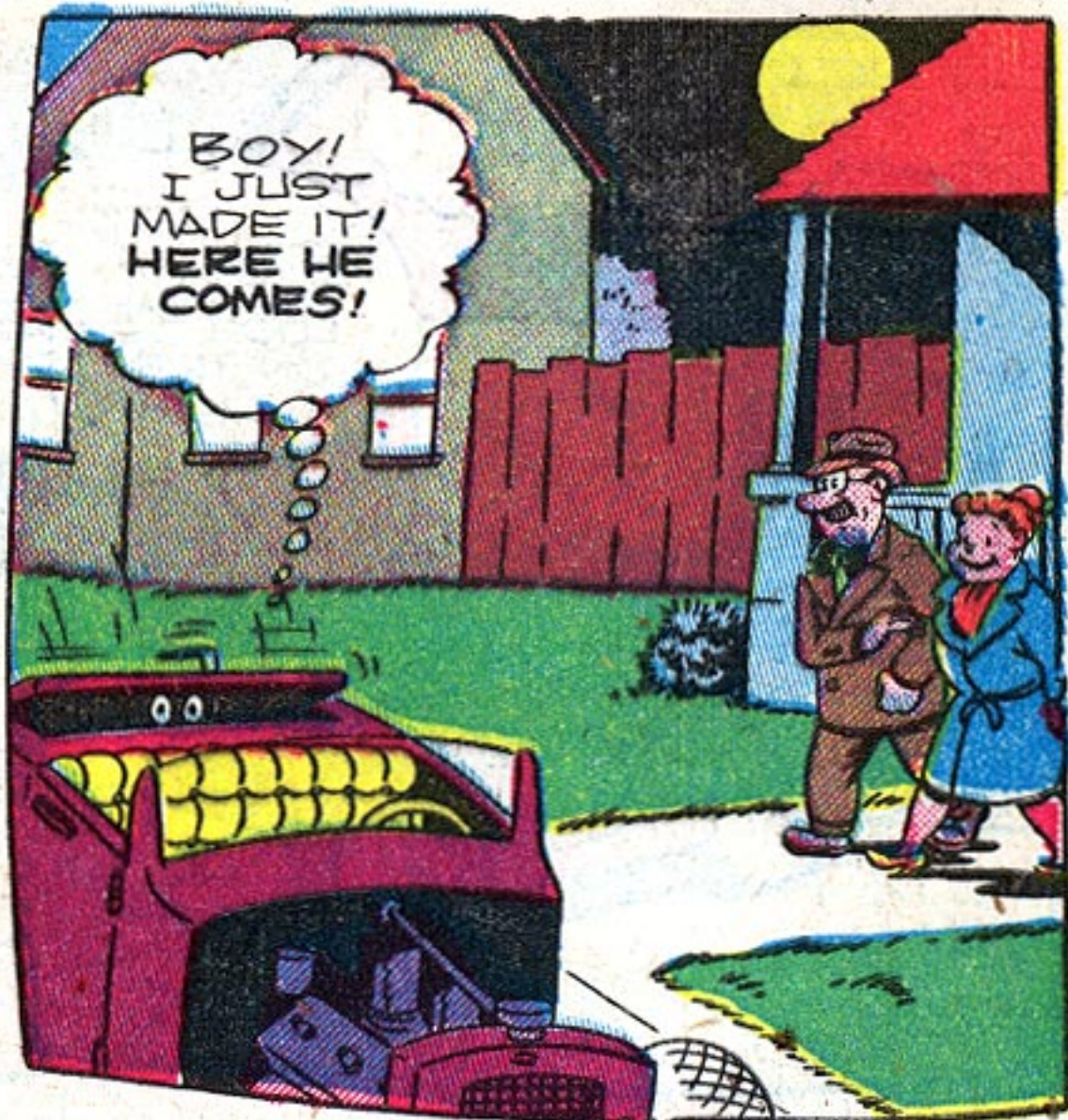
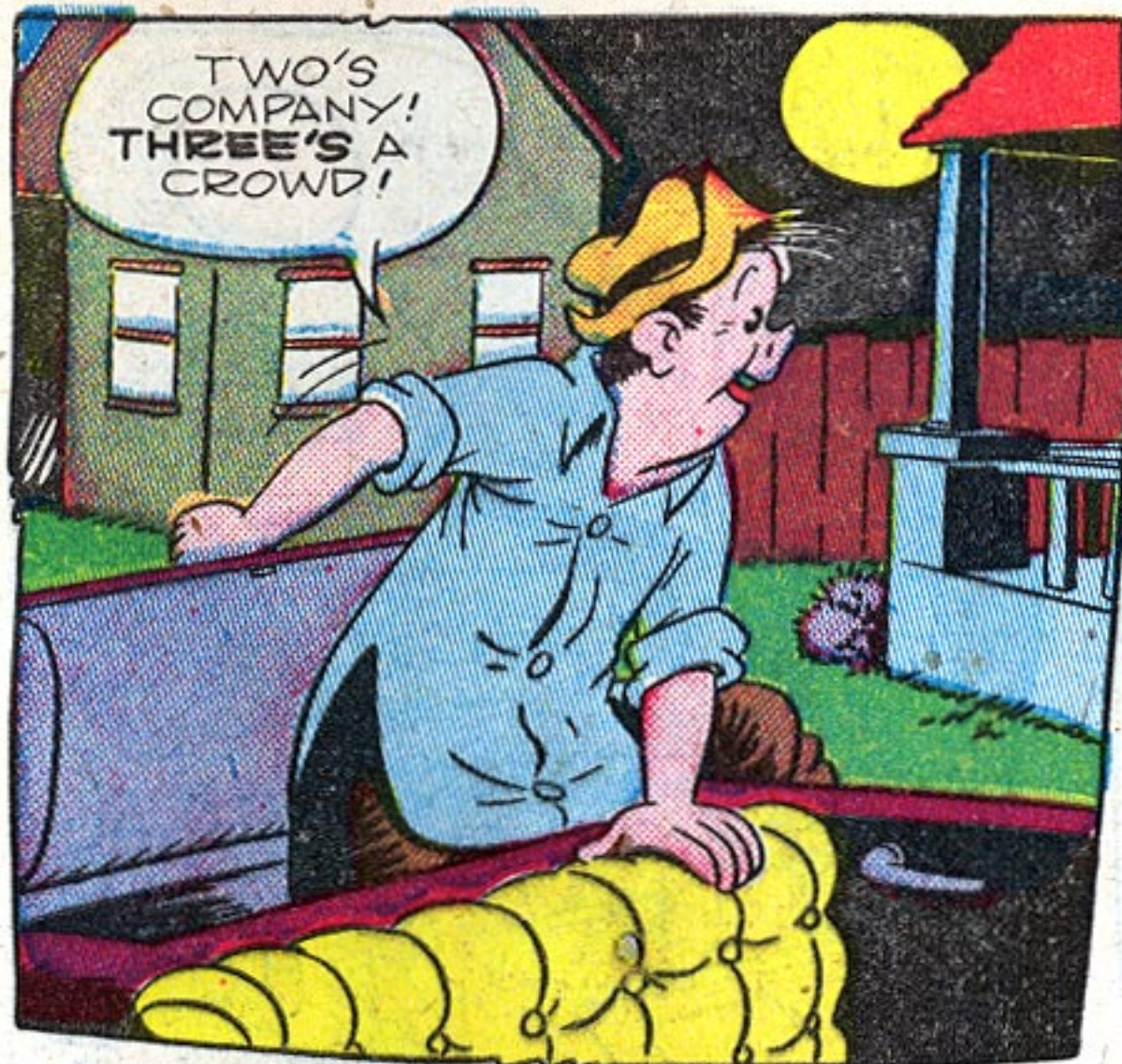




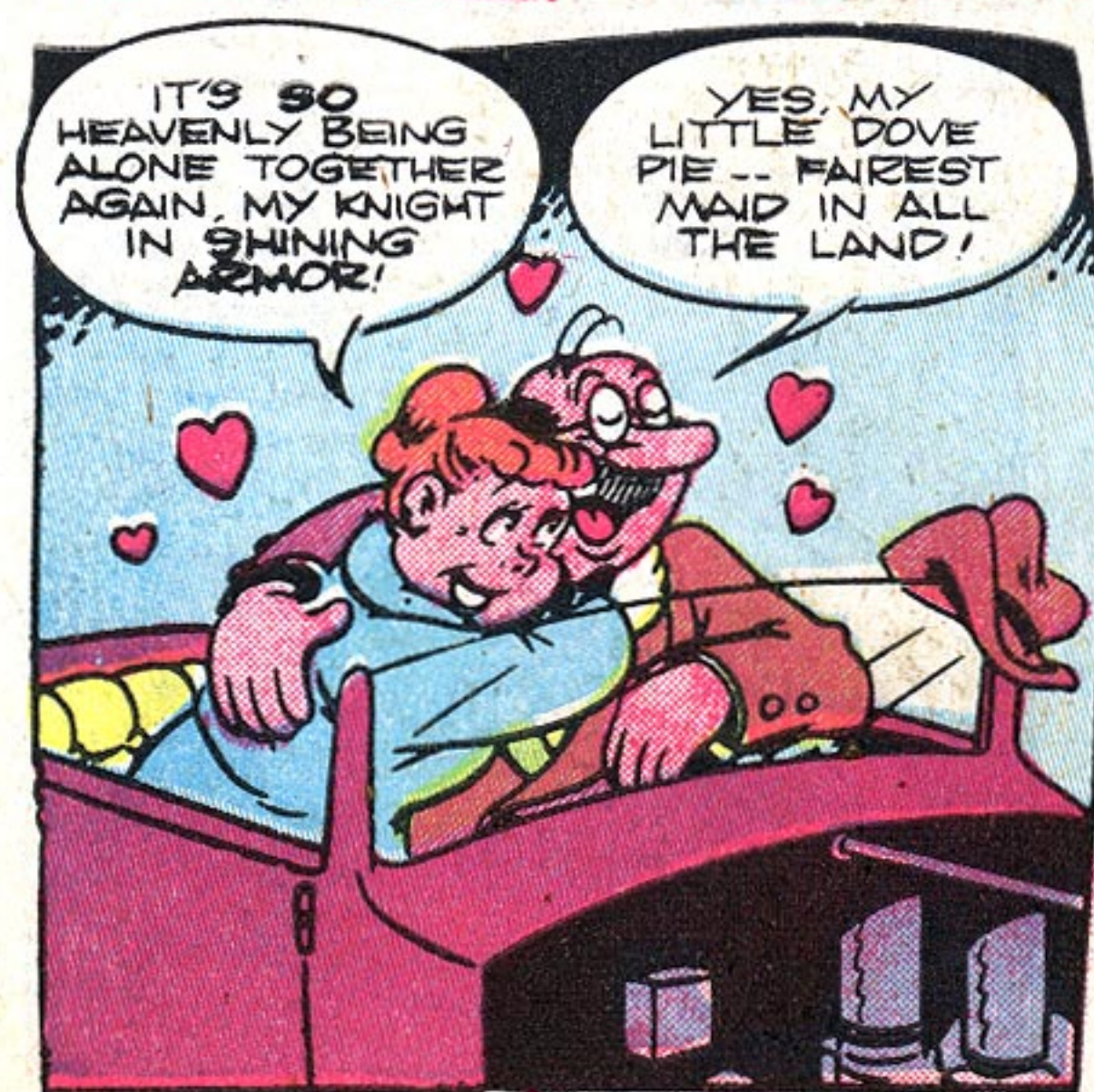
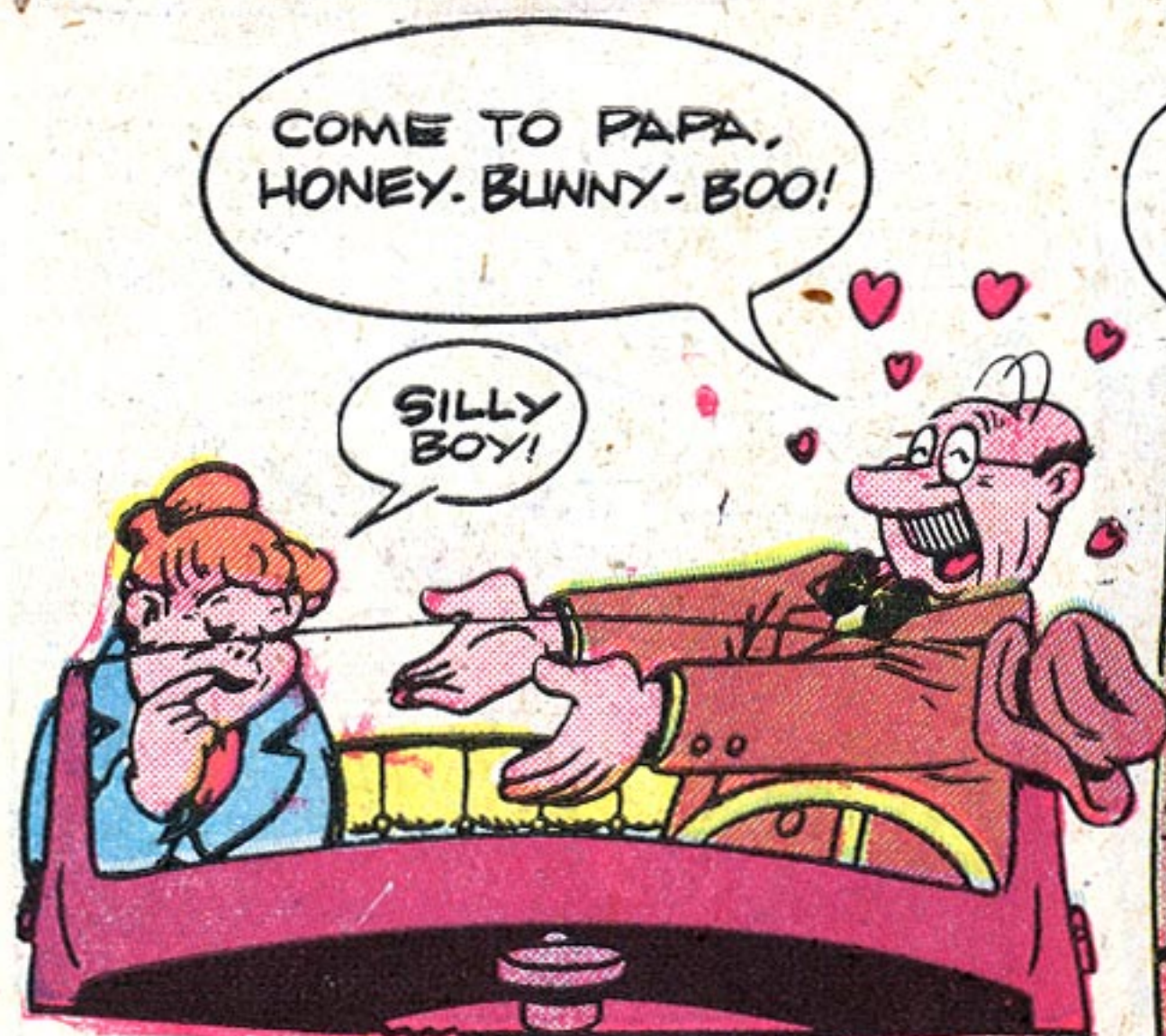
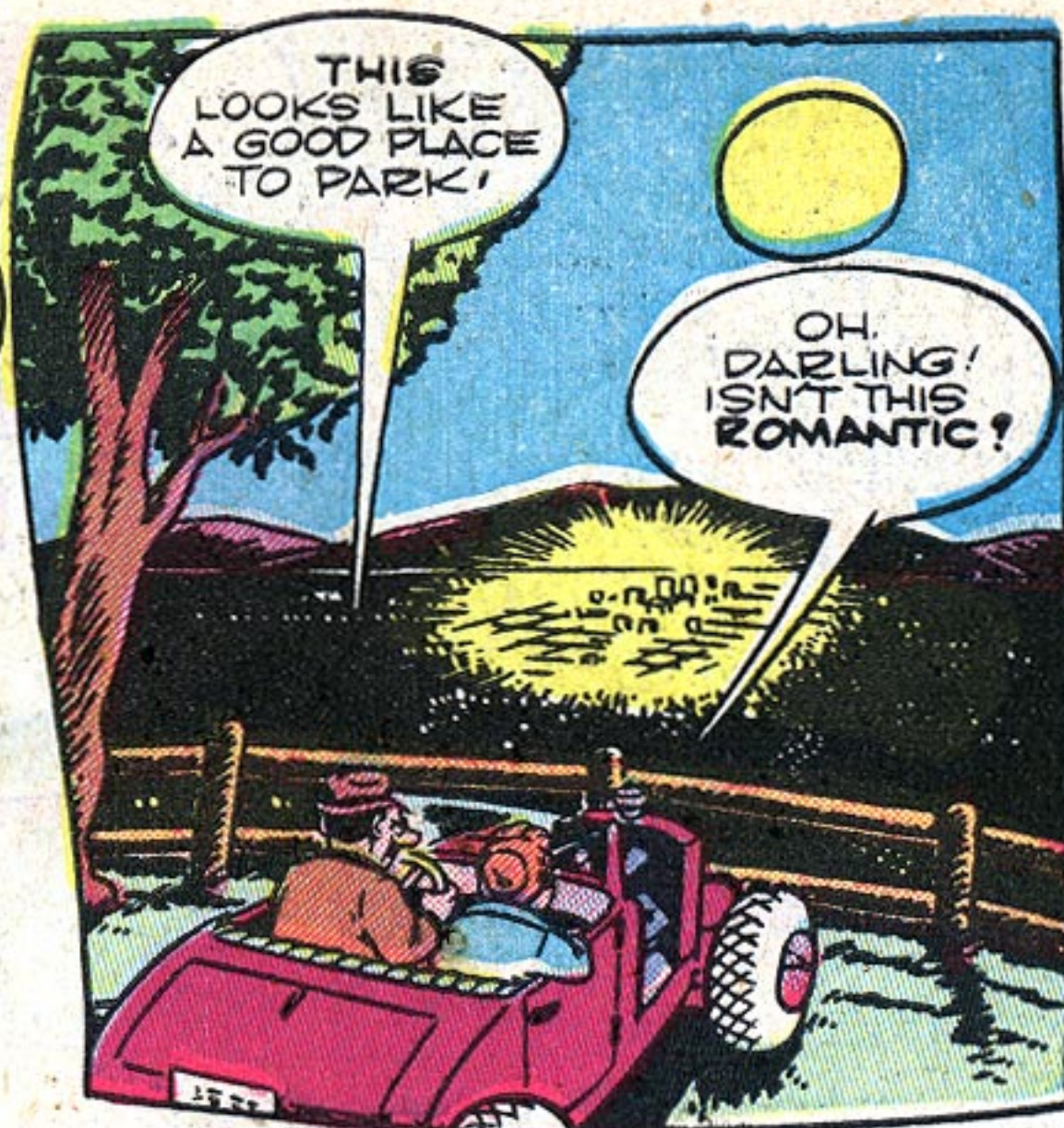
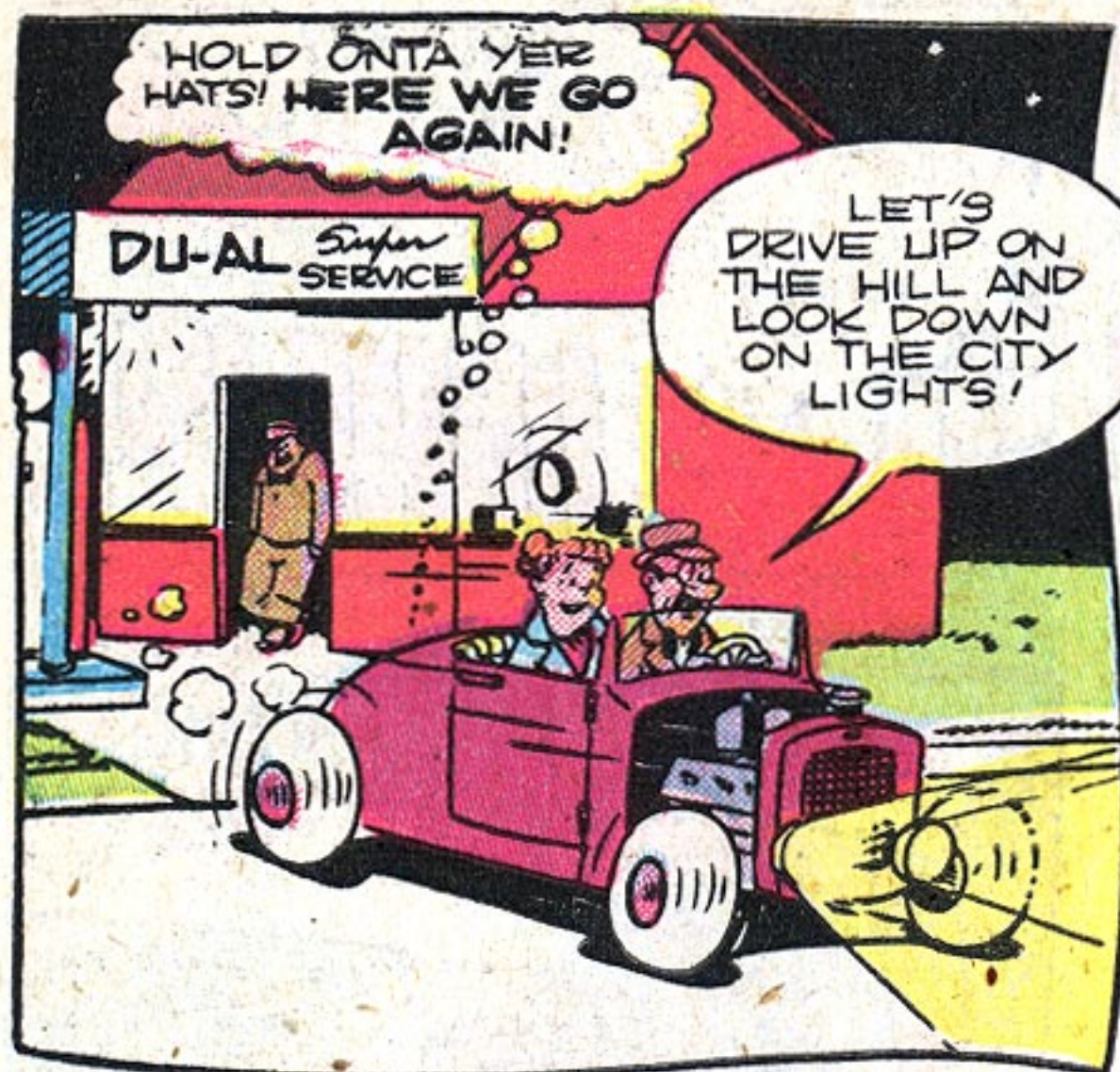




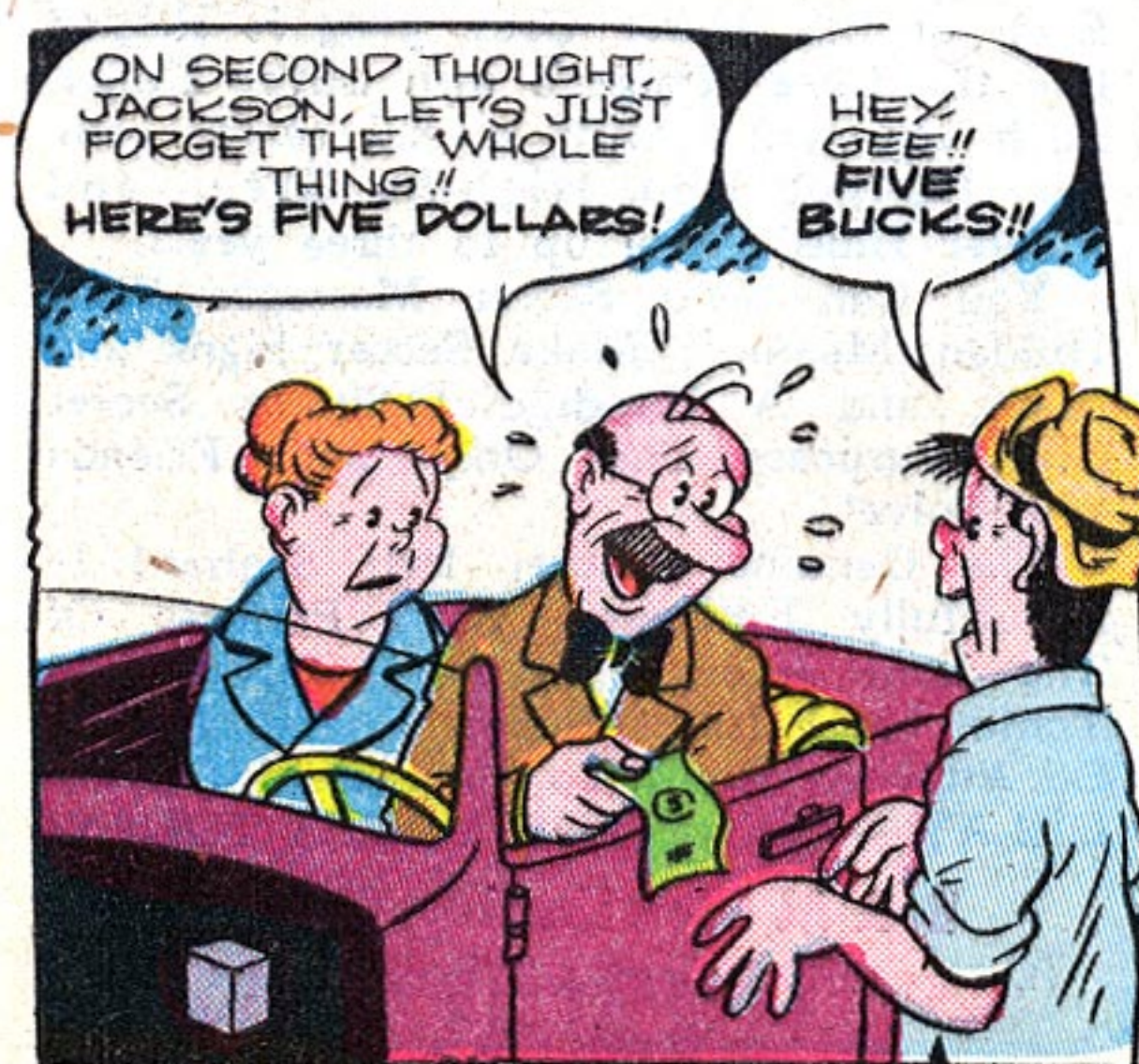
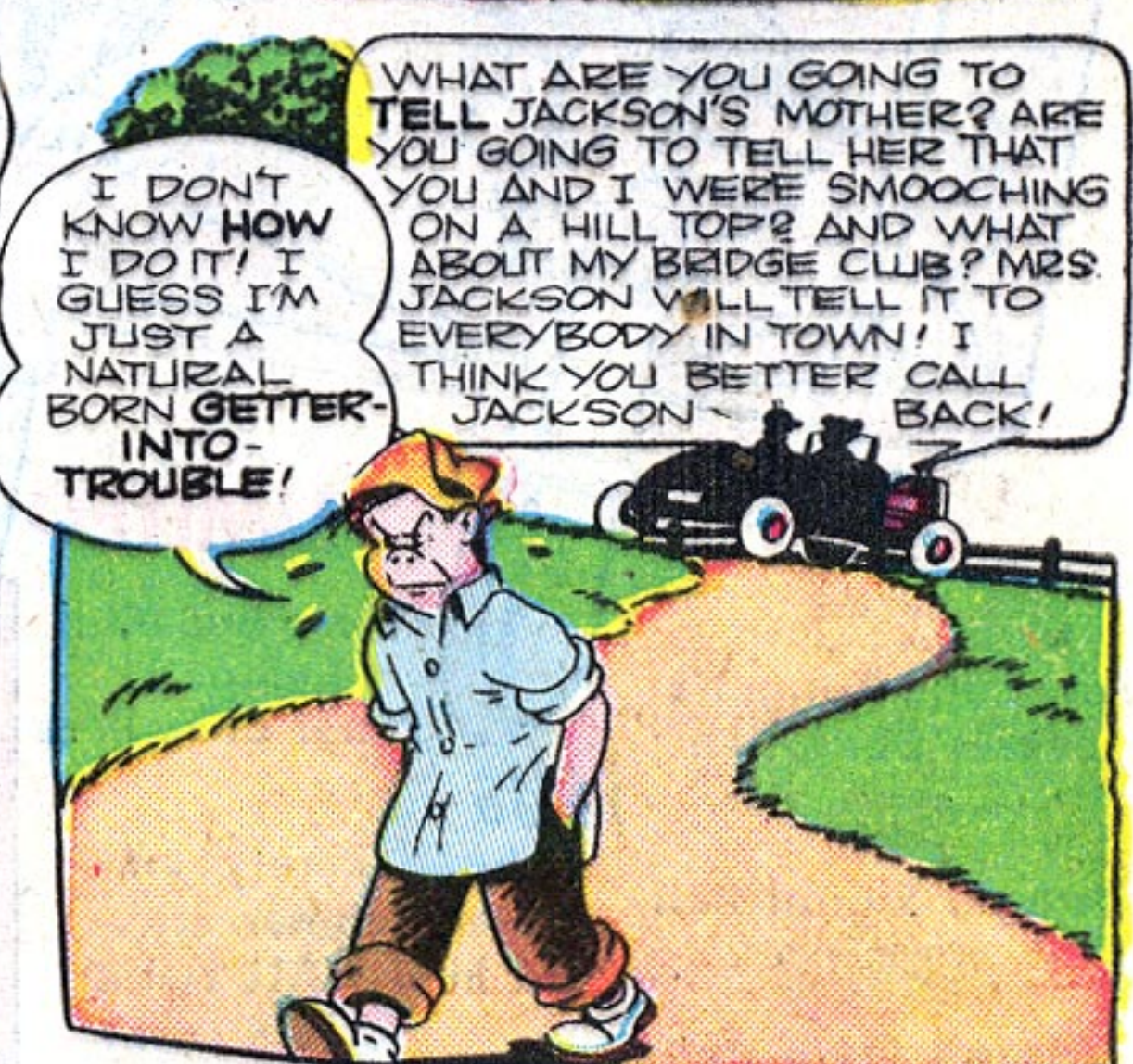
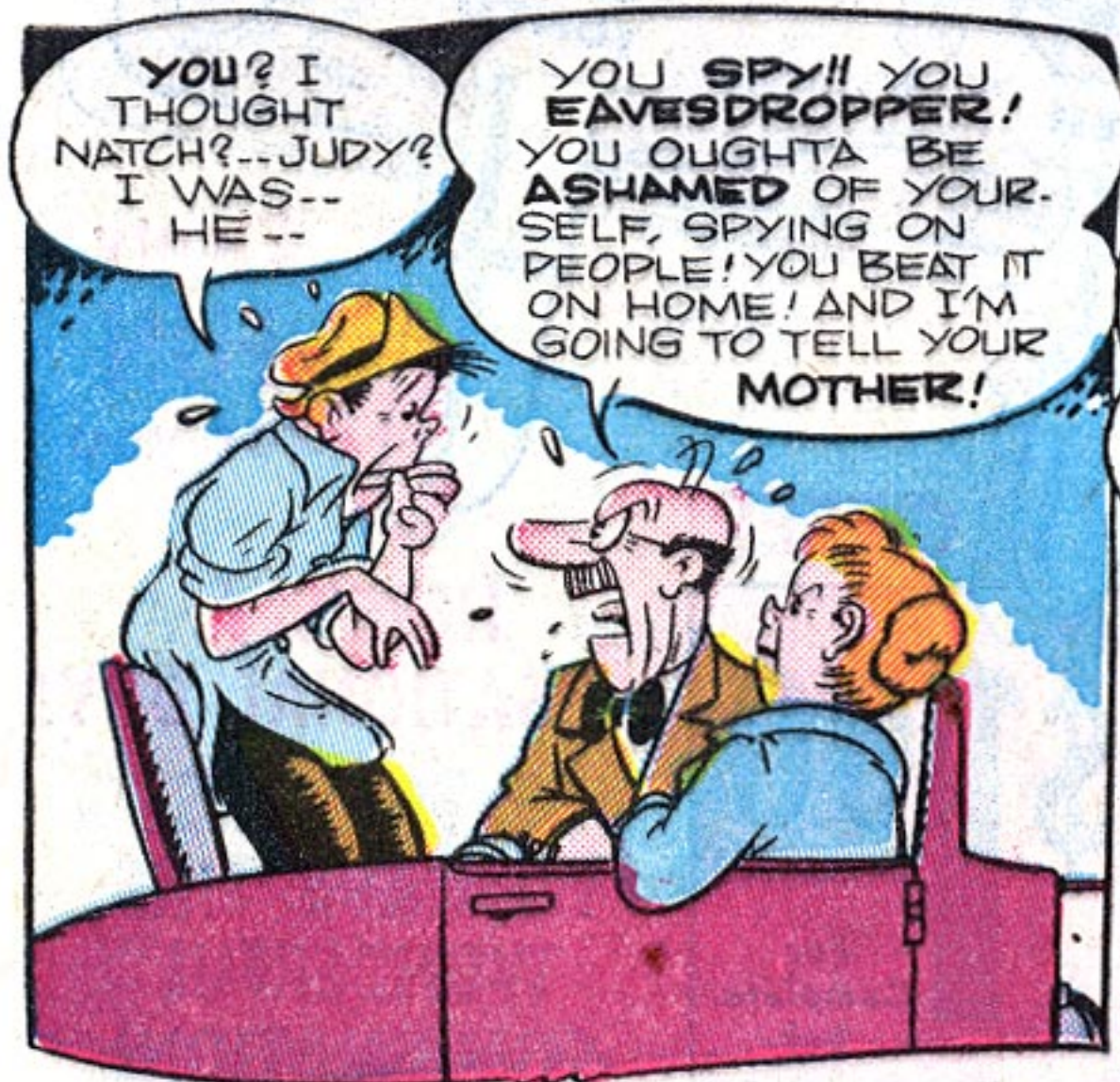
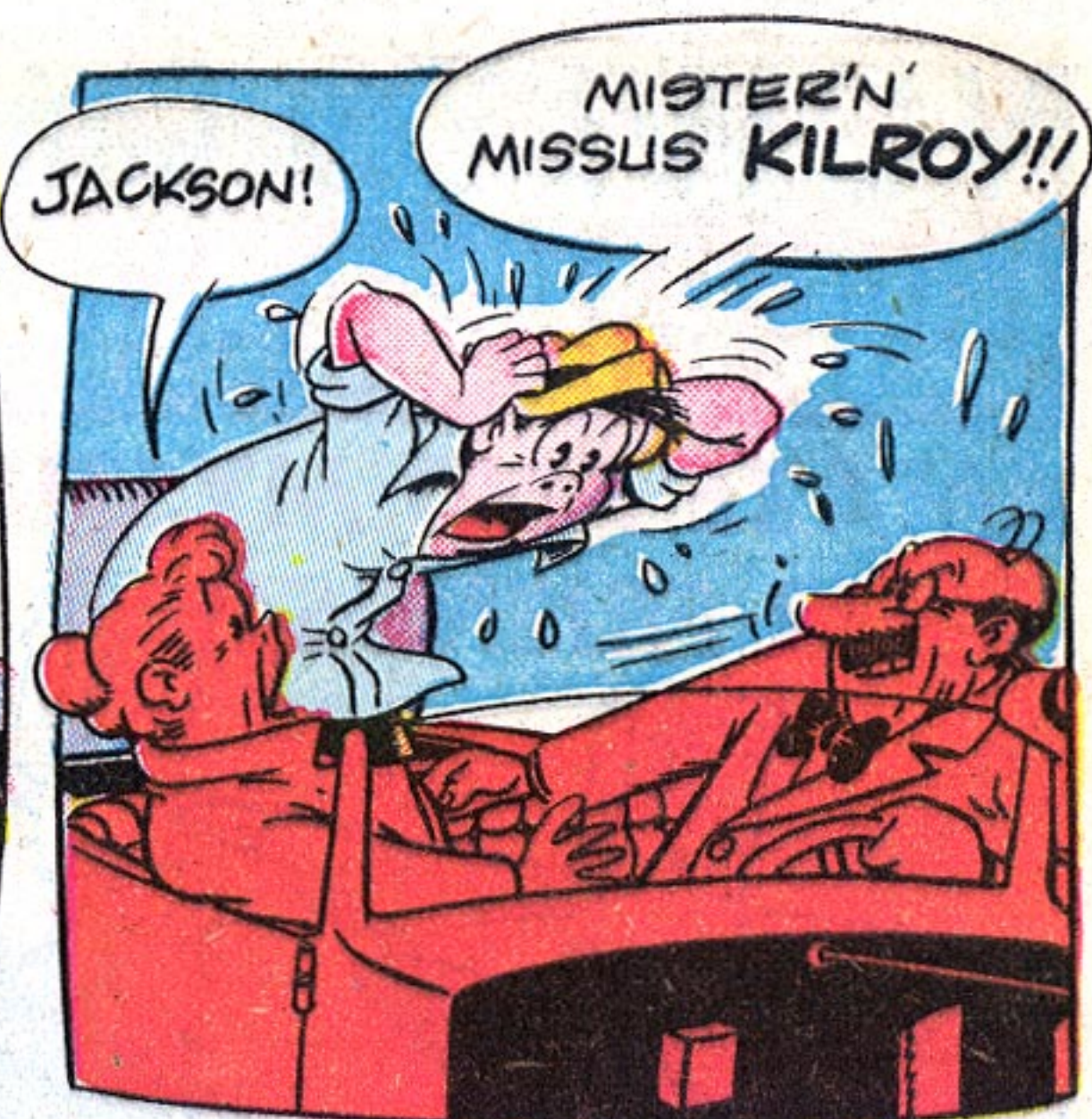
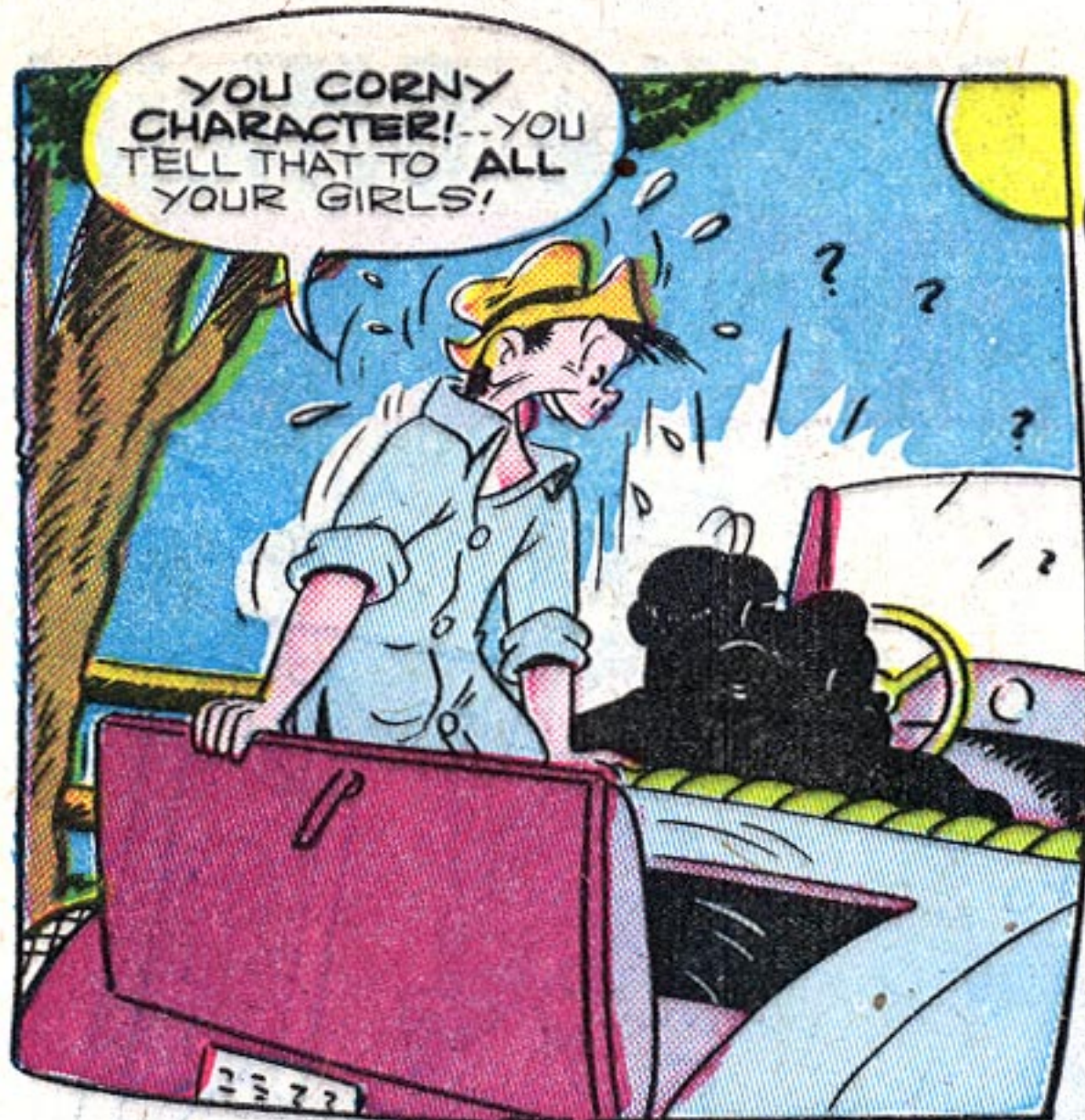














# NOW! You Can Get The Official LONE RANGER SECRET CODE PEN SET!

**AMAZE AND MYSTIFY  
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A handsomely em-  
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**FOR ONLY**

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For  
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Plenty  
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**BE THE FIRST  
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Each of the Secret Code pens is shaped  
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Each one writes with special secret code  
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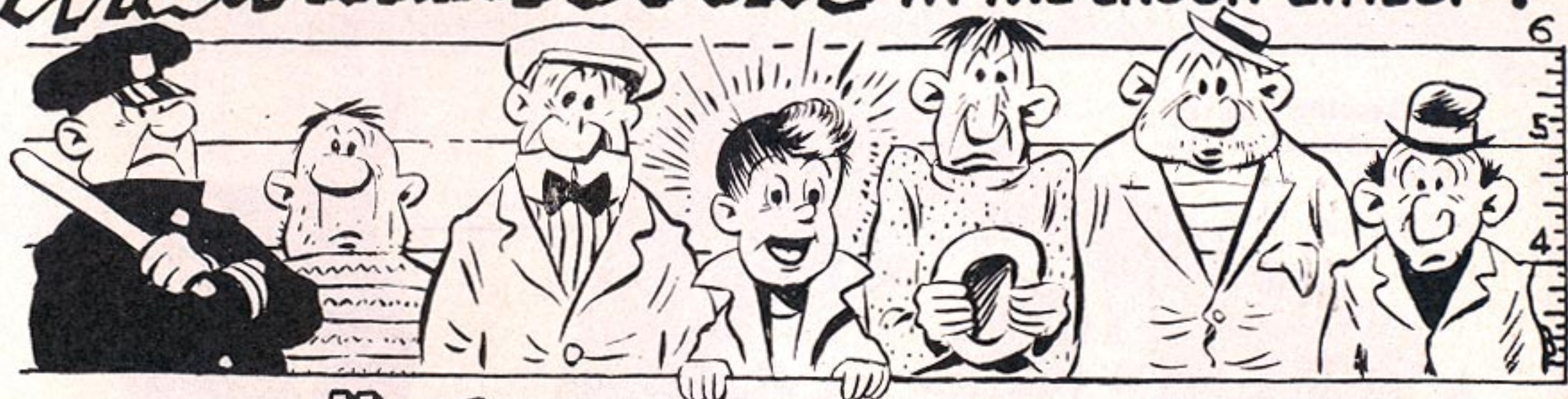
You Can Send Secret Messages With  
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WHY, **COOKIE** OF COURSE!



HERE'S THE  
MAGAZINE--

-- AND  
HERE'S WHO'S  
IN IT!

**COOKIE'S** THE LAFF-LAD THE  
WHOLE WORLD LOVES! **COOKIE'S**  
THE HOTTEST, MOST HILARIOUS  
HEPCAT IN HISTORY... A RAPID-  
FIRE ROMEO AND A REGULAR  
GUY! AND NOW HE'S SWEEP-  
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**COOKIE**

!!!



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SO GET IN THE GROOVE!

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Read

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The beautiful painted scene embossed on this Billfold . . .

CAN'T RUB OFF

This smart-looking Gilt Chain is made extra strong to protect your valuables.

Style 520 — Mula Girl

Only \$1.98

This is the first ZIPPER BILLFOLD and SAFETY CHAIN COMBINATION with all these unusual features ever to be offered at the sensational LOW PRICE of only \$1.98.

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You've never in your lifetime seen a Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain combination to compare with this latest Illinois Merchandise creation. You've never before seen such luxurious appearance, and such real honest-to-goodness value at such a LOW PRICE! The beautiful painted designs are embossed with your choice of 4 life-like illustrations in breath-taking colors. These colorful scenes can't rub off—they're stamped right into the wallet itself. Billfold zips open "all-the-way-around" and has a riveted metal eyelet at one end where the Gilt Safety Chain is securely fastened. Inside is a built-in plastic coin holder, a roomy currency compartment, a built-in pass case, also a spacious window pocket for your membership cards. The Gilt Safety Chain is designed especially for this Billfold. It's long and flexible so you can carry Billfold in either the side or back pocket without interference. It's made extra sturdy to safeguard you against theft. A special self-locking device at the top fastens on to your belt or trousers. The spring lock at the bottom fits into eyelet of billfold but can also be disengaged and the chain then worn as a key holder. However, don't wait! Order your Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination today while this low price offer is in effect. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10 day money back guarantee offer. We feel sure that you'll be so delighted with your Billfold and Chain Combination once you see it and examine its many unusual features, that you'll want to order again for gifts to friends and relatives.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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